SPECIAL ISSUE!

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Number 17 ☐ February 1986 ☐ $3.95 ($5.45 in Canada)

An Unpublished Interview With Gould by Max Allan Collins and Matt Masterson

Two Complete Dick Tracy Episodes!

CHESTER GOULD and DICK TRACY
A Comprehensive Look at a Comic Strip Master

BUT TRACY— IF YOU KEEP ON— SOMEDAY ALL THE CROOKS WILL BE IN JAIL—DEN WHAT'LL YOU DO?
JUNIOR— THE UNDERWORLD NEVER RUNS OUT OF MATERIAL.
CHESTER GOULD

Appreciating Chester Gould by Donald Phelps

Remembering Dick Tracy by Tom DeHaven

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FEB. 1985

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Editorial

This IS a Comic Strip!

Portrait of Chester Gould drawn specifically for *NEMO* by current *Tracy* artist Dick Locher.

Even a casual reader of *Dick Tracy* finds his memory's dam bursting with recollections . . . and images.

In the early years, the characters who were overcome by realizations or separation, their eyes bulging manically . . . the washed-down street scenes, the invariably impersonal cityscapes, the darkness overhead and 'round the corner . . . the fascination, like Hitchcock's, with innocent citizens drawn into menacing webs . . . and Tracy's grim profile; and the chase.

Later, the bizarre villains, and ghastly deeds . . . crime-fighting technologies . . . a gallery of grotesque faces and singular names . . . overt violence . . . and Tracy's grim profile; and the chase.

In final years, some new cops . . . Tracy's crewcut and moustache . . . trips to the Moon . . . law-and-order sermons . . . and Tracy's grim profile; and the chase.

The strip began as much as an editorial as it did an entertainment feature, and of course, it was to transcend both functions. With single-minded, almost fierce, resolve, Chester Gould set the following thematic course at the beginning: *Crime is ugly, and organized crime is pernicious. No citizen is safe, and too often the decent, hard-working Joe minding his own business is drawn into horrific circumstances; certainly all people suffer indirectly at least. That the criminal has put himself outside the community's legal pale will—should?—result in that criminal being pursued, overtaken, and punished sometimes on the ground he has chosen. Police are sworn to uphold the law but in a larger sense they must preside over True Justice being served. They know True Justice in the larger sense, and so—of course—does the criminal in the end, whatever that end may be. The average citizen recognizes it, too. And so do average newspaper readers.*

The entire *modus operandi* (call it *modus vivendi* if you will) was manifested in the very first *Tracy* story, when Tess Truehart's father was brutally murdered. Tracy does not curse the darkness and trust The System; he swears lifelong dedication to evening the score with the brutes personally.

Stepping back to consider Gould the Craftsman (as he had to do himself when the business of producing a daily comic strip commenced), he had established a marvelous formula. *Tracy* became a morality play, a panorama of good guys and bad guys, an opportunity to concoct clever mysteries and squeeze every ounce from their solutions. There was, too, an *a priori* element, an announcement before the curtain was raised: readers knew that bad was bad and good was good, and readers knew that Tracy knew that criminals knew it. And Gould knew that readers knew it. End of nuance. Morality plays are not supposed to be subtle unless characters appear who are named Mr. Basically-Good-But-Sometimes-Tempted-And-Anyway-It's-Not-His-Own-Fault-Y'Know. Everything in Gould's world was black and white. (In an appropriate manifestation of the strip's essence *Tracy* Sunday pages are among the few that look better without color.)

In this sense Gould was, as I have stated elsewhere, the comic strip's supreme Expressionist, with his syndicate soulmate Harold Gray (*Little Orphan Annie*). If crime was ugly, criminals *should* be drawn ugly. If the city, infested by miscreants, provides scant haven for decent folks, it *should* be depicted as icily neutral. He used manifestation, and he used personification. Chester Gould was a Platonist in an increasingly Aristotelian world, a Moralist standing knee-deep in Situational Ethicality.

Tracy's images matched its mood. Its writing and pacing were of white-hot intensity. Its characters were as appropriate as its violence. Caniff's subtleties, Foster's majesty, Raymond's romanticism, all had their place—all were consummately, and consistently, rendered—but Gould was at another job than theirs. He was doing his *own* comic strip, and doing it perfectly within the complex and rigid course he charted. This *is* a comic strip!

In this issue's interview, Chester Gould comes across as a man of remarkable personal qualities. He is amazingly unreflective about his style and methods; let us be partially grateful, for too often a pinch of self-consciousness spoiled a creative recipe. But he gladly reveals himself as a personality type, an American of evidently endangered species. The accounts of his youth, of his determination to draw cartoons, of his years of persistence and hundreds of rejected samples are fairly astounding. The whole world may have marveled at his obduracy—expressionist or not, Gould was hardly an accomplished artist during this period—yet he *knew* that some day he was going to be a cartoonist. Al Collins's most perceptive question regards Gould's assessment of this period. It is Gould's most revealing answer, and I can't help believing that it is ultimately the most instructive of this master's many, many statements to us, his readers, over the course of his career.

I feel blessed in having a unique mix of contributors this issue. Matt Masterson is without a doubt the keeper of the keys to the Tracy *opus*: historian, collector, expert. Max Allan Collins is the same person who has written several splendid detective novels and who assumed the scripting of *Tracy* after Chet's retirement. (I am proud, by the way, to have had a hand in that assignment.) Both Matt and Al were pallbearers at Chet's funeral in May of 1985. Donald Phelps provides his usual analytical prescience to the subject at hand—Gould and his iconography. Neatly, on the other side of that coin, novelist Tom deHaven offers a wonderful essay on *Tracy* and his impact.

In the end, for all the criticism and appreciation, the questions and answers, the discoveries about Gould's talent as we study and explore—valuable as these pursuits are—we are still met by his basic impact on the American reader. The recollections and images we spoke of at the top of the editorial are quite apart from Chester Gould's artistic contributions; they are parts of his cultural legacy. The determined, aspiring cartoonist mixed self-confidence and persistence with instinct and craft wound up where very few men—very few cartoonists, even—climb. Not part of our Sunday mornings alone, or even of America as a whole, *Dick Tracy* became a part of *us*.

Richard Marshall

Museum of Cartoon Art

"Bringing In the Reward"

Detectives And Determination, Comics And Cadillacs: The Chester Gould Interview

The following interview was conducted by Matt Masterson and myself on September 19, 1980. Matt is undoubtedly the foremost Dick Tracy *fan/collector of them all, and it was his idea to put a tape recorder in front of Chet and get a record of some of the anecdotes, reflections, and opinions that* Tracy's *creator had so often shared with us, the two luckiest* Tracy *fans who ever lived.*

*I had contacted Chet in 1973, shortly after I published my first novel (*Bait Money*), to let him know that the boost he'd given me when I was a kid—not just the inspirational work he did on* Tracy, *but also in a number of letters he sent me in response to the childish fan drawings and stories I'd mailed to him—had had a lot to do with building my confidence. I felt—and still feel—that Chester Gould's encouragement helped me make that first step on the road to a career in the arts. Now that I was an adult and a pro, we began to correspond again, and this continued for several years until I made an ill-advised, uninvited visit to his estate in 1975. He was irritated that I had just "stopped by," and I was very embarrassed. We then exchanged letters of apology; his included an open invitation to come to his Tribune Tower office in Chicago and have lunch with him.*

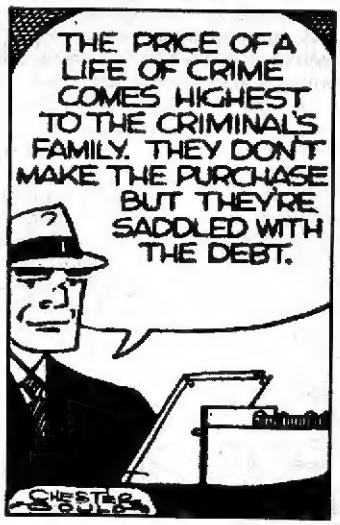
I had begun swapping original art—and letters—with the enthusiastic Mr. Masterson a few years before; talking on the phone, we discovered that Matt, too, had an open invitation for a luncheon visit to the Tribune Tower—but, like me, had never quite had the nerve to follow through. We pooled our guts, and Matt flew to Chicago from his home in Malden, Mass., and I flew in via transworld Chevy from Iowa, and soon we were being ushered in by a gracious, beaming Chet Gould to the Trib Tower office he shared with Rick Fletcher.

But for the moment I was just a fan, and the afternoon Matt, Chet, Rick and I spent together was a most pleasant one. I felt Chet was rather isolated—he seemed hungry for some contact with knowledgeable fans. He invited us to come again, next time to his home, and thus began the first of a half-dozen or so visits to his country-club-like estate in the Bull Valley near Woodstock, Illinois.

Oddly enough, Chet had nothing to do with my getting the Tracy *scripting job. In fact, Matt and I had lunched with Chet in July, 1977, at the Tavern Club in Chicago, one of several luncheons. Chet insisted that he would keep doing Tracy forever. When I went back to the comics convention at the Congress Hotel (where Chet had just made his one and only comic-con appearance), Murray Bishoff, then a columnist for* The Buyer's Guide for Comics Fandom, *cornered me to ask if Gould had revealed whom his successor would be. Rumor was, Bishoff said, that Gould would be retiring soon.*

I laughed that off; told Bishoff that anyone who told him Gould was retiring was a fool or a liar. A month later I was signed on as the writer of the strip, with Fletcher as artist.

It seemed that Chet had been in negotiation for months with the Tribune Syndicate to turn the strip over to a younger team; but he felt reluctance—and his insistence that he'd keep doing the strip till he dropped was perhaps the last gasp of that instinct. Chet had not mentioned my name to the syndicate as a possible successor, although he knew me as a mystery novelist. He evidently never gave a thought to


THE PRICE OF A LIFE OF CRIME COMES HIGHEST TO THE CRIMINAL'S FAMILY. THEY DON'T MAKE THE PURCHASE BUT THEY'RE SADDLED WITH THE DEBT.
CHESTER GOULD

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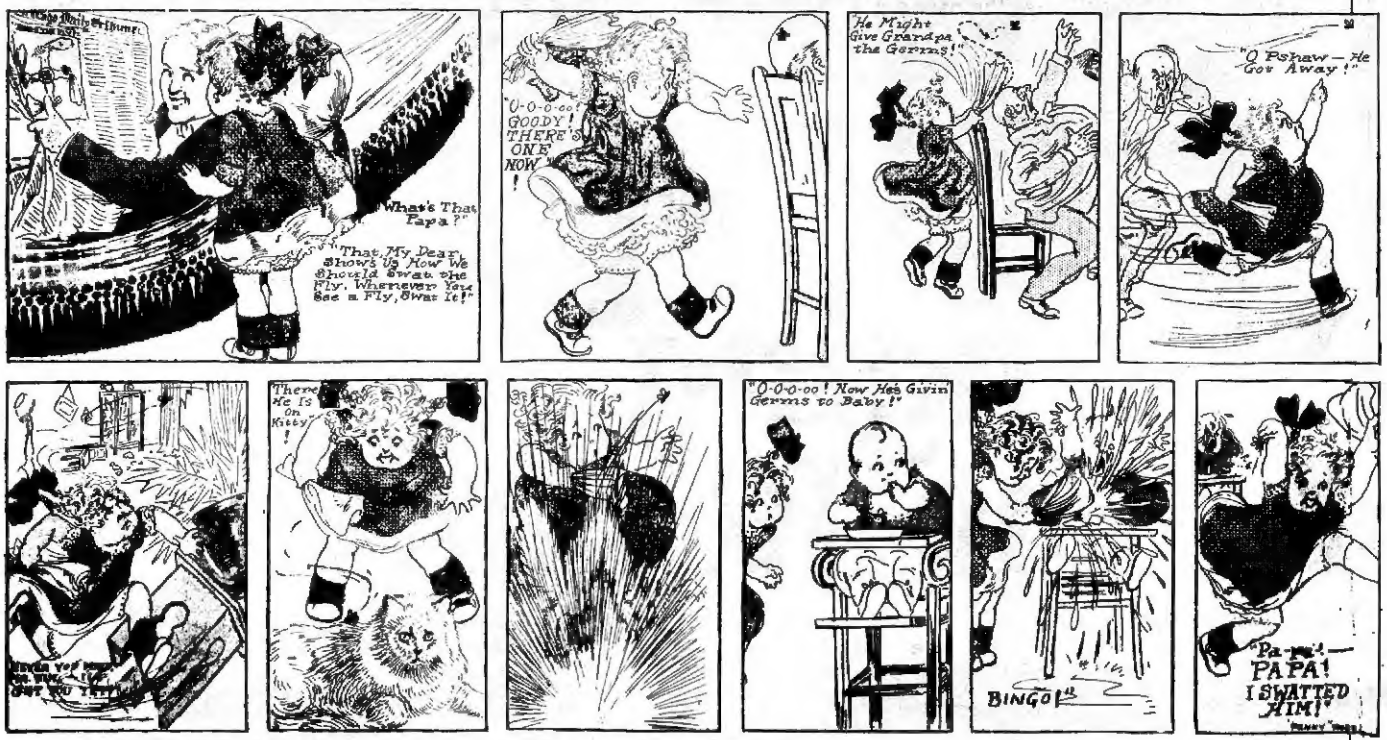

MAMMA'S ANGEL CHILD SUCCESSFULLY SWATS THE FLY.
What's That Papa?"
That, My Dear, Shows Us How We Should Swat the Fly. Whenever You See a Fly, Swat It!"
O-O-O-oo GOODY! THERE'S ONE NOW!
He Might Give Grandpa the Germs!"
"O Pshaw—He Got Away!"
There He Is On Kitty!
"O-O-O-oo! Now He's Givin Germs to Baby!"
BINGO!"
Pa-pa!—PAPA! I SWATTED HIM!"

***Mama's Angel Child* (1917)—A favorite of Gould's that gave him a taste for mannered art.**

me doing comics. And I felt the same way.

But the Tribune Syndicate had other ideas. Editor Don Michel did some Tracy-like detective work and tried to secure a mystery writer, rather than a comics writer, for the job; he heard about this mystery writer in Iowa who seemed to know something about comics in general and Tracy *in particular. Among those who recommended me to Michel was* NEMO *editor Rick Marschall.*

Shortly after I landed the job, Chet called me and congratulated me, enthusiastically. He was thrilled that someone from the Midwest would be doing the writing, and seemed particularly pleased that it was someone he knew. My relationship, my friendship, with him then deepened. Matt and I continued making our trips to Woodstock, now staying overnight.

Chet gave me coach-like pep talks, particularly in the area of business advice. When Matt and I sorted through his original artwork to prepare the Museum of Cartoon Art retrospective in 1978, he generously gave us carte blanche *to pick out anything we wanted for our own collections.*

In my early years on the strip, Chet was a consultant; at first I spoke with him once a week, and later it dwindled to once a month. After Chet said some uncomplimentary things about the strip in public—things he'd never said to me privately—I asked that his name be taken off Tracy, *and it was; this was the only glitch in an otherwise quite wonderful friendship. He was now no longer officially a consultant, though I still spoke to him about the strip, every month or two. Toward the end he was unable to speak on the phone, and my last contact with him was a letter about the flashback story I did involving his classic villains Pruneface, Flattop and Shaky. It's perhaps fitting that these villains held centerstage in the strip when Chet died. The family honored Matt and me by asking us to be pallbearers; we were, as was my new* Tracy *artist, Dick Locher—who, like the late Rick Fletcher, had once been a Gould assistant.*

Gould was a wonderful raconteur, and in the many visits Matt and I had with him, we heard countless great stories; some—but not all of them—are collected here. This is probably as close to a definitive Gould interview as was ever conducted. Matt and I often wished we could have interviewed the younger Gould—say, the 50-year-old Gould. Like many older people, Gould's memory for his early days far exceeded his recall of specific stories he'd worked on. He seemed to have let go of a continuity once it was over, and moved onto the next. Hence, what follows included frustratingly few insights into specific Tracy *stories. But the essence of Chet Gould's tough yet compassionate character comes through.*

He was very much the personification of Dick Tracy. My last view of him—at rest, in a vintage Dick Tracy *tie and a Crimestopper badge—revealed the Tracy jaw intact. Goodbye, Chet.*

—MAX ALLAN COLLINS

The Chester Gould interview was conducted by Al Collins and Matt Masterson on September 19, 1980. It was transcribed by Heidi MacDonald, and was edited by Collins and Rick Marschall.

COLLINS: *Dick is heading into his sixth decade. The '30s, '40s, '50s, '60s, '70s and now the '80s. You've handled five decades, and I'm working on the sixth decade, and hopefully the seventh, eighth, and ninth, and so on. Why do you think that* Dick Tracy *as a comic strip and Dick Tracy as a character have been able to maintain popularity and span so many, many decades and so many readers?*

GOULD: Well, I think the main reason is the hinge of it was its very unusual intriguing entertainment quality. Not only the characters, but the story, I think, held the newspaper reader's interest. He's the guy that buys the paper, and when he quits, we're out of business.

COLLINS: *That's right.*

MASTERSON: *Chet has some interesting thoughts on the comic strip and its shrinking size as opposed to television, and how the TV industry has really outwitted the newspaper industry.*

GOULD: I do think that newspaper editors in many cases have throttled the bait that television planted years ago. Television has, if anything, downgraded comics, saying that comics are not intellectual and they have no so-called educational qualities. And that's all pure bunk to discourage papers from using comics. And what has happened is that television, which started out with a two and a half inch screen, quickly enlarged that screen to the present large television screen, making a great visual appeal to the viewer. And newspapers, which formerly had their comics in six columns, cut them down to a scant three columns. A lot of old people can't even read the comics; the hurry-up businessman, riding a commuter train

to work, doesn't want to take time to decipher balloons which are so very small, almost imperceptible, and very difficult to read on trains. In other words, the papers have caused their own problems by reducing what I call the original newspaper television. The comic strip was television in the early days of newspapers and they have taken that thing that in many cases made their circulation, given it a boot in the fanny and reduced it to such a small size it can't be read. I don't think that's good salesmanship and I don't think it's a good circulation technique. But I don't happen to be running too many newspapers at the moment.

COLLINS: *Well, why do you think newspaper editors have such a lack of respect for comic strips?*

GOULD: I think if somebody preaches a negative situation to you or me long enough we begin to believe it. I believe that they have been brainwashed to their own disadvantage.

COLLINS: *By whom?*

GOULD: Today news is furnished to you by TV as much as 18 hours before you might see the same story in your paper. I think the role of the newspaper dispensing news is pretty hard put, so I think the newspaper has to furnish an entertainment product—such as comics strips. If I were—and I'm not so I can say this—if I were presently owner or publisher or editor of a paper, I would make it a practice immediately to print two of my comics at the bottom of the front page every day—

COLLINS: *Hm. . .*

GOULD: —just as a matter of headlines at the top. Two comics at the bottom of the front page. I think that would do an awful lot to bring back the great prestige that newspapers used to have. They used to fight to get certain strips, they would outbid each other.

COLLINS: *When you were a boy in Pawnee, Oklahoma, what comic strips first caught your fancy?*

GOULD: Well, I bought a St. Louis paper as a boy. I would go to the newsstands, sometime on Saturday afternoons the St. Louis paper would come in, and Sunday morning—the *Chicago Tribune.* This was before the *Gumps,* before *Harold Teen* and all that. They had *Mama's Angel Child* and they had a couple of comics, I can't recall their names at the moment. But I would take those home along with the St. Louis paper that I'd gotten the previous afternoon and those became sacred sheets of paper to me. I would keep them until next week, until I got the one next week, and read them over and over.

COLLINS: *Which strips? I think I've heard you mention* Mutt and Jeff *as being one of your favorites.*

GOULD: *Mutt and Jeff* was in the *Daily Oklahoman* as a daily strip, but we had one running at that time in St. Louis called *Slim Jim.*

COLLINS: *Oh yes.*

GOULD: And *Mama's Angel Child.* That was drawn by, I believe, a girl, and it was a cute little thing.

COLLINS: *How about people like George McManus and* Bringing up Father *and the* Katzenjammer Kids? *Were these favorites of yours?*

GOULD: *The Katzenjammer Kids* were certainly one of my favorites. But I don't think I got them in either the St. Louis paper or the *Chicago Tribune.* But I don't know. . . I read them, believe me, I got a hold of a paper that had them because I remember. . .

COLLINS: *Last night we were talking about* Hairbreadth Harry *as being a strip that you liked.*

GOULD: Yeah, *Hairbreadth Harry.* I don't know where I saw that, but I saw it years ago.

COLLINS: *So that kind of sparked your interest in comics, as a young kid?*

GOULD: Oh yes. I decided when I was seven years old I wanted to do cartoons and I never lost that determination.

COLLINS: *Your father was in the printing business?*

GOULD: Yes, he was. He worked in a weekly newspaper and they took a service of cartoons, editorial cartoons, not the comic strips—and I used to copy those, take them and study them and. . .

COLLINS: *Didn't your father display the first showing of Chester Gould artwork?*

GOULD: Yes, at the age of seven. The Democrats in Pawnee County were having a county convention they called it, and my dad, in an effort to discourage me I guess—at seven years old, you can't argue with your father!—so Dad said, "If you want to draw why don't you go in the courthouse this afternoon after school and sketch some of the politicians?" Well, it sounded pretty good to me, so I did all my work on the scrap paper from the cutting machine, and I got the best pieces of it, the most recent cuttings, put them under my arm and went and made some sketches—and I could imagine how bad they must have been—but Dad would say, "Who's this?" Well, I had a man in the corner, I was putting different names. . .

MRS. GOULD: I'm going to town, Honey, then I'll be back. Do you want anything?

GOULD: Not a thing, darling, except you. [*laughter*]

COLLINS: *We were back in the window at Pawnee print shop.*

GOULD: Yeah, the surveyor of Pawnee County, I remember, I can't think of his name, but a big fat guy. He pointed out the different names: "That's so and so, that's so and so:" And I made these sketches and took them to my dad. And he immediately went over and put them against the window. I don't think there was Scotch Tape, but he found some way to glue them to the window in lines. And so what happened was that Pawnee was designed around the square, but the east side of the square had no business at all, just a livery stable. To get to the Post Office, all businessmen had to walk on past the *Courier Dispatch,* Dad's paper, and I remember staying after school the next day and people were still gawking at these pictures. I saw them and they'd look at them and say something and point and then they'd kind of give over a guffaw and I thought, "This is for me, this is my business," and that really clinched my thinking. I wanted to be a cartoonist.

COLLINS: *What other art experience did you have as a child and as a young man? Did you do sign painting. . .*

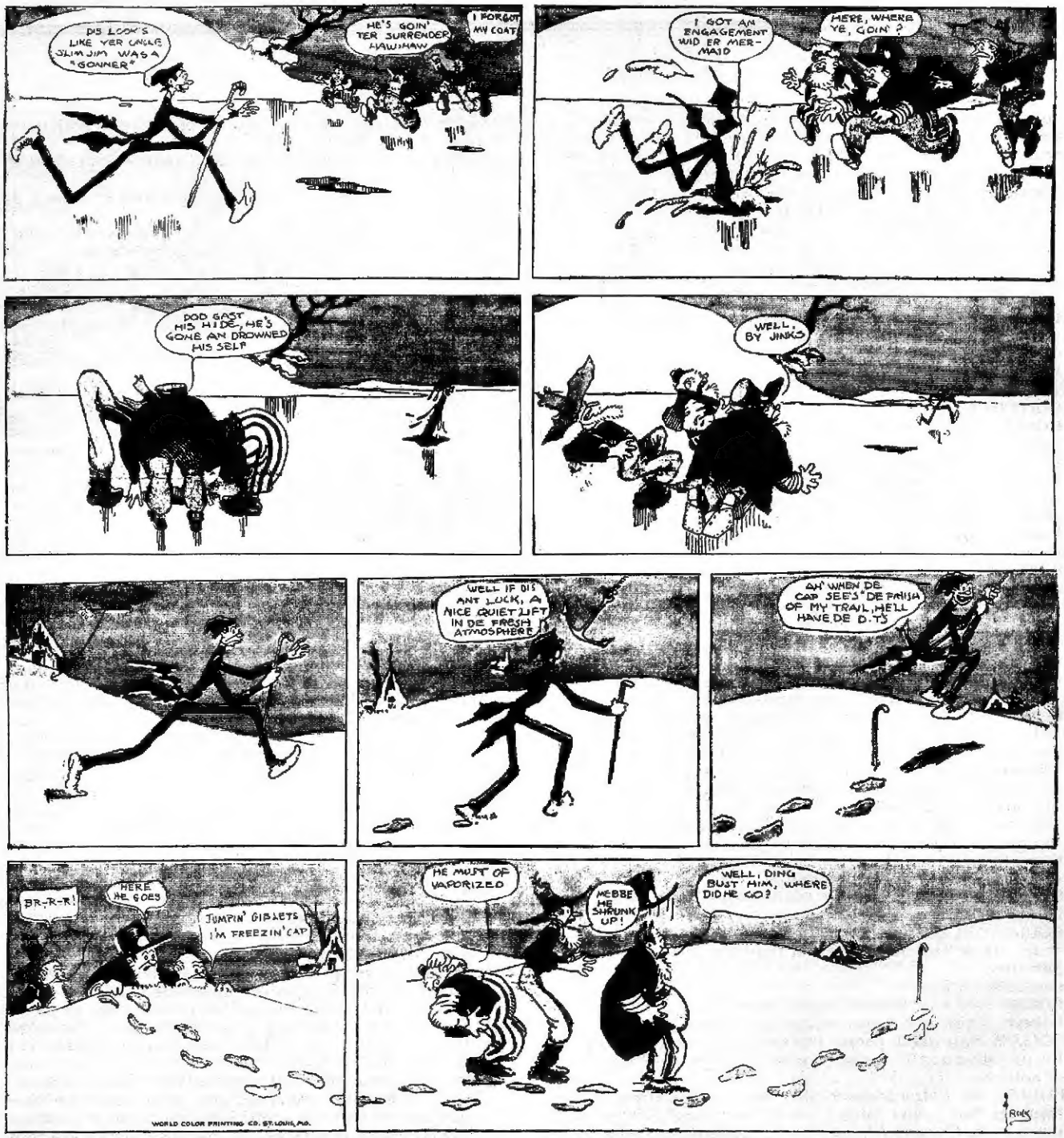
GOULD: Oh yeah. I guess many cartoonists do that. It's pretty lucrative in a small town if you get if you can paint signs reasonably well. And I did window jobs, doors on offices and I did outdoor stuff on barns.

COLLINS: *Any memorable experiences in that line of work?*

GOULD: Oh, yeah, I had one. There was a guy that ran the hardware store and he also sold paint. Out in the country of Pawnee was a doctor's farm, Doc Waters, and old Doc Waters had a barn that you could see about a mile away, you could see the side of the barn. You couldn't read it that far away but as you came

***The Gumps* (1915)—The popular strip that enamored Gould of narrative technique.**

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THE COMPANY DOESN'T COME - IT'S GETTING LATE
OH! THEY'LL BE HERE
BUT IT'S SO FUNNY THEY'RE ALWAYS ON TIME - I'VE GOT ALL THE SANDWICHES MADE AND THE PUNCH READY - BOUGHT THREE CHICKENS FOR CHICKEN A-LA-KING. NINA AND FRANK ARE ALWAYS ON TIME
THAT IS STRANGE
NINE O'CLOCK AND NOT A SOUL HERE YET
A DISMAL THOUGHT
GREAT SCOTT! I FORGOT TO MAIL THE INVITATIONS
SIDNEY SMITH


DS LOOK'S LIKE YER UNCLE JIM JIM WAS A "GONNER"
HE'S GOIN' TER SURRENDER HAW! HAW!
I FORGOT MY COAT
I GOT AN ENGAGEMENT WID ER MER-MAID
HERE, WHERE YE, GOIN' ?
DOD GAST HIS HIDE, HE'S GONE AN DROWNED HIS SELF
WELL, BY JINKS
WELL IF DIS AINT LUCK, A NICE QUIET LIFT IN DE FRESH ATMOSPHERE
AN' WHEN DE CAP SEE'S DE FRISH OF MY TRAIL, HE'LL HAVE DE D.T'S
BR-R-R!
HERE HE GOES
JUMPIN' GIBLETS I'M FREEZIN' CAP
HE MUST OF VAPORIZED
MEBBE HE SHRUNK UP!
WELL, DING BUST 'IM, WHERE DID HE GO?
WORLD COLOR PRINTING CO. ST. LOUIS, MO.
FRINK

***Slim Jim* by Frink (1910)—Every week Jim was chased by the three cops of the Force. An early thematic inspiration to Gould?**

down the road it got bigger and bigger and there it was. So this hardware store man, his name was Brewington, he said, "I'd like to have a sign painted on that side of Doc Waters barn, can you do it?", and I said "Sure I can do it!" And he said, "Well, I'll give you a great $25, and I'll furnish the paint." So that was big dough; I was barely 16 then. Well, I went out there and put the sign on—a typical thing, Brewington for Fine Furniture, Quality and Price and all that sort of stuff, a typical small-town ad. Brewington always had a format in his signs, down in the corner he always had a picture of what was supposed to be Brewington's head. He'd paint the head in there and it said "Our Founder." Brewington was kind of a heady fellow, too, good-looking and very influential in town. So I painted it and put "Our Founder" and I got the paint all down and I invited him to see it. He paid me my $25 and the next day I heard from him as I went to school—I had to pass his place—and he said to me "Listen, you painted that sign, and that's all right. But have you been out there lately?" Well, the weather had gotten a little hot and it so happened I had painted over Dutch doors, at each end of the barn. And where I had "Our Founder," the farmer—it was getting warm—he had the upper part of the dutch door open, and it said Our Founder and you could see the ass and the tail of a big Prussian horse. [*General laughter*] It happened! Everybody had to laugh at Brewington.

COLLINS: *Chet, you had another experience with, I believe, it was the mayor of the town. You painted his—*

GOULD: Oh yeah, I got 75 cents on a big contract deal to put "J.V. Orton, Mayor," right at the top of the stairs on his door. So after I got the sign on, I asked him to come out take a look at it, and he said well, the lettering was all right. It was just black lettering. He said, "But I don't think it's worth 75 cents." And I said, "Well, that's what we agreed on." He said, "Tell ya what, I'll give ya 50 cents for it." I had a razor blade in my pocket in a little box. I took out this single-edged blade. I didn't say anthing, I just went over there and just scraped off the whole sign, like that, and went downstairs.

COLLINS: *[laughs] Don't fool around with Gould.*

GOULD: No, I was always proud of that. And I didn't know what

A letter from Gould to the owner of his cartoon-correpondence course. It was one of the few letters he wrote on the stationery; he held the job for four weeks during a political campaign.

CHESTER GOULD
CARTOONIST TULSA DEMOCRAT
TULSA, OKLA.

July 8 '19

W. L. Evans School of Cartooning,
8th Floor Leader Bldg.,
Cleveland
Ohio

Dear Mr. Evans:

In regard to your course in cartooning, I'm going to say right at the first that it is the most complete and thorough course I have ever seen.

Your personal purple-ink criticisms and remarks right on the drawing itself links the student and the instructor together in a spirit of good fellowship and understanding.

I feel as if I had been personally associated with you for years.

My situation here on the Democrat is most pleasant and I enjoy thework immensely, all of which is due to your instruction, ABSOLUTELY!

As a final word, I will say that I shallalways reccommend your course to the fellow desirous of aquiring an education in newspaper cartooning. To the student of limited means it is the only course. IT IS ECONOMICAL.

With the very best wishes and personal regards for you and the school,

I am sincerely,
A satisfied student,

Chester Gould

he did, I don't know, probably wished to hell he'd kept his finger out of it.

COLLINS: *Not all the jobs you had were artistic, though. Didn't you work as a soda jerk or at a soda fountain?*

GOULD: Oh yeah, I did duty as a soda jerk at both drug stores at different times of course. And it was very pleasant. It was big-time business in the summer; one of the most lucrative things that the drug store had then was the soda fountain in the summer. Jay's Drug Store had about six of these big ceiling fans, two over the soda fountain, which was, oh, about 25 or 30 feet long; it was a big soda fountain. And it was so pleasant there. I enjoyed it very much. And the big thing about it—I got $15 a week. You get to work about 7 in the morning, and you quit about 7 in the evening. But it was good experience.

COLLINS: *Well, the story I'm fishing for is the one about the Indians who came in.*

GOULD: Oh yes; oh, well, the Indians were very fond of red, and of course, in terms of the soda, an icecream soda, the only reds were the cherries and the strawberries, so when I'd see a couple of Indians coming, I'd know what to expect. "Give me red."

MASTERSON: *Chet, what was the first piece you had printed in a magazine?*

GOULD: *The American Boy.* Do you remember the magazine *The American Boy?* They had a contest during World War I for any boy, all boys under 16. There was prize, I think of ten dollars, and they would print the winning cartoon. Well, I got into it and I got first prize, and this magazine printed it. Somewhere in my old trunk, it's probably still there, but I wouldn't dig it out. What I did, I had a company of soldiers, marching down this dirt road, and there was a boy in a cornfield. It was a hot sunny day, and he was hoeing it. . . they used to hoe corn instead of cultivate it with a team because they could get all the little weeds without harming the corn. The corn got so big they couldn't very well drive a team down the row, they'd knock it down. So they had a horrible, horrible job of hoeing the corn. Hotter than hell, no air. . . So anyway, this kid was hoeing this, and one soldier was looking at him, they were looking right at each other and the title of it is "What A Stint He's Got." One guy going to war and the other hoeing corn. Each coveting the other's job.

COLLINS: *When did you leave home to go out to work on your own?*

GOULD: I left Pawnee, Oklahoma, in 1921.

COLLINS: *And you were then 21?*

GOULD: I would be 21 in November. I arrived in Chicago September 1. I left Pawnee the last day of August. And I've got a good little story about that that's based on realism. That was about the time that gangsters began, started to flourish in Chicago, you know. So when I arrived in town, I had 50 bucks, and that was a lot of money, believe me, in those days that would be about equal to $350 today. I knew that would carry me over until I had money coming in. Well, I'd been there about a week when I got a letter from my mother and she said, "I've been reading in the *Daily Oklahoman* about these gangsters that are in Chicago. They're shooting people down on the street, and robbing them, and you're up there with 50 dollars in your pocket! come home at once." [*general laughter*]

COLLINS: *But you didn't go home?*

GOULD: I didn't go home. I wrote my mother a letter and said, "Look, from what I understand, decent people don't have anything to worry about, these guys are shooting each other down," and I said, "You can be sure that I'm safe and sound." I had to pacify her.

MASTERSON: *What was your first job, then?*

GOULD: Strange to say, within a couple of days I landed a job on the old *Chicago Journal*. The reason I got it, I just happened to be there at the right time. One of the guys in the art department had to go to the hospital for an appendectomy. And the second guy in command who was then in charge, he looked at my art that I'd brought from Oklahoma, editorial cartoons from the *Tulsa Democrat* and sports cartoons from the *Daily Oklahoman*, and he said, "Well these aren't exactly big-city stuff, but until our man gets back from the hospital, be about a month that's all, I could put you on at $30 a week." Well, I just about busted a gut standing there. Thirty dollars a week, man! So I went in there and I got $30 a week for the month of September, and came October 1st, he was back and I picked up my coat and hat and I was out ont he street again. But that was my first job. So. . .

COLLINS: *That gave you some professional credentials of a sort.*

GOULD: Oh, it did. And I had listed every newspaper, starting first at the *Tribune*. I went to the *Journal* and the *Post*, the *Herald Examiner* and the *Evening American*. I hit the art departments of all those newspapers. But I couldn't get in anywhere after the *Journal* and that month-long deal; there was nothing. So I put most of my money in the bank. I knew I had a little backlog in the savings department. So I kind of treaded water for a day or two, not very long. And I finally picked up the want ads. And out on Vaughn Avenue, there was an A&P store looking for a stock boy. That's the guy who carries all the cans around and puts them on the shelf and all that. And I said, "Well then, I'll do that," anything. And I went out there and applied for that job as stock boy. And they said "We just hired him. See that guy over there? We just hired him. We don't need a stock boy." So I got on the street car, went back to where I had a room on South Street, and said "What do I do now?" Well, a fellow that I met in a cigar store two or three times gave me a tip. I told him I was looking for art jobs. He said, "I happen to know

a place on South Dearborn where they lost one of their men. Why don't you go down there?" Zuckerman was the man's name who owned the place. He ran a little ad service where they would make up plates like "Year End Sale" and "Going Out of Business," that sort of stuff. Stock stuff that little papers could put in whenever a store wanted them to. I went down there. I wasn't a commercial artist in the sense of being able to draw men's fashions but they made me an office boy, and I pasted stuff down and erased drawings and carried things over to the engraving house and did all the things that an office boy would do in the big city. And I was there almost a year. In the meantime, I had been going back to all of these art departments, no matter how they treated me—they couldn't insult me, they couldn't depress me because I had confidence and I knew I was going to make it.

COLLINS: *How often did you make the rounds?*

GOULD: Well, I tried to see each one at least once a week, and that would be quite often on Saturday mornings. Because they all had Saturday editions in the art department there was no such thing as a five-day week. Your week wasn't complete until one o'clock Saturday. Then everything, the offices, all closed and everybody went home. So I was able to contact two or three of these outfits on Saturday morning. A guy by the name of Haggerty—that was the guy in the cigar store who told me about Zuckerman's place—was assistant art director of the Copy and Art Service of the *Chicago Tribune*. That was the last damn place I wanted to go. I wanted to go to the *Tribune* as a comic strip artist, with an exclusive office with my name on the door. But he said that he could put me on here until I got established; he was very sympathetic—he said, "we don't handle many cartoons, we have little one-columns, sometimes on the front page or a special story, just a little one-column thing." He said, "the editorial department would send up what they want and we do that. I may get one or two of those for you, but in the meantime you will erase drawings, and you're pretty good at lettering, you may get a chance to do some lettering." And I believe he said it would be $50 a week.

COLLINS: *A fortune.*

GOULD: That was a fortune. I began to sense that I was breaking in to the Chicago scene a little bit, so I kept making the rounds of the newspapers.

COLLINS: *With strips?*

GOULD: Oh yeah, in the meantime at night I would work on a strip or two, or sport cartoons, editorials, anything.

MASTERSON: Ripley's Believe it or Not *type of thing?*

GOULD: Yes, I did have one on that order. But my campaign at the moment was one of the Hearst papers. It was the *Evening American*, and a little guy by the name of Curley—just like old Boston's mayor, the same name—was in charge at the *American*, and he was Hearst's top man in the editing line. He was later taken away from Chicago and put in charge of five eastern Hearst papers: Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, whatever. And so I met him and he was very nice. He would talk and listen, and he said, "Let me see what you've got, but I can't promise you anything at all, it has to come from New York. If I think you've got anything, I'll tell you to send it to New York, to King Features." Well, I loaded him with stuff pretty fast and got nowhere. At that time, Hearst had a cartoonist named Kettner, I believe, who had a funny line drawing, but Hearst thought he was great. He just drew empty lines, no shadowing or anything. *[EDITOR'S NOTE: Gould is here referring to T.E. Powers, of whom Maurice Ketten was one of several imitators.]* Strictly editorial stort of stuff. He had one little group of people he called Joys, and another he called Glooms. And if he was drawing an editorial that had to do with the dark side of something he had a bunch of these Glooms marching around in the story. He was a way-out cartoonist. I never did like his stuff, but Hearst thought he was great and so did Curley. And it ran four columns about that deep on the back page of the *American*. And it was an insult to me because I couldn't stand the guy's stuff and he was getting all this space. So. . . I was still working on the *Tribune* in commercial art. And one day I drew an editorial cartoon just exactly the proportions of this [Powers] stuff. And I went into the *American's* own engraving room and said I'd like to get a cut made of this, and I got a hold of some newsprint from another fellow there, just regular news stuff. I had them pull a proof of this cartoon, and I got it out and pasted it in right over [Powers's] cartoon, exactly. At first glance it looked like Gould was in the *American*. I knew that the scrub women came into Curley's office about 5:30 and I saw to it that I was up there one day, and I walked in and took this cartoon. The scrub woman thought that I worked in the editorial room, in shirt sleeves and everything. And I put it on [Curley's] desk; he had a very husky but pleasant secretary called Miss Dougherty and I put it down and got the heck out of there. Well, about 10 o'clock in the morning the next day, over at the *Tribune*, the phone rang and it was for me. Haggerty called me and said, "It's for you." So I thought my wife is calling me, but it was Miss Dougherty, and she said, "Can you get over here and see Mr. Curley sometime today?" Well, if she'd asked if I could jump out the tenth floor of that building I'd have said, "Yes, I certainly can!" So I said "Yes, I'll be over there, probably about 10 minutes after eleven." I went out at eleven, and I went over there, and he had this thing in front of him and he said "Did you draw this?" and I said that I did, and he said, "Well, you damn near fooled me. I wanted to know who would sanction this. I think the best way to get rid of you is to hire you." [*General laughter*] So he put me on and put me up another $10 a week, that made 60 bucks, that was essentially my way of breaking into Chicago. I was at the *American* six years

COLLINS: *Now what year was that?*

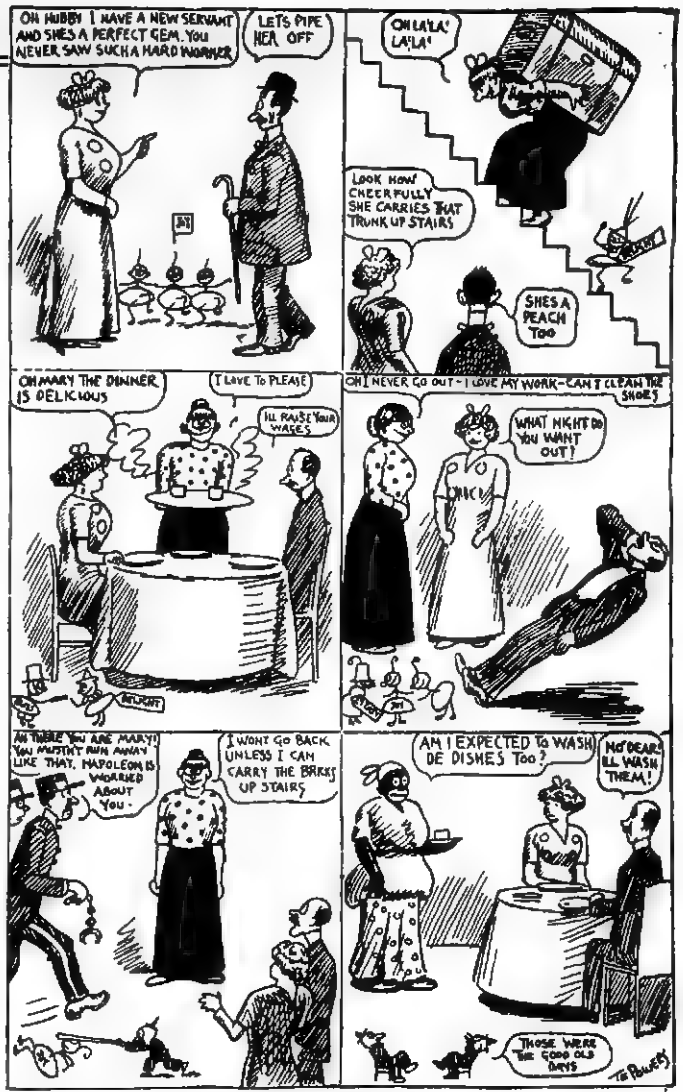
GOULD: 1923.

COLLINS: *What work did you do there?*

GOULD: What work didn't I do, is a good question. One day I had, I believe, 11 cartoons in one issue of the *American*. I did little one column illustrations, I did sports cartoons, I did an editorial cartoon. I kept a lot of this stuff handy, see, so it wouldn't get out of date on a general subject. And when they wanted a cartoon, I gave it to them.

COLLINS: *Is that the paper that you did the strip for that was a news strip?*

GOULD: Well, I did two cartoons. Curley said he wanted me to


OH HUBBY I HAVE A NEW SERVANT AND SHES A PERFECT GEM. YOU NEVER SAW SUCH A HARD WORKER
LETS PIPE HER OFF
OH LA'LA' LA'LA!
LOOK HOW CHEERFULLY SHE CARRIES THAT TRUNK UP STAIRS
SHES A PEACH TOO
OH MARY THE DINNER IS DELICIOUS
I LOVE TO PLEASE
ILL RAISE YOUR WAGES
OH I NEVER GO OUT - I LOVE MY WORK - CAN I CLEAN THE SHOES
WHAT NIGHT DO YOU WANT OUT?
AN THERE YOU ARE MARY! YOU MUSTN'T RUN AWAY LIKE THAT. NAPOLEON IS WORRIED ABOUT YOU.
I WONT GO BACK UNLESS I CAN CARRY THE BRIKS UP STAIRS
AM I EXPECTED TO WASH DE DISHES TOO?
NO DEAR, ILL WASH THEM!
THOSE WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS
TE POWERS

***Joys and Glooms* (1921)—Gould resented the popular T.E. Powers's simplicity of line.**

draw a strip about radio. Radio was very fresh and new, and getting bigger, much like the impact of television. The most common set of the day was what they call a crystal set; it had no tubes or no internal maintenance at all, but there was a little cat's whisker that you fooled around with and it touched this stone, this little hunk of stone, with a handle back here, and you hit a certain spot and you got the reception. No tubes, no batteries, no nothing. That was very common and successful, so I named this strip *The Radio Cats* after the cat's whisker. They were Siamese cats. That was my radio strip. The other one he wanted me to do was a takeoff on Ed Wheelan's *Minute Movies*, and I came up with one called *Fillum Fables*. So I had two strips running in the *American* every day, besides the stuff that they would bring in to me.

COLLINS: *Now, did those strips run in any other papers?*

GOULD: They finally picked up *Fillum Fables* for the *Journal* in New York, but it never got . . . King never took it, and it never got wide syndication. It was a rather lousy imitation of Ed Wheelan, is what it was. I didn't want to do that—I wanted to do my own stuff, my original stuff.

COLLINS: *Now* Fillum Fables *was a continuity;* Radio Cats—*was that a humor strip?*

GOULD: That was a humor strictly. *Fillum Fables* was a burlesque.

COLLINS: *When did you do the strips that were news strips where you would talk about things happening in the city in comic-strip format? They weren't editorials.*

GOULD: *Why It's a Windy City?*

COLLINS: *Yes,* Why It's a Windy City.

GOULD: I went into Curley one day, and said that I'd got an idea for him, kind of Walter Winchell in cartoon, called *Why It's a Windy City;* I would interview big shots and businessmen. He said, "sounds all right, give me a couple." So I remember the first one I did was of the manager of the Congress hotel, and he was a sassy son of a bitch, but I told him I was starting a new column in cartoons, that Mr. Curley, the managing editor, said he would like it to consist of a funny anecdote or any comment that someone like you would like to make each day. If someone like you makes a comment, I'll have it made. So I finally got him on my side, and I would get about three of those a day, by doing a lot of talking. It took a lot of walking around the Loop. And it was highly successful. It got a hell of a lot of comment.

COLLINS: *Did you interview any well known celebrities for that column?*

GOULD: Well, when I was over in town I would. I had comments from all the show people that were in town.

COLLINS: *Any big names?*

GOULD: I had Eddie Cantor and Al Jolson, Ed Wynn, a couple of the dramatic actors, I can't recall it all.

COLLINS: *Did Vitamin Flintheart's counterpart, Lionel Barrymore, get in the Windy city?*

GOULD: [*Laughs*] I don't think I ever did interview a Barrymore, although they were in the shows constantly in those days. But I just never got around to them.

COLLINS: *Was that before or after or at the same time as* Radio Cats *and* Fillum Fables?

GOULD: *Radio Cats* and *Fillum Fables* were going on all the time.

COLLINS: *Well, when did you sleep?*

GOULD: I didn't sleep. The Lord gave me one hell of a good body, let me tell you. I'd be sitting there when the Art Department was going home at the *American*, and the Art Department was right in the editorial room, what they called the newsroom. There were four fellows, and their day was over when the last edition of the *American* was out. It was an afternoon paper, and that last edition came out just about the time when the commuters were going home, so they would get this hot off the press, and after that the boys got up and put on their coats, folded their *Americans* under their arms and said "Goodnight." I'd say "Goodnight." And they'd come down next morning, and most of the time I'd be sitting there just finishing up something. And one would say "Hey guys, come here! He's still here." And the other'd say, "He's nuts! What do you do? When do you sleep?" And I'd just keep on working. And they got my goat there once or twice, but then I laughed it off, and said *they* have to go home and do things but I don't. I had no family, nobody I was responsible to. No reason to be home at five o'clock. I can just sit here and work, and I said, "I'll do the work of two men, with the body I've got, I'll do the work of two men, and I will get to my goal in half the time that these monkeys will even if they work hard. In other words, I'm on a fast train, doing two lifetimes while they flounder through one."

COLLINS: *The theory being that if you do away with sleep you pick up an extra day's work.*

GOULD: An extra life, year. I would work right through the night at least two nights a week.

COLLINS: *You finally left Hearst and* Fillum Fables *because you were tired of doing what you considered to be an imitation of Wheelan, is that correct?*

GOULD: Well, that was part of it. The rest of it was that I had submitted several original ideas to them, and they wanted to keep me on *Fillum Fables* and I wanted to get away from that, because it was not my original idea.

COLLINS: *And around this time you were, in a roundabout way, approached about possibly doing* Little Annie Rooney. *You were never directly approached, but that was one of the things that was bandied about.*

GOULD: I think it was suddenly passed around to different art departments at Hearst, but that was not for me.

COLLINS: *The thing you did in between* Fillum Fables *and* Tracy *was this strip for the* Daily News *in Chicago, called* The Girl Friends. *How did you come to do that strip?*

GOULD: Well, while I was drawing rugs and canned corn and stuff for the regular daily ads I was told to come into the office of the editor of the *News*. I didn't know if I was going to get fired or what. He said "I understand you have some experience with the *American*." I said yes. "Well, we need a girl strip in the *Daily News*," and he asked if I could draw a girl strip and I said, "I sure can!" So he said "Well, let me see a couple and we might start using them right here in the *News*." That was the way I got into *The Girl Friends*.

COLLINS: *And then very shortly after that* Tracy *began. When you prepared the samples for* Dick Tracy *you had at that time prepared dozens, perhaps a hundred, samples of strips that had not sold. When you did* Tracy *for the first time, then* Plainclothes Tracy, *did you have a certain hunch about it or a tingle about it?*

Little Annie Rooney, King Features' answer to *Little Orphan Annie*, was offered to Chester Gould. Instead Ed Verdier drew it, succeeded by N. Afonsky and Darrell McClure.

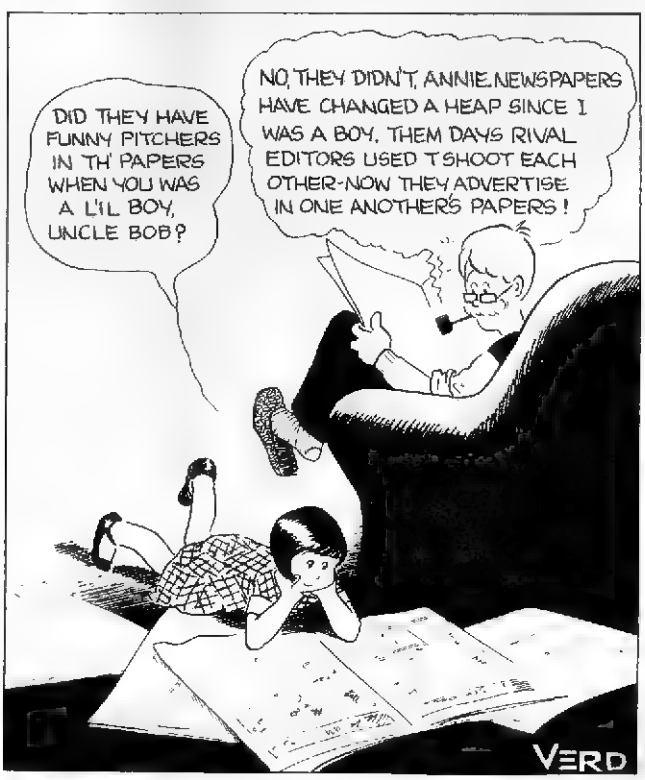

DID THEY HAVE FUNNY PITCHERS IN TH' PAPERS WHEN YOU WAS A L'IL BOY, UNCLE BOB?
NO, THEY DIDN'T, ANNIE. NEWSPAPERS HAVE CHANGED A HEAP SINCE I WAS A BOY. THEM DAYS RIVAL EDITORS USED T'SHOOT EACH OTHER-NOW THEY ADVERTISE IN ONE ANOTHER'S PAPERS!
VERD

Illustration for the first promotional brochure for *Dick Tracy*, 1931.

GOULD: Oh yeah, I felt that it would either go to the top or fall on its face. I was afraid that Patterson might be offended by it because it was so rough, and say "I don't like that," and as it turned out, Patterson was wild about *Dick Tracy* right from the beginning. That was the kind of stuff that he wanted in his paper.

COLLINS: *Well, you had a sequence in that very first five-strip sample in which you actually had the Al Capone character, Big Boy, using a blow torch on someone's feet, which was pretty rough stuff for the day. Nothing like that had ever appeared in a comic strip before. But Patterson ate that up, apparently.*
GOULD: He felt it would sell papers.
COLLINS: *And that was the name of the game.*
GOULD: That was the name of the game, and it still is today. We have become so compromising about everything that's in newspapers that they all look alike today. Any newspaper you can buy in any part of the country, they've got the same news. They have the same type of thinking, the same columns of sob sisters, of political hacks, or whatever. The [New York] *News* was individual, to say the least.
COLLINS: *I don't know if anybody has ever asked you this. But you had been at it for a good 10 years and while you had had a considerable success in Chicago on a local level, you had been struggling to break through with that national comic strip for 10 years. Dozens and dozens of samples. At this point in your life, in 1931, were you at a low ebb or were you prepared to do another 10 years? Had it begun to get to you?*
GOULD: I was prepared mentally to go to my grave if necessary, but I was determined to get something for my efforts, and I said I can't miss—the practice and the effort that I'm putting in, the repetitive labor I'm putting into this stuff, it's bound to bring some kind of reward.
COLLINS: *Well, you spent 10 years trying, doing things like* Radio Cats, Fillum Fables, The Girl Friends. *Would you agree with me that those were probably the 10 most important years in your career, those preparatory years?*
GOULD: Oh, I think they were. I think they're the most important in any young man's life, the immediate 10 or 15 years before he lands what he wants. Now remember, I had a lot of experience, what we called big-time experience in Oklahoma. I was called down to Tulsa, the Tulsa *Democrat* when I was 19, to do editorial cartoons for one month to fight a bond issue to build a new water reservoir. Well, the opposition paper was for the bond issue. The paper that hired me was against the bond issue. My side lost, and my career as an editorial cartoonist ended at the end of that campaign, but in the meantime I had made contacts with the *Daily Oklahoman* through my association at State College, and I made arrangements with the sporting editor that I would send in a cartoon every other week—a resume of the week's sports in Oklahoma.
COLLINS: *When you went to Chicago, to backtrack a little bit, in 1921, did you have a four-year college degree at that time?*
GOULD: No, I had two years. I immediately enrolled in night school. The very next day after I landed my first job was to go find out where to get into night school and where.
COLLINS: *Are you telling me that those first years when you were turning out all that material, you were going to college too?*
GOULD: That's right. Well, I didn't sleep. Yeah, I went to school and finished up my course in commerce and marketing school.
COLLINS: *Do you think that explains why even though you're an artist, you've had the outlook and attitude of a businessman all these years?*
GOULD: I think it's had a great deal to do with it.
COLLINS: *And with your success?*
GOULD: Well, I abhorred the artist that lived in the garret and gave himself up as a sacrifice on the fires of human endeavor because he was an artist. I said, "They're not for me, those jerks."
COLLINS: *You did not dress like a bohemian.*
GOULD: No, I tried my best to look like a banker, and in those days bankers looked like bankers.
COLLINS: *Chet, after all of your efforts to get on the* Tribune, Dick Tracy *did not begin in the* Tribune, *did it?*
GOULD: That's right, it didn't. Well, I want to tell you a little bit. Patterson spent most of his time in New York at the *News* in those days. I thought if I put all my samples in a grip, and could go down and sit with him personally and let him see what I can do, it might help. So I put everything that I thought was big-league—not the junk from childhood but the stuff I thought had possibilities—in a black bag, and went down and he very graciously said to come in, and I showed him what I had, and then he looked through all of it. He didn't slight anything. He said "Well, you've done a lot of work here," and he said, "We cannot use any of what you have, but whenever you get any-

thing that you think could be worthwhile, send it to me." And I came back and I was greatly heartened that he had looked at my stuff and he did say to me the last thing he said. "Right now, Mr. Gould, I'm looking for a cartoonist, an editorial cartoonist. You have some editorials here, but they're from Oklahoma and I can't tell too much about them." They were clippings. So what I did—I didn't tell him—but I said I'll see if I can get something and send it to you, so I went right downstairs and subscribed for six months to the *Sunday* and *Daily News*, and I think that was around 50 bucks, to be sent to me in Illinois.

The *News* began to come, and I would read the editorial page, every damn line in the editorial, not the *Voice of the People* and all that, but the direct editorial. I read it every day. In fact I cut them out and refreshed myself every so often. At the end of two weeks I hit on a plan. I was then going to Chicago six days a week. We were then living in Woodstock, this was when everyone worked until one o'clock, all the conventional people did. And I would do an editorial cartoon at night. I had envelopes that I had gotten at wherever I worked last time, that would just fit in a certain size I was drawing these cartoons. I would put a piece of corrugated wood in there, address it to J.M. Patterson, New York *Daily News*, 220 East Forty-Second Street, and every day for 30 days, including Sunday, I walked to the mail car of the Twentieth Century and handed it to the guy, all stamped and ready to go, first class, and after a week or so they thought I was a big shot who was sending some goddamn important stuff to New York, and then, you know, it was Hello and Hi and How Are You Doing Today, and I sent that for 30 days.

I call that the greatest masterpiece of salesmanship I ever did. So every morning, Patterson came down, including Monday morning, and there was a cartoon by Gould. I didn't hear anything from him. And finally I got a package from Miss Higgins who was his secretary; it said that the Captain likes these very much but he doesn't seem to believe your style is what he's looking for. They made her hire C.D. Batchelor, that kind of breezy, sketchy—he was powerful,too, his stuff was great, and he wasn't yet hired. Well, about the next day after I got that, I got a letter from Patterson. It said, "I thank you so much for letting me see the cartoons which came in every day. They are not quite what I'm looking for but please see that I get any other material that you might think I would be interested in . . . I told Edna, "I got a job!" [*laughs*]

COLLINS: *You knew you were on the trail.*

GOULD: "I'm hired!" I felt I was hired. I didn't think there was any question about it. I was hired, just by those words.

COLLINS: *This was shortly before Dick Tracy.*

GOULD: Yeah, he hadn't seen Dick Tracy yet. So this was in, I think, the spring of '31. I'm a little vague. It could have been—cold weather I think, the month I did that it was cold weather. But anyway I got the idea for *Plainclothes Tracy*.

COLLINS: *I know this is a silly cliched question, but do you know how you got that idea? What springboarded it for you?*

GOULD: Nothing sparked it. I was just a great follower of Sherlock Holmes on the radio for G. Washington Coffee. And a very good radio program, very thrilling, exciting. In fact I would say that in all America, it was the most highly thought-of dramatic show on the air. I said "Hell, I'm going to do a detective. I never sold the guy anything, he can't do any more than throw it out the window, so. . ."

COLLINS: *What gave you the notion to make it a modern detective as opposed to the traditional Sherlock Holmes—*

GOULD: I'm reading the *Daily News*, and it was the biggest circulated paper, over two million, and three million and a half Sunday, and I said anything that can draw *that* many subscriber or people or buyers, that's what I've got to have.

COLLINS: *Let me simplify this a little bit. Would it be fair to say that the thing that really occurred to you was this: "What if Sherlock Homes were alive today and fighting Al Capone." Is that kind of the idea?*

GOULD: Well, I used those very words. I said if Holmes were alive today as a young man, he wouldn't wear the two-peaked cap, and he'd have a snap-brim fedora and probably be wearing a camel's hair coat and that was the way I built Tracy.

COLLINS: *So instead of Professor Moriarty, he took on the Chicago mob.*

GOULD: Right. And this combined with the fact that Chicago was in the throes of death and gangsters. I said, "I'm going to make a detective. They've got fixed juries, they've got fixed judges, they'v got all kinds of crooked business going on, they can't get a conviction, hoodlums come in the court after being involved in a murder and the lawyers get them out. They bring 'em in around 8:30 in the morning, and the lawyers have them walking the streets at 11:30."

COLLINS: *Chet, it's well known that you were drawing a Persian rug, or an Oriental rug, when you got the telegram from Captain Patterson telling you that* Plainclothes Tracy *had possibilities. Can you tell us a little bit about that first meeting with Captain Patterson and how that went? You followed up on that telegram. . .*

GOULD: All my experiences with Patterson had been slowly getting better and I sent him these editorials and I sent one week of *Plainclothes Tracy* and it was just as if I had dropped off a cliff. Nothing, absolutely nothing. Well, August 18th, did I tell you about Edna reading the telegram over the phone? She said, "I have a telegram here from Captain Patterson," and I was doing an Oriental rug, I was going over a silver-print of a rug for Ocean Silver Company. They're still in business, I guess; they're a big outfit. I said, "Read the telegram, I want to get my damn rug done. It's monotonous." She said, "BELIEVE PLAINCLOTHES TRACY HAS POSSIBILITIES. SEE ME IN CHICAGO THE TWENTIETH. CALL MY SECRETARY FOR TIME." . . .or something like that. I said, "Well, for Chrissake, it took him long enough."

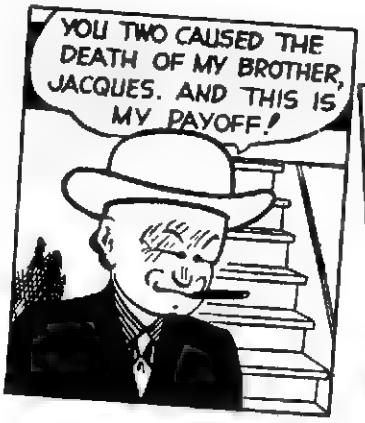
COLLINS: *But you were pretty happy. . .*

GOULD: I was fed up, I was really fed up. But all of a sudden I began to break out in a cold sweat and I got the shakes, and I got a little dizzy and I said, "Finally, it's here." I sat down to finish the rug and I couldn't do it. The pen was shaking. I told the artist, a guy by the name of Hatton, I said, "Can you finish this rug?" He said, "Sure." I went downstairs and I ordered a malted milk. I bought a cigar, I bought a package of gum. I had all this at the soda fountain and I could hardly drink the malted but I finally did get it down, and I began to calm down and went back upstairs. And this was all spontaneous—it hit me almost in a frightening sense. I said, "Surely this is not the thing I'd been looking for," but it *had* to be. So I went over and saw him. I bought a new suit, new shoes, new hat, and made the date to see Captain Patterson.

COLLINS: *How was he dressed?*

GOULD: When I walked in his office he gave me a cordial handshake and said "Hello. I've got these strips with me here." He had no necktie on, he was in shirtsleeves, which was quite common for him, because I hardly ever saw him with a coat on, and he had on some old army shoes, just plain old army shoes. I remember this well because I had dressed up, and he said, with no conversation at all, he said, "Frank Tracy, Charlie Tracy. . . Dick Tracy. Let's call this guy Dick. They call cops dicks; let's call him Dick." He said, "Do you think you can have two weeks by the first of September?" Well, it was then the 15th of August. If he'd said, "Do you think you can have two weeks by eleven o'clock tonight," I would have said, "Sure thing!" So I got out two weeks. I hardly slept for those two weeks.

COLLINS: *Didn't the Captain have some ideas about what the first story should be?*



Crime has many faces: Mole (1941), Littleface (1941), B-B Eyes (1942).

GOULD: He said, "For a starter, why don't you have him going with this girl whose father owns a delicatessen, and they live upstairs over the store. And the old man customarily takes his day's receipts in a cigar box, puts them under the bed and that night, thieves start breaking into the house, and kill the old man and take the money. You take it from there." And I did. It was a whale of a start. A beautiful start.

COLLINS: *Tracy wasn't a cop at the beginning of the story. Who in your mind was this guy Dick Tracy, before he was a cop? Was he wealthy, was he poor, was he an insurance guy, was he a college student. . .*

GOULD: I never gave that one bit of thought.

COLLINS: *Not one bit of thought?*

GOULD: He was just a nice young guy.

COLLINS: *Probably about 20 years old.*

GOULD: Probably about, I'd say, 25.

COLLINS: *Maybe working in an office someplace?*

GOULD: Could be. Because after the hold-up, Tracy vowed over the body of the father lying on the ground that he would never stop until he found the killer.

COLLINS: *Didn't you tell me once that when Patterson told you the story, didn't you think this was a bunch of corn? Didn't you tell me you thought that was a pretty corny idea for the way the story should start; you just went along with him because he was the boss?*

GOULD: Well, I never used the word "corny." It was a good basic story.

COLLINS: *You liked it from the word go?*

GOULD: It was a great jump off, springboard. It was a beauty.

COLLINS: *How about when he said, "Dick Tracy" and you said, "that's fine with me." Were you just going along with him or did that name sound right to you?*

GOULD: I was a great guy to have simple things simple—understandable.

COLLINS: *And that clicked for you?*

GOULD: I was a little jealous that I didn't think of it myself. [*Laughs*]

COLLINS: *It was a damn good idea?*

GOULD: It was a brilliant idea. Dick Tracy. Tracy was a play on tracing, in my book.

COLLINS: *It was kind of a pun, but it was a real name?*

GOULD: Yes.

COLLINS: *Well now, in those early days of the strip, you pitted him against gangsters who were very much reflective of the gangsters who were in the news. Didn't you actually look at the news and draw on that as a source of, if not ideas, inspiration for the kids of character that you . . .?*

GOULD: I kept up with the police reports in the newspaper, and I studied in the crime detection laboratory in Chicago, which was part of Northwestern. So I got a touch of lab work, as it was being performed for the city of Chicago. The police didn't have their own crime laboratory then. Later on it was made part of the Police Department, and pulled out of Northwestern.

COLLINS: *In the '30s the villains that Tracy was pitted against were very much Dillinger types, Bonnie and Clyde types, Baby Face Nelson. The kind of gangster—Al Capone, Big Boy—the kind of gangster that was existing in Chicago and the Midwest and all over the country. But by the end of the '30s and the early 1940s you started pitting Tracy against a different kind of villain, a larger-than-life kind of villain. How did that evolve? How did we go from Big Boy and Cutie Diamond and Zora Arson into Pruneface and B-B Eyes?*

GOULD: Because I was trying to out-do every cartoonist in the business. My theory was Stifle All Competition.

COLLINS: *Who in your mind was the first of the larger-than-life villains in Tracy?*

GOULD: Oh, I think one of the very first ones I had with all his pictorial possibilities was the Mole. I think he was one of the early ones.

COLLINS: *I think he was 1941?*

MASTERSON: *Little Face, even before the Mole.*

GOULD: Little Face . . . then I had . . .

MASTERSON: *B-B Eyes . . .*

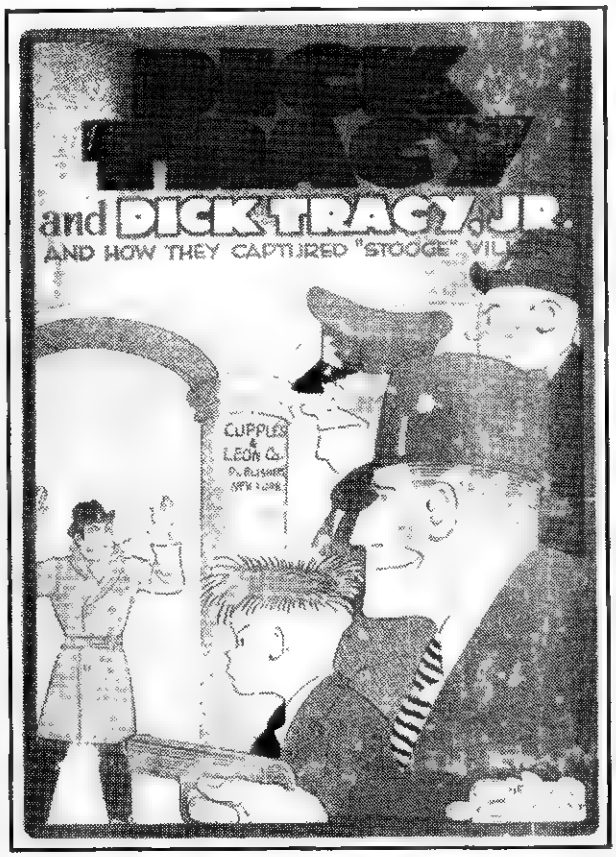
GOULD: And a guy that looked like Edward G. Robinson . . .

COLLINS: *Oh, Stooge Viller.*

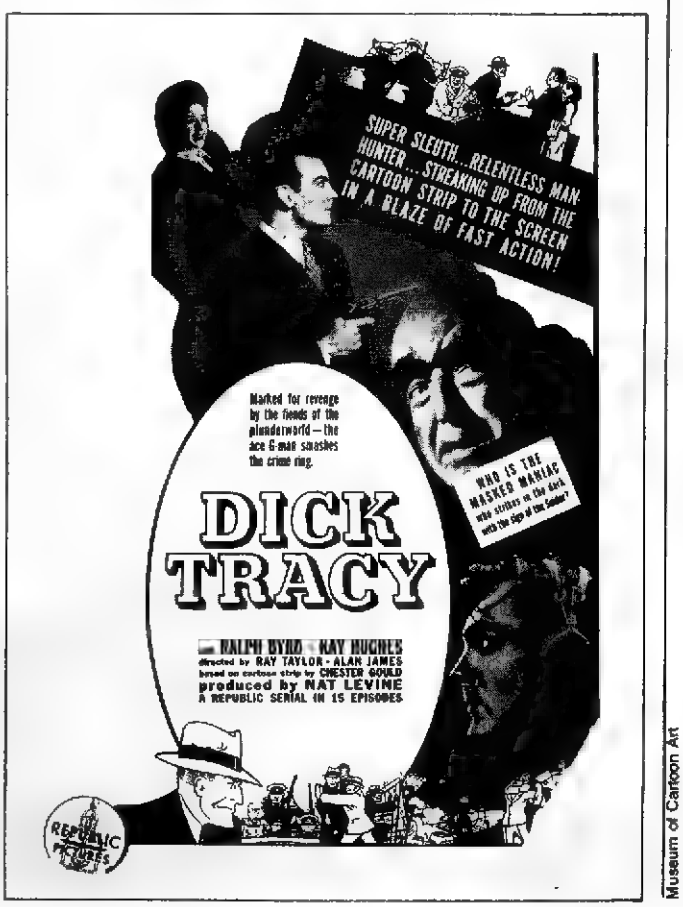
GOULD: Stooge Viller was Number One of a new crop. He was Number One.

COLLINS: *Something unusual about Stooge Viller with Chester Gould is that you used him a number of times, and you are not one to use a villain over. Do you know how many times you used Stooge?*

GOULD: No.



COLLINS: *Three times. Am I correct, Matt?*
MASTERSON: *Yes, three.*
COLLINS: *And there's no other villain that I can say that about. You must have liked that guy.*
GOULD: Well, I don't remember whether I liked him or not, but he must have fit into my idea of a good story.
COLLINS: *I very vividly remember reading the story were Tracy, fed up with this guy, beats Stooge up in his jail cell. Do you remember what he said to him? He said, "Next time I'm going to shoot first and investigate afterwards," which is a line that has been appropriated by many, many detectives, or detective writers, I should say. You really, in the '30s, were one of the first writers—never mind cartoonists, but writers—to write about a tough detective hero. You and Dashiell Hammett and a few other people.*
GOULD: I was ahead of Dashiell Hammett.
COLLINS: *You were all working at about the same time, doing the same kind of thing. You popularized the idea of. . . I call it a trench coat, you call it a camel's hair coat, but you know what I mean. . . the collar and the look and the snap brim hat. Pretty soon Hollywood was picking up on your kind of hero, and by the end of the '30s and into the '40s, Dick Tracy was in the movies. How did you feel about the Dick Tracy* movie adaptations?
GOULD: I felt about it like everbody feels about the movies. They put a bunch of these little hack writers on it, and they put another writer on it, and when they got through it's worse than a committee job, it's a puzzle that's been put together. They hope it'll sell and fill the theaters. But we made good money out of it.
COLLINS: *The first batch of them were serials, Saturday afternoon serials.*
GOULD: Serials were first, then finally—features.
COLLINS: *Did you watch all the chapters of the serials or did you just check out the first few?*
GOULD: I never wrote any of the stuff—
COLLINS: *Now, as far as going to them yourself, did you watch the whole thing?*
GOULD: Oh, yes. I saw every one. Serials and the B-pictures they made.
COLLINS: *The serials with Ralph Byrd were not very faithful to the strip, but movies that were made in the mid-'40s and late '40s, with first Morgan Conway and then Ralph Byrd again, tried to be pretty faithful to the spirit of the strip.*
GOULD: Yes, those are what I call B-pictures. They were passably good.
COLLINS: *How did you like the two men who played Tracy?*
GOULD: Well, as long as the check came in, I said, "They're all right."
COLLINS: *Did you like either of them, frankly?*
GOULD: I don't like Hollywood's interpretation of anything. I'm prejudiced, biased. They distort anything. They even distort . . . . I'm afraid to say, I think if they had tried to make a movie of the Bible—Cecil B. DeMille did several times—to me there would be a desecration when they got through with it.
COLLINS: *There are a lot of people who seem to feel that Ralph Byrd was a pretty good Dick Tracy.*
GOULD: Oh, I think he was, I think he was the best of the lot I saw.
COLLINS: *What did you like about Byrd?*
GOULD: He seemed to be a good actor.
COLLINS: *Uh-huh. He had a good jaw.*
GOULD: But that's a mistake that's made. You can't find any human being who will look like a cartoon character. But the things that are written to be said, and plotting that they could do, could be very authentic. I think they tried to do that with Byrd's stuff.
COLLINS: *And Byrd went on to make a TV show too in the early '50s. Do you remember that?*
GOULD: On *Tracy*?
COLLINS: *Yeah, in 1951, I think.* [EDITOR'S NOTE: The 1950-51 season.]
MASTERSON: *I think it was the late '50s.*
COLLINS: *No, it was early, real early. Byrd made one year of* Dick Tracy *TV shows. Had that slipped your mind?*
GOULD: Well, I don't recall a TV show, I thought [the adaptation] was merely the movies.
COLLINS: *No, there was a TV show. They did all the villains, they did Flattop, and the Mole, and B-B Eyes and the Brow. . .*
GOULD: Oh, is that right?
COLLINS: *And then Byrd died. He died in '52 or '53. They only made one year of it, and then he passed away. But let's get into the '40s, which some people consider to be, if not the Golden Era, the era where you really bloomed. It always seemed to me that 1944 was kind of a special year. Undoubtedly you had many great stories throughout the run of the entire strip. But the thing about 1944 that was special was that you created that one year* three *of your all-time famous, greatest villains. Bing bing bing. You did Flattop, undoubtedly the most famous. Then the Brow. Then Shaky. Why were you cooking so in that year? What was special about it?*
GOULD: That's easy to answer. The war made the Brow.
COLLINS: *And Flattop?*
GOULD: And Flattop. And Shaky? That was purely a bonus I threw in.
COLLINS: *You were cooking on something special. . . was Edna feeding you some kind of special spinach that year?*
GOULD: Well, I tell you the kind of fodder that fed me was looking at my bank account. I tell you that's a hell of an incentive. This business has to be war. It has to be war, you have to defeat everything that's in your way and is trying to take aim, spin-off any glory from you, and you have to out-maneuver and out-think everybody. And I say you *have to*, that's a necessity. This is an ugly term I'm speaking of. You simply have to be better than the competition.
COLLINS: *The '40s were a very special period for* Dick Tracy, *though. You created your famous villains; that really jelled for the first time in the '40s. And you created B.O. Plenty in that era. Where did B.O. Plenty come from? He is possibly, next to Dick Tracy, your most famous character.*
GOULD: I felt that he would be a great comic relief. People would say, "Can't Gould draw anything but these funny crooks?" And I thought, "Yeah, I'll draw a funny hillbilly guy." So I remember back in Oklahoma as I told you, a lot of these farmers looked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directed by RAY TAYLOR - ALAN JAMES
based on cartoon strip by CHESTER GOULD
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A REPUBLIC SERIAL IN 15 EPISODES
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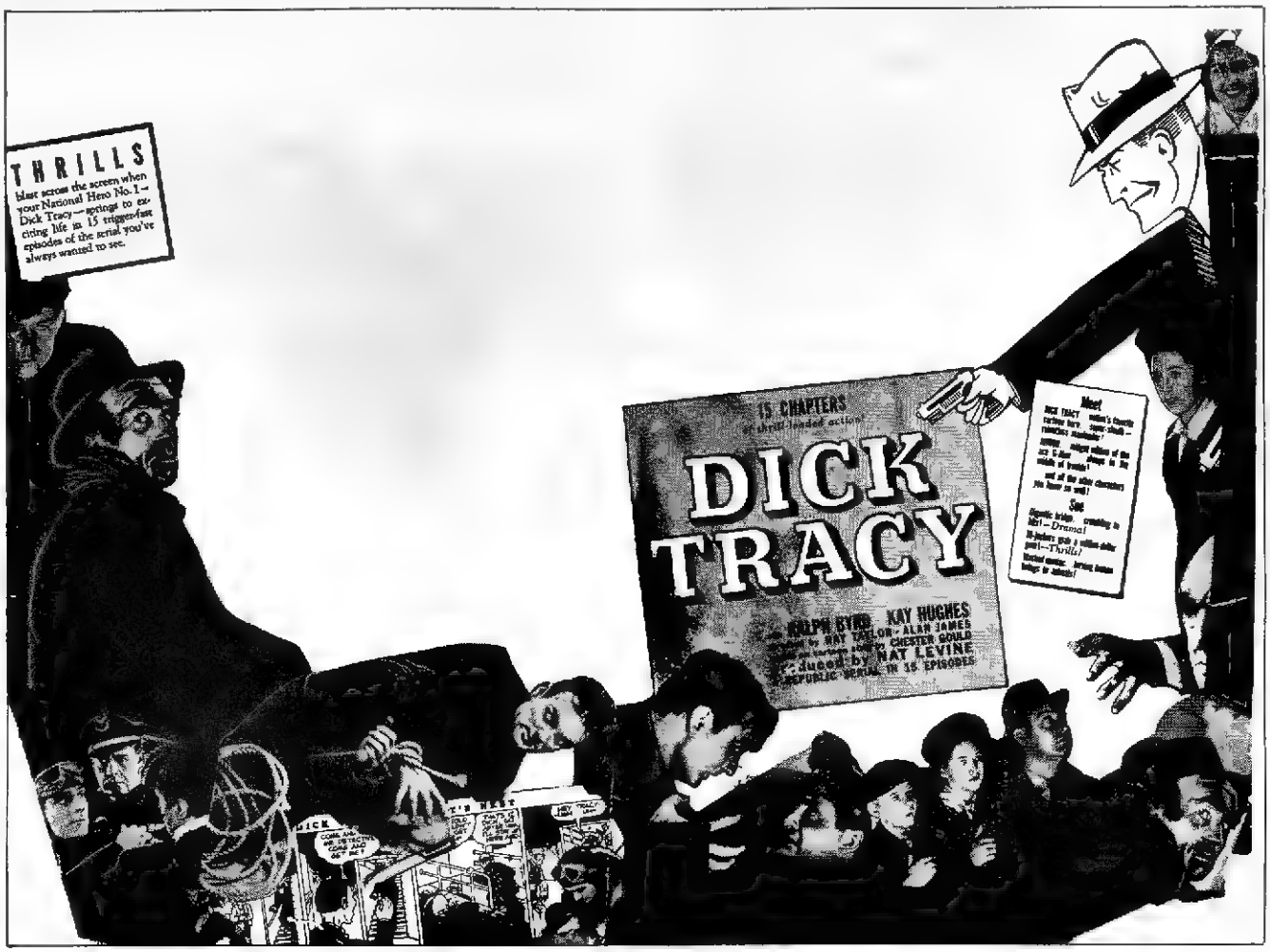
like B.O. Plenty in the spring and then they'd get a haircut, and all, and they'd look like ordinary people, for a while.
COLLINS: *Once-a-year haircuts?*
GOULD: Yeah, once a year, that's all. Because my dad used to cut hair. He used to cut my grandfather's hair; he cut it every spring. Grandpa'd come in about the end of February. Dad'd take him out in the yard and sit him in a chair and cut his hair, and that had better hold him until next year.
COLLINS: *Would you say that B.O. was your personal favorite character?*
GOULD: No, I wouldn't, but I'd say he was my greatest type.
COLLINS: *Your greatest comic achievement?*
GOULD: The greatest type. B.O. Plenty was a type that I thought had more exclusive typing perhaps than any of them.
COLLINS: *Now I know that you do not like to say what your favorites are. I know that you like to say that your favorite story is the one that you've just finished. But you've had some retirement now for a few years—although you've been as busy as ever with your business interests and so on. Now that you can reflect, do you have some favorites? Do you have a favorite villain?*
GOULD: Well, I think that . . .
COLLINS: *If you had to, if I were pinning you down . . .*
GOULD: Well, if I had to be cornered I'd say The Brow was a good one. And Flattop of course. That was my big smash. This is when I started doing skteches and mailing them to myself. I had I think about five or six envelopes, and I said, "As soon as this stuff appears in the paper, they can be thrown away." That was my whole object. If some jerk in the engraving room told some of the cartoonists that Gould's got this guy called Flattop and he looks like this, and the fellow said, "Gee, I'm going to put this in my strip, I'll get it in there before his gets there."

I was very familiar and on very good terms with a state policeman in the radio department of the Omaha State Police. I came up with this idea of this two-way wrist radio, after the war, in '45—the war was just getting over, October. I had been called down to Allentown, Pennsylvania, where the Bell Telephone Laboratory is, where they develop all their stuff, you know. I was called down there to listen to and examine a two-way wrist radio. Well, the only "wrist" about it was the microphone on the wrist, and the speaker you carried stuffed in your front pocket. It was no more like Tracy's two-way radio than an ice cream cone. But they had a big dinner for me, and I came back, and I made a sketech of the two-way wrist radio as I conceived it, very similar to what it is now, or what it was when I last drew it. And also, I said to this guy, "They tell me television is coming in," and he said, "Forget television. Police work on words only. What can they do with a picture? It's going to be hard enough for your readers to believe that you can get a two-way wrist radio. Television they'd laugh at—it wouldn't even be a good story." Well, he was right, I absolutely agreed with him. Anyway, I drew these two things, and mailed them to myself, and that was in October.
COLLINS: *'47?*
MASTERSON: *'45.*
GOULD: October of '45.
COLLINS: *'45, wow.*
GOULD: And January of '46, the two-way wrist radio made its appearance. It had been dropped in the snow I believe by . . . It's a little vague, but—
MASTERSON: *Diet Smith's wife, Irma.*
GOULD: Ohhhhh yeah . . .
MASTERSON: *The actual inventor of the wrist radio was Brilliant, the blind scientist. Blind inventor. It was actually disclosed afterwards that he was Diet Smith's son.*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GOULD: Oh, I see, I see. By golly, I'd forgotten all that.
COLLINS: *Another thing you're famous for is your so-called death traps, or cliff-hanging situations where Tracy is in a real jam. You used that all the way through the strip, from the first years to the very end of the strip. There is a story that you've told me more than once that I'd like to get in this interview which is the one time that Gould tried to step in and save Tacy with . . .well I don't want to spoil it. . .*
GOULD: You must be referring to the time that I threw Tracy down . . .a bunch of thugs threw him down . . .a caisson.
COLLINS: *Yes.*
GOULD: Oh, about two feet in diameter, and it's a deep hole. Well, they they rolled a stone on top of him, a hell of a big stone, and gravity was slowly pulling it through this clay, and the edge was just fitted enough so it didn't drop, it was going down slowly. As the stone descended, I was trying to figure out what to do. As I told you the other day, get your characters in a corner where they can't get out, and when nothng can save them, then *you* have to save them. Well. . .
COLLINS: *In other words, you would get him in a jam . . . and you wouldn't know how you were getting him out?*
GOULD: Oh no, that would ruin the whole thing, if I tried to figure it out. Because you would say, "Well, I wouldn't do that, it's too hard."
COLLINS: *The theory being that if you don't know what's going to happen next, neither will the reader.*
GOULD: That's correct. So I said, "Well, I'll do something unique in all the history of comics. I'll have Tracy say, 'Gould, you've gone too far, what can you do?' and show a hand and a piece of art gum erasing it. I thought, "Gee, this would be a first." Well, I got a call from Patterson, he said, "This last Sunday page you can't do. You'll have to redraw the finish. That will kill all your readers' faith and you won't have anything to hang on to if you do that." And I said, "Captain, I'll fix it, I'll change it," and he sent the strip, the page, back.
COLLINS: *So you had to fix the thing up?*
GOULD: So Tracy's heels made a hollow sound as he was stomping around and sweating blood, and he found out that he was walking on boards and the boards were part of the ceiling forming for concrete, so he managed to get the attention of one of the workmen down below, yelling, and they cut a hole out of this form, and the wood dropped down first and then Tracy dropped down, and then the stone dropped down. He was able to roll out of the way just in the nick of time. That's the way I did it.
MASTERSON: *The caisson turned out to be a ventilator shaft?*
GOULD: Yeah. It was a ventilator shaft for a new tunnel.
COLLINS: *While we're talking about the '40s —and it's a very important era in* Tracy *and probably there's a lot of things that I should touch on that I haven't touched on—but one thing that I don't think I've heard you asked about publicly, was your experience in the late '40s with this special promotion that didn't run in all the newspapers. Now you'll have to help me here, Matt.*
MASTERSON: *Oh, about "The Black Bag Mystery," which was a promotion, a circulation booster.*
GOULD: Oh yeah, that was purely a circulation promotion. That was just a commercial thing like they had you recommend canned corn or something. It was something more than a recommendation, a circulation stimulant for the strip.
COLLINS: *It was a special little mystery that you did, and you had some help on it.*
GOULD: That was the Crystal Lake artist that came over. I would pencil the stuff in rather crudely. I didn't want this to be of the same caliber as Dick Tracy on the comics page. He was a pretty good artist, it went along real good and they asked me what I wanted for doing that—extra money—and I said, "Not one cent. My reward has been in being in the *Chicago Tribune* and they have paid me over and over but I am proud and happy to do that, it's my own paper. . ." Well, one morning the production manager of the *Trib*, John Parker, came in and said, "Patterson wants you to come over with us to the garage at eleven o'clock and see some new equipment." When I got there, the rest of the *Tribune* directors where there, and I said, "What the hell is this?" It was dark in the garage; I mean fairly dark, but I could see a big tar-paper thing that looked like a house, and I looked at it a second time and there was kind of a handle on it, and about that time there was a roar of a motor—a rrrroooowwwwr—and right through the paper came a Cadillac,

DICK TRACY
Dick Tracy's ROGUES' GALLERY
GRUESOME—
BANK ROBBER WHO RUTHLESSLY MURDERED ACCOMPLICES SERVING LIFE (AS PORTRAYED by BORIS KARLOFF IN RKO FILM DICK TRACY MEETS GRUESOME, 1947.)
2-WAY WRIST TV
Dick Tracy's ROGUES' GALLERY
SPLITFACE—
Dick Tracy's ROGUES' GALLERY
CUEBALL—
JEWEL THIEF, MURDERER. STRANGLED VICTIMS WIR LEATHER HATBAND. STRUCK AND KILLED BY TRAIN ATTEMPTING TO ELUDE POLICE. (PORTRAYED BY DICK WESSEL IN RKO FILM DICK TRACY VS CUEBALL, 1946.)
GOULD & COLLINS
DICK TRACY on FILM
1930s REPUBLIC SERIALS STARRING RALPH BYRD.
1940s RKO FEATURES STARRING MORGAN CONWAY, THEN BYRD.
1950s ABC-TV SERIES STARRING BYRD.
1960s UPA CARTOON SERIES, SYNDICATED FILMATION CARTOON SERIES.
1970s PARAMOUNT ANNOUNCES FILM PRODUCTION.
1978

with Colonel McCormick behind the wheel. He stepped out and said, "It's all yours." That was the kind of guy he was.
COLLINS: *What that a special moment for you, Chet?*
GOULD: Very much so. Very very touching thing. McCormick was a very generous guy and very lovable fellow. He was determined to pay for that contest. They wanted to put on a hundred-thousand circulation, but they did put on 50 thousand on that contest. The Colonel always said he'd pay a dollar [per thousand of new circulation] in any contest. That meant he would gladly pay $50,000 for that contest. But I had a lot of excitement and wonderful years.
COLLINS: *You had a great sense of loyalty to the* Chicago Tribune, *since that's where you got your start. Were you approached by the Field people about the same time that Milton Caniff was wooed away from* Terry and the Pirates *for* Steve Canyon?
GOULD: That's right . . .
COLLINS: *You didn't buy it, did you?*
GOULD: No. It had a very strange beginning and had I known the facts at the beginning I would just have told the guy not to waste his time. But I got a phone call one day and the voice said, "Mr. Gould, I'd like to see you sometime," and I said, "What about?" and he said, "I can't tell you over the phone. I'm under strict orders not to tell you and I'd like very much to talk to you either downtown or in your home, anywhere." And I was suspicious as hell. I said, "If I don't know what you want to talk to me about, I'm not about to meet you, I don't understand what it can be that you can't tell me."

And he said, "I think you'd be very happy to know—this is good news. But I cannot tell you." I was then making about $40,000 or $45,000 a year. And he called me again—the first call was downtown, the second call was downtown, the third was out here. It was a winter night; it was snowing. I'd just gotten home, I got home about quarter of seven on that train I rode, and Edna and I were having supper and the phone rang, this same guy. He said, "I'm in Woodstock, I'm the guy who's been trying to talk to you. I'm in Woodstock and I'm going to drive out to your place." I said, "Well, you can ride out if you want to, it's snowing. I have no idea what you have in mind, but if you want to come out come right ahead." So I got my

.38 snubnose and hid it under the cushion of the upholstered chair we had, and when the car came in Edna said, "You stay there and I'll go see who it is." Well, it was a nice-looking fellow, well-built, apparently in his early 50s, with a camel's hair coat on, and galoshes, and she brought him in here. . . I was still sitting in the chair. He said, "My name is Smith Davis. I'm a finder for newspaper publishers on what to buy or sell. I just sold Frank Knox's *Daily News* to the next owner, Jack Knight. I have a message from Mr. [Marshall] Field [of the *Sun-Times*]."

By this time Edna was hanging up his coat, and he was walking in, and I got up and said, "Well, I don't know you, but you look to me like you're a very, very brave guy to come this far in a snowstorm." He said, "It'd never have happened this way, Mr. Gould, if I'd had my way, but I was under orders from Mr. Field. He wants to hire you away from the *Tribune*." I said, "Gee, that's right interesting." And he said [Field] was ready to offer a hundred thousand dollar guarantee. "We've got Caniff. He's going to leave the *Tribune*." I said, "Well, *I'm* not leaving the *Tribune*."

He said, "Well, that's up to you. I took an oath I would follow through on this. Field wants Caniff and you." I said, "You tell Mr. Field, give him a big thank you—you tell him I'm working for the outfit that gave me the only break that I've had in my life. And a million dollars wouldn't get me away." He said, "I love that kind of talk. I appreciate it," and stuck his hand out. I said, "You need a drink," and he said, "*Do* I need a drink."

So we went into the little bar, I put out a bottle of Grandad, a brand-new bottle. I said, "Pour your own drink. He took a six-ounce straight-up glass that I had, about that high, and about so big around, and he poured it up about that far from the top with bourbon and took a big slug and a little water, and another slug, and we talked—we talked about the country out here and my early history with the *Trib*, and pretty soon he said, "You don't know how relieved I am. This has been a battle. I tried to convince Field that if I did it my way, we'd have it done weeks ago, but, no, he didn't want any word to go out over the phone." Smith Davis was his name, and I found out he was a tremendous big shot in the brokerage newspaper and bartering papers.

MASTERSON: *That would have been 1946, '47?*

GOULD: Yes. The war was just winding down or had wound down.

COLLINS: *Chet, I'm assuming that they would have wanted you to do a strip similar to* Dick Tracy, *perhaps about another detective who was like Dick Tracy. Did you, in addition to your loyalty to the* Tribune, *have any sense that possibly lightning might not strike again? Did you have a sense that* Dick Tracy *was your vehicle and you wanted to stay with it?*

GOULD: No. My thinking about the *Tribune* dominated everything—I would be a traitor.

COLLINS: *I see.*

GOULD: In my mind I would have been a traitor, I would have done everything that was considered evil in my book.

COLLINS: *Well, let me come up one more time around on the other side of this. Wouldn't you agree that a* Dick Tracy *can only be created once? That it is difficult for someone, no matter how brilliant, to create another Tarzan or another Sherlock Holmes, or another Dick Tracy?*

GOULD: Well, I think I've got what you're talking about now. I think, had I been fired for some reason, or was on the verge of losing my job. . . I think then I could then have gone out and done another *Dick Tracy* under another name. [*EDITOR'S NOTE: Gould on previous occasions often said that he believed* Tracy *was his "gold mine" and doubted a second similar strip, even by him, could have had as big an impact.*]

COLLINS: *I have just a couple more questions for you, because I think we should wind this up. And then if Matt has anything he wants to touch on that we haven't touched on, I'll turn this over to him. You worked with a number of assistants but some of them went on to do other things. Your first assistant was Dick Moores; is that correct?*

GOULD: Yes.

COLLINS: *Or he was one of the first in the '30s. Who were some of your other assistants over the years?*

GOULD: Well there was Dick Moores, then there was, oh. . .

MASTERSON: *Russell Stamm?*

GOULD: Russell Stamm.

COLLINS: *Who went on to do* Invisible Scarlet O'Neil.

GOULD: Yes.

COLLINS: *Did Stamm do good work for you?*

GOULD: He couldn't draw a straight line when he came with me, and his cousin Stanley Link [*EDITOR'S NOTE: Link had assisted on* The Gumps *and later drew* Tiny Tim] tutored him and I went along with him, and he learned to rule and letter—no figures—but he did all my lettering eventually. He was a guy who was too anxious for his own good. He stayed with me two or three years. He went over to Field with this *Invisible Scarlet O'Neil*. I said to him, "You're going to have an awful hard time drawing an invisible character. What does it look like?" And of course—

COLLINS: *Kind of like "Sawdust," huh?*

MASTERSON: *Or "Invisible Tribes"?* [*EDITOR'S NOTE: These refer to strips-within-the-strip in* Tracy—*both of which spoof the drawing of modern humor strips.*]

GOULD: Basically, he was a nice boy, he was just over-ambitious to get there quick. Then there was Locher. . .

COLLINS: *Dick Locher, who is now an editorial cartoonist.* [*EDITOR'S NOTE: Since the interview, Dick Locher has joined Collins to produce the modern-day* Dick Tracy.]

GOULD: Dick Locher, and then right after Locher came Rick Fletcher.

COLLINS: *You only—I'm trying to think—you really only had one lettering man over the years, other than your assistants, and that was your brother Ray. There's a great story which I've heard, but I'd like to get it on tape, about how Ray became your lettering man.*

GOULD: Well, he was over in the South Pacific.

MASTERSON: *New Guinea.*

GOULD: New Guinea. And it was quite common that the boys would get these big coconuts with the whiskers on. About the size of a man's head, or bigger. They would letter, either with fountain pen, or any ink they could get, they would letter the address, and all they had to do was get stamps on that coconut, and they would deliver the coconut, right to the post office. And that's the way we got a coconut from Ray. But he had hand-

lettered it with white paint, he got a hold of some white paint. And beautiful lettering! I thought he'd had some kind of professional guy in the service letter it for him. And when he came back here after he'd mustered out, we had that coconut on the floor. I said, "Who put that lettering on there for you?" He said, "I did." I said, "Well, geez, that's damn good lettering. Do some samples on a piece of Bristol Board, and let me see it." And he did; I gave him some pens. That's the way he got in.

COLLINS: *Now, his background was in printing, like your father had been a printer.*

GOULD: Yeah, Ray had been a Linotype operator and that's where he learned the shaping of the letters—what they looked like and what they should look like.

COLLINS: *So he worked with you from the late '40s, mid to late, on through until. . . well, really, until just a few years ago, until he died.*

GOULD: Yeah.

COLLINS: *You and he were very close, and you thought very highly of the work he did.*

GOULD: He was a great guy. He was a real credit to this business. Ray was a quiet fellow and he was very capable. And I tried to coach him in art, and kind of carried on a little school for him, but he didn't take to drawing. It just wasn't in him, he didn't have the drawing desire, nor the ability to follow through. So he just did the lettering, and he colored the photostats of the Sunday pages, and he ruled out the Sunday pages and the daily strips, which in itself takes a lot of time. So we had a happy situation.

COLLINS: *I have a question that's asked me a lot, since I live in Muscatine, Iowa, which is a small town in the midwest. And I'm now writing the story of Dick Tracy, big-city police officer, and I'm constantly asked, "Why do you live in Muscatine, Iowa?" I'm wondering why did you live in Woodstock, Illinois, for all those years? Why not on the East Coast, or why not in Chicago? What brought you to a farm?*

GOULD: I have the most practical reason that you ever heard. We had a big Depression in 1929. The economists, the financial advisors, all of the business people commented on it, and said, "Get yourself a farm. When the next depression comes, at least you can eat. You can raise vegetables and meat." And I have a very good friend, Al Lowenthal, who was my agent for years. Al bought himself a farm up near Waukegan. And he bought another one over near Merringo.

COLLINS: *Excuse me for interrupting, but wasn't Lowenthal the inspiration for Sam Catchem?*

GOULD: Yes, yes.

COLLINS: *Visually.*

GOULD: Al told me, "You ought to have a Jewish detective in there," so I did. Anyway. . .

COLLINS: *He'd bought the farm up near Merringo.*

GOULD: He had the two places he had bought, and I said, "Where should we go, Al?" He said, "Get a farm. When the Depression comes, there'll be another one. You should have a farm and have milk and eggs and things for your table." I said, "Where should I go?" "Go to Woodstock; there's a nice little place out in the valley east of Woodstock."

So we went to Woodstock, looked up the guy and we bought this place. It was all tumbled-down, it was a mess. These were all abandoned farms out here, because it's all gravel. The families, the fellows that owned it, they just couldn't make a living on these farms. And there were broken-down houses, and windows smashed and everything. We bought the thing, and we loved the hills and Edna thought it was beautiful and so did I. It's a very good story that follows up on that.

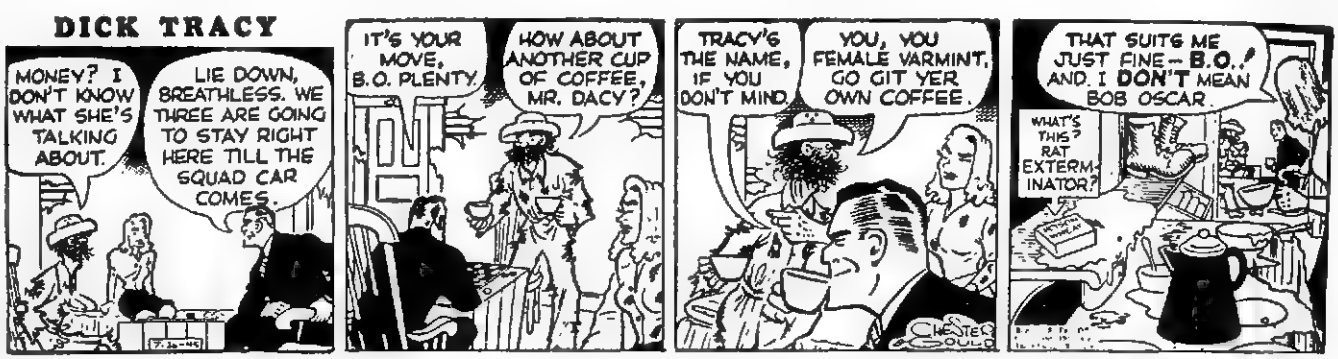
The good farmland in Woodstock was west and north of town. It was all flat. About the second time I was in the First National Bank, on the square, I saw a man come out from an office on the corner of the bank as I left. And he said, "I'm Frank Green, president of the First National Bank. I think you're Chester Gould, our new blood out here." I said yes. He said, "Why did you buy in that damn valley?" I said, "We thought it was beautiful out there and we're going to put in a dairy and we are now constructing a barn, corn cribs, milk house, chicken house. We're putting in the works." He said, "You'll never raise a damn thing in that gravel. It's no good. You should have bought north or west of town." I said, "Gee, I feel terrible about that. You're making me feel pretty bad, Mr. Green." He said, "I know nobody told you but it's too late now, do the best you can with it. But that is not farmland." I said, "We like what's there, we've got a little brook down there to water the cattle and everything." That ended the conversation. We later got acquainted pretty well. So one evening Edna and I were having dinner at a little restaurant called the Lily Pond. And Edna had met Mrs. Green through the hospital, they were very active in the hospital. And as we were leaving the restaurant, the Greens were coming in, right at the door. We stopped just inside the door and went through the ritual, well, You Look Fine, The Food's Good, Don't Eat Yourself Out of Shape, that kind of stuff. Finally he took me by the sleeve and said, "Come over here, I want to talk to you." I thought, "What the hell is he going to say to me now? What have I done?" He said, "Do you remember I told you about that acreage you bought?" "Yes." "Well, I'll tell you, you've got the damnedest, most expensive acreage in the country" [*laughter*].

COLLINS: *I bet when he said that, you liked it, because he'd admitted it.*

GOULD: They were too close to the forest to see the trees, which is common in a lot of cases.

COLLINS: *Now one other story I'd like to pry out of you relating to this idea of the Depression and trying to make sure you can survive. You once told me a story about actually butchering a calf or cow.*

GOULD: Oh yeah, well, we decided to have our own beef one year during the war, when meat was rationed, and you couldn't get it with ration coupons sometimes. So we had the only cattle that we fed up. And a farmer that did yard work for me at times said, "I'll help you butcher it." Well, we had a refrigerated house down here that Edna's brothers set up for us, and we had hooks in there on scaffolding and everything. So I got a hold of Fleming, the old timer came over. And he said, "You get up on that sawhorse." I had a .38 revolver. He said, "Shoot this animal and when it drops I'll cut its throat." And that's what happened. He had arranged a pulley, and we put these hooks through the leaders right back here and the hind legs, and pulled it up. It was dead, of course. We skinned it and cleaned it, and gutted it, and we hung it in our little cold house for about a week. There was a freezer, a commercial freezer built in Woodstock, where we got a drawer and we got hold of the butcher in town; the meat man. I said, "Will you give me a diagram of an animal with all the cuts, the meat cuts?" He said, "Sure, I got one right


DICK TRACY
MONEY? I DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE'S TALKING ABOUT.
LIE DOWN, BREATHLESS. WE THREE ARE GOING TO STAY RIGHT HERE TILL THE SQUAD CAR COMES.
IT'S YOUR MOVE, B.O. PLENTY.
HOW ABOUT ANOTHER CUP OF COFFEE, MR. DACY?
TRACY'S THE NAME, IF YOU DON'T MIND.
YOU, YOU FEMALE VARMINT, GO GIT YER OWN COFFEE.
THAT SUITS ME JUST FINE—B.O.! AND, I DON'T MEAN BOB OSCAR
WHAT'S THIS? RAT EXTERMINATOR?
CHESTER GOULD

here, take it along," and I said, "We'll butcher our own beef" and he said, "Well, good luck."

I bought a couple of meat saws and on this given morning I went out and carried half a steer in. Edna and I had our white enamel-top kitchen table, laid it on there and, using the diagrams of the animal, we began to cut up the different cuts. With saw and butcher knife we got both of those beef halves cut into their proper cuts, eight o'clock that night. We went 12 hours around the clock cutting that beef. The locker stayed open all hours, and as we finished we took the cuts in and put them in the drawer. Filled the drawer right up. There were a hundred and four cuts of meat on that animal. But the chart he gave me shows just one side, so the other side would have to be reversed. I stood this in front of a mirror to orient myself on the other half. We had that beef. . . that was our emergency beef until we could buy meat again.

COLLINS: *Wasn't there bone dust on the floor?*

GOULD: Bone dust, pieces and chips of meat. Brother, it was a mess.

COLLINS: *Well, scarce as meat was, it still seems like a strange idea that here's one of the top cartoonists in the country, incredibly well paid, and he's carving up a cow. Now there had to be more motivation to it than just the scarcity of meat.*

GOULD: Well, there was just absolute egotism and pride!

COLLINS: *To show that you could do it and you could survive.*

GOULD: And we did, we butchered our own animal and cut it up ready for the table.

COLLINS: *It gave you a feeling of self-sufficiency.*

GOULD: It's like any other advancement people make in their lives. You venture and you succeed and you're happy and you know you've got that in your mental bank, you've got that, "You can do it."

Mrs. GOULD: I want to tell you something. There aren't many men who will take care of their families such as Chet. And now if it gets to the point where there was no meat, the people who didn't do what Chet did, they wouldn't have meat. They'd beg for meat. We didn't have to beg for anything.

GOULD: That's right.

Mrs. GOULD: Chet takes care of his family, he doesn't have to go to anyone and say, "Oh I know you have meat, would you let me have just one pound." No, other people who never take care of themselves would have to do that, if they did it at all.

GOULD: We never complain about anything that we can help ourselves.

Mrs. GOULD: Oh, I think it's great. That's why Chet has succeeded in everything he has done. Nothing daunts him.

COLLINS: *That's a good conclusion. [To Matt:] Do you have any questions?*

GOULD (to Mrs. Gould): Thank you, mom.

MASTERSON: *Well, I think we touched on everything except Tracy going to the Moon, Chet.*

GOULD: I think that, still, that was one of the greatest series that I ever did and I'm very proud of it. I figured out that if you can travel 300 miles a day, you can circle the moon in any temperature you want, but its terrain is such that you'd almost have to use an aircar or something to do it. And you can subsist on the moon with just a little help from a container of oxygen, you don't have to go in the big iron-clad refrigerated suit with all the monkey business.

And another thing, you talk about commercial space flight. They'll never do it until they've been able to build some artificial gravity in a vehicle like an airplane or a space coupe or whatever. People cannot say, "Gee, we're going to the Moon this afternoon, and get there at half-past four." They'll get there, but they'll be in a sorry condition, because when you go through weightlessness, you don't have any control. Anything can happen. And that's not going to make a whole lot of people anxious to go to the Moon.

Mrs. GOULD: Like the airplanes that were not pressurized, and many people became deaf or had a hearing problem after flying. Anything can be overcome, even weightlessness in space.

GOULD: Yes, that weightlessness has to be overcome.

Mrs. GOULD: And it will be. Men can do anything.

MASTERSON: *Chet, when you first came out here, you described the house as being pretty beat up. I have a mental picture of Sunny Dell Acres.*

GOULD: Well, it wasn't even as nice looking as Sunny Dell Acres.

GETTING CLOSER ALL THE TIME
IF YOU AIN'T MOON-MINDED YOU AIN'T!
2-WAY WRIST RADIO-TV SINCE 1946
DIET SMITH MINING COMPLEX
MAGNETIC AIR CAR 1965
SO WHAT'S NEW?
ATOMICALLY ENERGIZED MAGNETIC SPACE COUPE. 52 MINUTES TO THE MOON. FIRST LANDING 1962.
CHESTER GOULD 1965

MASTERSON: *Does Sunny Dell Acres exist somewhere?*

GOULD: I got that whole idea from Arlington, the town of Arlington, as you go by on the train when we first came out there—not now. It's all built up now. When we first came out here there was a little real estate office, with posts. They weren't leaning like Bill's. They were posts in front of the door to the real estate office. It was twisted posts and it was stucco, with a tile roof. Very much like B.O.'s place—that's where I got the idea for that. And that was there—we came out in '35—that was there until after the war. And then that subdivision that hadn't been built up at all, it just had a couple of stone gates at every entrance. There were several entrances to it, and they had these stone gates. That's where I got that.

MASTERSON: *We've run through all your years with Dick Tracy. What's Chester Gould doing today? Now that you're not doing* Dick Tracy?

GOULD: I did a cartoon for the [local] hospital; they're going to have some sort of a television show and they want me to moderate that, discussing the hospital drive. They want to raise $3 million for the local hospital.

MASTERSON: *So you're keeping your hand and mind active, and you're keeping samples ready if the time should come?*

GOULD: I've never been so active in my life.

COLLINS: *Well,* Check-Out Chickie *is one of several new strips that you've been developing since you left* Dick Tracy. *Do you have any plans to get back into the cartooning business full time?*

GOULD: Never. Never. I went through that rat-race long enough.

COLLINS: *So then your new projects are designed to be possibly sold to a syndicate or turned over to—*

GOULD: I want to sell ideas and I want to contribute individual cartoons for causes and charitable things, and I want to keep active.

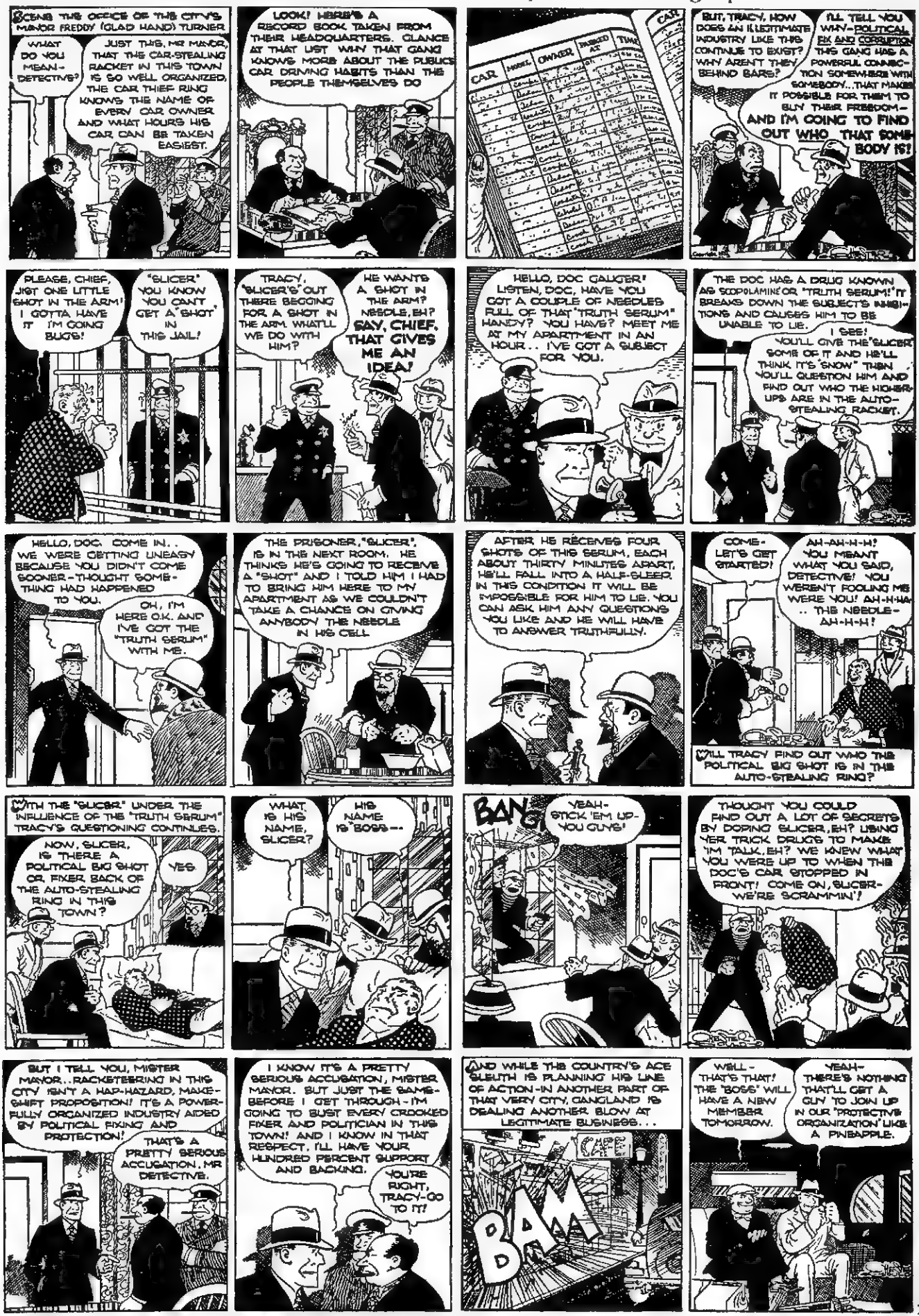
COLLINS: *All right. Anything else, Matt?*

MASTERSON: *We can spread the news that if anyone's looking for a good idea, we can give them your phone number.*

COLLINS: *Right.*

[All laugh]

"BOSS" HERROD AND BIG BOY A complete *Dick Tracy* episode from 1933


SCENE: THE OFFICE OF THE CITY'S MAYOR FREDDY (GLAD HAND) TURNER.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN- DETECTIVE?
JUST THIS, MR MAYOR, THAT THE CAR-STEALING RACKET IN THIS TOWN IS SO WELL ORGANIZED, THE CAR THIEF RING KNOWS THE NAME OF EVERY CAR OWNER AND WHAT HOURS HIS CAR CAN BE TAKEN EASIEST.
LOOK! HERE'S A RECORD BOOK TAKEN FROM THEIR HEADQUARTERS. GLANCE AT THAT LIST WHY THAT GANG KNOWS MORE ABOUT THE PUBLICS CAR DRIVING HABITS THAN THE PEOPLE THEMSELVES DO
CAR
CAR. MODEL. OWNER. PARKED AT. TIME
BUT, TRACY, HOW DOES AN ILLEGITIMATE INDUSTRY LIKE THIS CONTINUE TO EXIST? WHY AREN'T THEY BEHIND BARS?
I'LL TELL YOU WHY- POLITICAL FIX AND CORRUPTION THIS GANG HAS A POWERFUL CONNECTION SOMEWHERE WITH SOMEBODY... THAT MAKES IT POSSIBLE FOR THEM TO BUY THEIR FREEDOM- AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHO THAT SOMEBODY IS!
PLEASE, CHIEF, JUST ONE LITTLE SHOT IN THE ARM! I GOTTA HAVE IT I'M GOING BUGS!
"SLICER" YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T GET A SHOT IN THIS JAIL!
TRACY, "SLICER'S" OUT THERE BEGGING FOR A SHOT IN THE ARM. WHAT'LL WE DO WITH HIM?
HE WANTS A SHOT IN THE ARM? NEEDLE, EH? SAY, CHIEF, THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
HELLO, DOC GAUGER! LISTEN, DOC, HAVE YOU GOT A COUPLE OF NEEDLES FULL OF THAT "TRUTH SERUM" HANDY? YOU HAVE? MEET ME AT MY APARTMENT IN AN HOUR.. I'VE GOT A SUBJECT FOR YOU.
THE DOC HAS A DRUG KNOWN AS SCOPOLAMINE OR "TRUTH SERUM!" IT BREAKS DOWN THE SUBJECT'S INHIBITIONS AND CAUSES HIM TO BE UNABLE TO LIE.
I SEE! YOU'LL GIVE THE "SLICER" SOME OF IT AND HE'LL THINK IT'S "SNOW" THEN YOU'LL QUESTION HIM AND FIND OUT WHO THE HIGHER-UPS ARE IN THE AUTO-STEALING RACKET.
HELLO, DOC. COME IN.. WE WERE GETTING UNEASY BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T COME SOONER - THOUGHT SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED TO YOU.
OH, I'M HERE O.K. AND I'VE GOT THE "TRUTH SERUM" WITH ME.
THE PRISONER, "SLICER", IS IN THE NEXT ROOM. HE THINKS HE'S GOING TO RECEIVE A "SHOT" AND I TOLD HIM I HAD TO BRING HIM HERE TO MY APARTMENT AS WE COULDN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON GIVING ANYBODY THE NEEDLE IN HIS CELL
AFTER HE RECEIVES FOUR SHOTS OF THIS SERUM, EACH ABOUT THIRTY MINUTES APART, HE'LL FALL INTO A HALF-SLEEP. IN THIS CONDITION IT WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM TO LIE. YOU CAN ASK HIM ANY QUESTIONS YOU LIKE AND HE WILL HAVE TO ANSWER TRUTHFULLY.
COME- LET'S GET STARTED!
AH-AH-H-H! YOU MEANT WHAT YOU SAID, DETECTIVE! YOU WEREN'T FOOLING ME WERE YOU! AH-H-HA .. THE NEEDLE- AH-H-H!
WILL TRACY FIND OUT WHO THE POLITICAL BIG SHOT IS IN THE AUTO-STEALING RING?
WITH THE "SLICER" UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE "TRUTH SERUM" TRACY'S QUESTIONING CONTINUES.
NOW, SLICER, IS THERE A POLITICAL BIG SHOT OR FIXER, BACK OF THE AUTO-STEALING RING IN THIS TOWN?
YES
WHAT IS HIS NAME, SLICER?
HIS NAME IS "BOSS"--
BANG
YEAH- STICK 'EM UP- YOU GUYS!
THOUGHT YOU COULD FIND OUT A LOT OF SECRETS BY DOPING SLICER, EH? USING YER TRICK DRUGS TO MAKE 'IM TALK, EH? WE KNEW WHAT YOU WERE UP TO WHEN THE DOC'S CAR STOPPED IN FRONT! COME ON, SLICER- WE'RE SCRAMMIN'!
BUT I TELL YOU, MISTER MAYOR.. RACKETEERING IN THIS CITY ISN'T A HAP-HAZARD, MAKE-SHIFT PROPOSITION! IT'S A POWERFULLY ORGANIZED INDUSTRY AIDED BY POLITICAL FIXING AND PROTECTION!
THAT'S A PRETTY SERIOUS ACCUSATION, MR DETECTIVE.
I KNOW IT'S A PRETTY SERIOUS ACCUSATION, MISTER MAYOR. BUT JUST THE SAME- BEFORE I GET THROUGH - I'M GOING TO BUST EVERY CROOKED FIXER AND POLITICIAN IN THIS TOWN! AND I KNOW IN THAT RESPECT, I'LL HAVE YOUR HUNDRED PERCENT SUPPORT AND BACKING.
YOU'RE RIGHT, TRACY- GO TO IT!
AND WHILE THE COUNTRY'S ACE SLEUTH IS PLANNING HIS LINE OF ACTION - IN ANOTHER PART OF THAT VERY CITY, GANGLAND IS DEALING ANOTHER BLOW AT LEGITIMATE BUSINESS...
CAFE
BAM
WELL - THAT'S THAT! THE "BOSS" WILL HAVE A NEW MEMBER TOMORROW.
YEAH- THERE'S NOTHING THAT'LL GET A GUY TO JOIN UP IN OUR "PROTECTIVE ORGANIZATION" LIKE A PINEAPPLE.

Reprinted from *How Dick Tracy and Dick Tracy Jr Caught the Racketeers* (Cupples & Leon 1934)

THE MAYOR, THE STATES-ATTORNEY AND THE CHIEF HAVE NO SOONER LISTENED TO DICK TRACY OUTLINE HIS PLANS FOR ENDING RACKETEERING THAN THE CITY'S STREETS REVERBERATE WITH THE UNDERWORLD'S LATEST CRIME..... ANOTHER BOMBING!
THEY SAY TO ME — "TONY, YOU PAY FIFTEEN DOLLARS A WEEK AND WE PROTECT YOU." I SAY NO! HA! THAT WAS YESTERDAY— TODAY MY STORE GETS BLOWN UP!
WHO DID IT, TONY—WHO BLEW UP YOUR STORE, HUH?
I DON' KNOW— I NEVER SEE THOSE MEN BEFORE.
LISTEN, TONY, IF WE'RE GOING TO CLEAN UP THE RACKETEERING IN THIS TOWN WE'VE GOT TO HAVE THE COOPERATION OF THE SMALL MERCHANTS! DO YOU GET THAT?
I DON' KNOW WHO BOMB MY STORE—I DON' KNOW.
THAT NIGHT—TRACY MAKES A VERY DECISIVE MOVE AND AN IMPORTANT PHONE CALL....
HELLO, TESS—I MUST SEE YOU RIGHT AWAY. I HAVE WORKED OUT A PLAN FOR TRAPPING THESE RACKET BOMBERS AND YOU ARE TO PLAY AN IMPORTANT PART! WILL YOU HELP ME?
OF COURSE, DICK, COME ON OVER.
WHAT PART WILL TESS PLAY IN TRACY'S DEATH SMASH AT THE RACKETEERS?
I GOT YOUR PHONE CALL, TRACY, AND CAME AS SOON AS I COULD. WHAT IS THIS SECRET MEETING ALL ABOUT?
PAT, I'VE WORKED OUT A PLAN FOR TRAPPING THESE BOMBERS AND RACKETEERS.. AND YOU AND TESS WILL HAVE TO HELP.
I WANT YOU TO GO INTO THE HEART OF THE RACKETEERING DISTRICT AND RENT A STORE, SOMETHING THAT WILL MAKE A GOOD LOCATION FOR A DELICATESSEN, UNDERSTAND?
I SEE—YOU'LL FIT YOURSELF UP A STORE AND THEN LAY BACK AND WAIT FOR THE RACKETEERS TO COME IN AND "ORGANIZE" YOU, EH? BUT, TRACY, WHO'S GOING TO RUN THE STORE?
NOW, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT— RUN ALONG AND SPOT A LOCATION— THEN RENT IT QUICK!
LATER—IN TRACY'S STUDY....
TESS, IT'S A PERFECT DISGUISE— PERFECT! AND YOU'RE NOT AFRAID TO GO THROUGH WITH MY SCHEME?
NOT A BIT, DICK. I'M THRILLED TO GET A CHANCE TO HELP YOU.
THAT'S THE DAME THAT'S GOING TO RUN THE NEW DUMP GOING IN THERE NOW... LET'S DROP OVER.
OKAY— COME ON.
NICE LITTLE SHOP YER OPENIN' UP HERE, MA!
YEAH—A TIDY LITTLE PLACE.
OH, THANK YOU— IT'S JUST A REPAINTED FRONT—BUT IT'LL BE NEAT AND CLEAN WHEN I GET IT FIXED UP.
YU KNOW, YER RIGHT IN A NEIGHBORHOOD WHERE THEY BEEN BOMBING A LOT OF STORES LATELY. YOU HAVEN'T THOUGHT NONE ABOUT JOINING UP WITH AN OUTFIT THAT COULD PROTECT YU FROM THEM PINEAPPLES, HAVE YU, LADY?
NO, I HAVEN'T GIVEN THAT A THOUGHT.
TWENTY MINUTES LATER... IN THE REAR OF THE STORE...
HELLO, DICK? THEY'VE MADE THEIR FIRST CALL AND THEY'RE COMING AROUND AGAIN TOMORROW, UNDERSTAND?
GOOD WORK, TESS, DON'T WEAKEN.
TRAPPED! TRACY'S PLAN FOR CATCHING THE CITY'S RACKETEER BOMBERS HAS BORNE IT'S FIRST FRUIT...
SO THIS STORE IS JUST A "FRONT" TO CATCH US GUYS, EH? ONE OF YER SMART TRICKS, EH?
CERTAINLY, "SLIP" BUCKLEY!
YOU SEE—WE'RE GOING TO BUST YOU RACKETEERS IF IT TAKES ALL WINTER! I HAD THIS STORE PUT IN HERE WITH MISS TRUEHEART IN CHARGE KNOWING YOU BIRDS WOULD COME IN AND TRY TO "JOIN HER UP" THEN WHEN MISS TRUEHEART PUSHED THE SIGNAL BUTTON UNDER THIS COUNTER WHICH WAS CONNECTED WITH HEADQUARTERS... IT WAS EASY ENOUGH TO DROP IN AND NAB YOU.
TWENTY MINUTES LATER IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE.....
PARDON MY BREAKING INTO OUR CONVERSATION, JIM, BUT THAT CALL WAS FROM CHIEF BRANDON! THEY'VE CAUGHT THE FIRST OF THE RACKETEER BOMBERS RED-HANDED! AND THEY WANT ME TO DROP OVER AND SEE THEM!
GOOD!
WELL I'LL BE TOODLING ALONG. GOOD LUCK, ED, AND I WISH YOUR ADMINISTRATION ALL THE LUCK IN THE WORLD IN DRIVING OUT THESE RACKETEERS.
THANKS, JIM! YOU KNOW, I'VE OFTEN THOUGHT THAT IF YOU WERE BACK IN POLITICS AGAIN INSTEAD OF BEING RETIRED LIKE YOU ARE, YOU'D BE A BIG HELP IN CLEANING OUT THESE GANGSTERS! YOUR KIND ARE FIGHTERS. WELL, SO LONG.
WHO IS THIS FRIEND OF THE MAYOR??
DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT HOODLUM YOU SHADOWED WENT INTO THE RESIDENCE OF "BOSS" JIM HERROD, THE EX-POLITICAL POWER OF THIS TOWN.
ABSOLUTELY, TRACY! AND WHEN I PHONED YOU FROM THAT CALL BOX OVER THERE I DIDN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF THE HOUSE. THAT GUN IS STILL IN THERE.
THERE HE IS! HE'S COMING OUT! HE'S GOING TO GET INTO THAT CAR!
WE MUST FOLLOW HIM. QUICK! MY CAR'S PARKED DOWN ON THE NEXT STREET.
TWO HOURS LATER, THE TRAIL HAS LED FAR OUT ONTO THE COUNTRY ROAD....
THAT GUY MUST BE MAKING A CROSS-COUNTRY TOUR, TRACY! WHERE ARE WE ANYWAY?
THOSE LIGHTS YOU SEE IN THE DISTANCE ARE THE STATE PENITENTIARY!
LOOK—THE CAR'S TURNED INTO THE PENITENTIARY GROUNDS! WHOEVER THAT IS, HE MUST BE GOING TO CALL ON SOMEBODY IN THERE!
YEAH! WE MUST FOLLOW!

SCENE: THE PRISON CELL OF "BIG BOY", EX-KING OF GANGLAND AND THE UNDERWORLD'S MASTER NOTORIOUS KILLER, NOW SERVING OUT A TWENTY YEAR SENTENCE IN THE STATE PENITENTIARY....
SOMEBODY TO SEE YOU IN THE VISITOR'S ROOM?
YEAH?
"THE HEAT'S ON PLENTY, BIG BOY! "SLIP" BUCKLEY WAS NABBED BY THIS FLATFOOT, TRACY, AND THE "BOSS" SAYS SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE!
YEAH? WELL, WHY COME CRYING TO ME? I'M PAYING BOSS HERROD TO HANDLE THINGS FOR ME WHILE I'M DOING TIME - AND IF HE AIN'T BIG ENOUGH TO HANDLE THE RACKETS, LET HIM TAKE THE RAP WITH ME — NOW SCRAM!
AND THEN - AS SOON AS BIG BOY'S VISITOR WAS OUT OF THE ROOM!
O.K. PAT - TAKE OFF THE MUSTACHE. WE'VE FOUND OUT WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW!
HEY, BOSS! QUICK! WAKE UP - THE HOUSE HAS BEEN ROBBED! MICKEY, THE NIGHT GUARD HAS BEEN SLUGGED!
WHAT'S THIS?
THERE'S MICKEY! ME AND GEORGE DRUG 'IM IN FROM THE YARD WHERE HE WAS LYIN' UNCONSCIOUS! LOOK, THE PLACE HAS BEEN RANSACKED!
WHAT! WHY THE DIRTY @&%~*! MY BOOKS ARE GONE! MY RECORDS! IT'S THE WORK OF THAT SNAKE, TRACY!
I'LL GO TO THE MAYOR! I'LL GET THE ENTIRE POLICE FORCE FIRED — I'LL BUY OFF THE STATES-ATTORNEY - I'LL FIX THE COURTS - I'LL —
MILLIGAN, QUICK! WE MUST GET OVER TO THE CITY HALL! THERE'S A TERRIFIC GUN BATTLE GOING ON AT THE VERY DOORS OF THE MAYOR'S OFFICE!
WHAT?
PAT PATTON JUST CALLED ME! I DIDN'T GET ALL THE FACTS BUT HE SAID TRACY WALKED INTO THE MAYOR'S OFFICE WHILE HERROD WAS THERE AND CONFRONTED HERROD WITH THE EVIDENCE IN THE RACKETEER INVESTIGATION! HERROD'S BODYGUARDS OPENED FIRE AND ARE TRYING TO SHOOT THEIR WAY TO FREEDOM.
WE'VE GOT ALL THE EVIDENCE WE NEED, HERROD! YOU'D BETTER SURRENDER!
SURRENDER? NEVER! IF THIS MUST BE THE END — THEN THE END IT WILL BE! I CAME TO THE MAYOR'S OFFICE TO ASK THE MAYOR TO GET RID OF YOU - BUT I SHALL ATTEND TO THAT DETAIL MYSELF
LOOK OUT, MAYOR!
THE GUN BATTLE AT THE VERY DOOR OF THE MAYOR'S OFFICE BETWEEN DICK TRACY AND THE MASTER MIND OF THE RACKETEERS "BOSS" HERROD COMES TO A DRAMATIC END!
LET'S SCRAM! THE BOSS IS DONE FOR.
DASHING FROM THE PORTALS OF THE CITY HALL, THE GUNMEN WALK SQUARELY INTO CHIEF BRANDON AND OFFICER MILLIGAN - WHO HAD BEEN SUMMONED BY PAT PATTON.
IN SPITE OF THE CHIEF'S AGE, HIS MIGHTY BODY PACKS TERRIFIC STRENGTH!
DON'T LET 'IM GET AWAY, MILLIGAN!
"BOSS" JIM HERROD'S CONNIVING DAYS ARE OVER, CHIEF! HE WAS CAUGHT IN THE CROSS-FIRE
TO THINK THIS THING COULD HAVE HAPPENED DURING MY TERM IN OFFICE! I MUST HAVE BEEN BLIND!
Daily Paper
"BOSS" HERROD REVEALED AS KING OF RACKETEER
FOLLOWING GUN BATTLE IN MAYOR'S OFFICE.
"GRAND" OLD FIGURE OF CITY'S POLITICAL HISTORY RACKETEER
GENTLEMEN, I MUST ADMIT I WAS COMPLETELY FOOLED. I TOOK JIM HERROD FOR WHAT HE APPEARED TO BE - A FINE, PUBLIC-SPIRITED RETIRED SERVANT OF THE PEOPLE. I NEVER FOR ONE MINUTE DREAMED OF HIS CONNECTIONS WITH THE UNDERWORLD. I'VE BEEN A FOOL, GENTLEMEN!
MR. MAYOR, I, AS STATES-ATTORNEY, HAVE PREPARED A STATEMENT FOR THE PRESS PLEDGING MYSELF TO CARRY ON AND COMPLETE THIS FIGHT AGAINST RACKETEERS - SO SPLENDIDLY BEGUN BY DETECTIVE TRACY, AND I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO PUT YOUR SIGNATURE ON IT TOO, MR. MAYOR.
GLADLY! GLADLY!
UNLIKE MOST CRIME DRIVES, DETECTIVE, THIS ONE STARTED AT THE TOP - THE BIG SHOT WAS CAUGHT FIRST. NOW WE'VE GOT TO GET THE SMALL FRY!
AND IF YOU THINK GETTING THE "SMALL FRY" IS GOING TO BE A SNAP, MR. MAYOR — THEN YOU'RE FOOLED AGAIN. THIS FIGHT HAS ONLY BEGUN!

WHILE TESS TRUEHEART AND JUNIOR SIT IN TRACY'S ROADSTER WAITING FOR THE DETECTIVE, A SINISTER FIGURE APPEARS AT THE SIDE OF THE CAR AND AT THE POINT OF A GUN ORDERS THE TWO TO ACCOMPANY HIM TO A SHED IN AN ALLEY.
WELL, NOW THAT YOU HAVE US IN HERE-WHAT DO YOU WANT?
GIRLIE, MY PARTNER HERE IS GOING TO DO A LITTLE DISGUISING AND HE WANTS YOUR CLOTHES. PEEL OFF THAT DRESS AND HAT.
COME ON-MAKE IT SNAPPY!
THAT WIG AND HAT DON'T LOOK BAD, CURLEY.
ALL RIGHT NOW-PUT ON THE DRESS AND GET INTO THE DETECTIVE'S CAR. I'LL STAY HERE AND KEEP THESE TWO QUIET.
HELLO TESS! I'M SORRY I KEPT YOU WAITING SO LONG-BUT THE CHIEF HAD SOME WORK I HAD TO ATTEND TO! GEE! IT'S BEGINNING TO GET DARK!
WHERE'S JUNIOR? SAY-YOU'RE NOT ANGRY ARE YOU? LOOK AROUND HERE!
HEY!
KEEP DRIVING AND LOOKING STRAIGHT AHEAD LIKE EVERYTHING WAS O.K., FLATFOOT. TURN ONTO ROUTE 32 AT THE NEXT CORNER AND KEEP THOSE HANDS ON THE STEERING WHEEL.
YOU'RE MASQUERADED IN MISS TRUEHEART'S CLOTHES, EH? WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DID YOU PUT HER AND THE BOY?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THEM. IT'S YOU THAT'S IN A TIGHT SPOT RIGHT NOW.
ALL RIGHT-THIS IS THE PLACE, DETECTIVE. STOP THE CAR AND GET OUT AND KEEP YOUR HANDS UP.
YOU TAKE CHARGE OF 'IM, BARNEY, WHILE I GET THIS WOMAN'S OUTFIT OFF ME.
WE ALWAYS FRISK COPS AND SHERLOCKS LIKE YOU A COUPLE OF TIMES BEFORE WE TRUST 'EM WITH THEIR HANDS DOWN-YOU KNOW HOW IT IS.
QUITE SO, BOYS. DO YOUR DARNDEST.
A CHARMING PLACE YOU HAVE HERE, BOYS . . . A HOT LAYOUT, INDEED. A HOT LAYOUT!
HOT LAYOUT IS RIGHT! AND FOR YOU, DETECTIVE, WE'RE GOING TO PUT IT IN FLAMES. GET THE ROPES, CURLEY.
ON THEIR WAY TO THE OLD SHACK WHERE TRACY IS PRISONER, THE TWO GANGSTERS, WITH TESS AND JUNIOR, SUDDENLY STOP THEIR CAR ON A HIGH BRIDGE OVER A SWIFTLY FLOWING STREAM.
WE'RE NOT GOING TO TAKE YOU ANY FARTHER, KID. YOU YELL TOO MUCH!
HELP!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?
YOU'LL SEE-ANGEL CHILD-YOU'LL SEE!
MEANWHILE, AT THE STATE PENITENTIARY- . . . . WHAT IS HAPPENING? WHAT DO WE SEE?
IT'S BIG BOY-ESCAPING! HE GOT HOLD OF A GUN AND HE'S USING THE WARDEN AS A SHIELD!
DON'T SHOOT-YOU'LL HIT THE WARDEN!
OPEN THAT GATE OR I'LL DRILL YER WARDEN, HERE, SO FULL OF HOLES YOU CAN USE HIM FOR A SCREEN DOOR!
SHOOT 'IM, BOYS-I'LL TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!
HA! HA! DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH-THOSE BOYS DON'T WANT TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR MURDER.
NOW STAY ASTRIDE THAT ENGINE HOOD WHERE WE CAN KEEP AN EYE ON YOU. IF ANYONE TRIES TO STOP US, WE'LL POUR HOT LEAD INTO YOU!
AND ALL THIS TIME, THE GANGSTERS WITH TESS, SPEED ON TOWARD THE SHACK WHERE TRACY IS PRISONER . . .
WHY DID YOU THROW THAT BOY OFF THE BRIDGE? HE'S JUST A CHILD-HE'LL DROWN-HAVE YOU NO HEART?
PUT THAT GAG BACK ON HER MOUTH-QUICK!

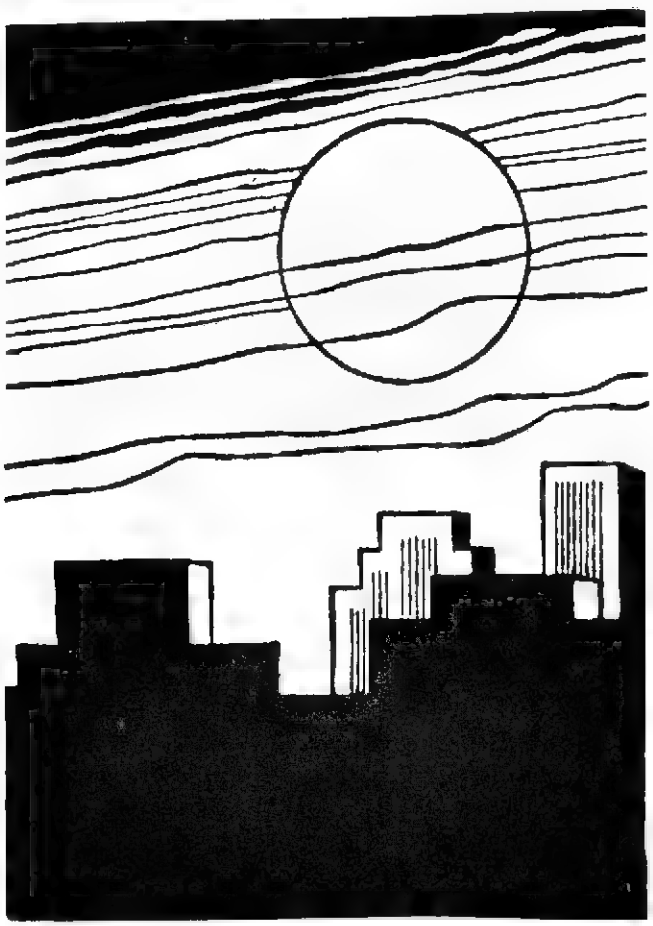
AFTER BEING THROWN OFF THE BRIDGE INTO THE SWIRLING STREAM- WHAT HAPPENED TO JUNIOR?
WITH THE WIND KNOCKED FROM HIS BODY BY THE IMPACT OF THE FALL. . IT IS A FEW INSTANTS BEFORE HE IS ABLE TO ACT.
THE CURRENT OF THE FAST FLOWING WATERS MAKE PROGRESS TOWARD SHORE IMPOSSIBLE UNTIL. .
TRACY SHOWED ME HOW TO SWIM. . BUT NOT IN SUCH A FAST RIVER AS THIS. . . . OH! OH! WHAT'S THAT?
FINALLY A FARMER'S FENCE, BUILT ACROSS THE STREAM, WHEN THE WATER WAS NOT SO HIGH, COMES INTO VIEW, AND. . .
WHAT A LIFE-SAVER! A FENCE! NOW I CAN GET UP ON THE SHORE!
WELL, GIRLIE, HERE WE ARE - UPSIE DAISY. . AND GET IN THE HOUSE THERE WITH YER BOY FRIEND
TESS!
TAKE 'ER OAD OFF, CURLEY. NOBODY CAN HEAR 'EM NOW!
WHERE'S JUNIOR? WHAT DID THEY DO WITH HIM?
OH DICK- I CAN'T TELL YOU- IT WAS HORRIBLE.
IF THEY'VE HARMED A HAIR OF THAT KID'S HEAD- I'LL-
YOU'LL DO NOTHING AT ALL- COP! WE TOSSED YER KID INTO THE RIVER. AND NOW WE'RE GOING TO GIVE YOU AND YER MOLL THE WORKS! TELL BARNEY TO GET READY TO FIRE THE PLACE, CURLEY.
WELL, IT WON'T BE LONG NOW, KIDDIES - GOOD BYE AND PLEASANT DREAMS.
ALL SET?
HEY! WAIT, BARNEY - HERE COMES SOMEBODY!
WHAT?
BIG BOY! HOW DID YOU GET OUT OF STIR?
I TURNED INTO A FAIRY - AND FLEW UP THROUGH THE CHIMNEY - YOU FOOL! WHERE HAVE YOU GOT THE DICK?
I JUST WANTED TO PAY MY RESPECTS AND BE AN EYE WITNESS TO THE FAREWELL PERFORMANCE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE! THE WARDEN DIDN'T WANT TO LET ME ATTEND YOUR PARTY AT FIRST, MR. TRACY - BUT WHEN I ARGUED WITH HIM WITH A 45, HE EVEN ACCOMPANIED ME ON MY WAY, UNTIL WE TOGGED 'IM OFF ON A SIDE ROAD.
COME ON - LET'S GET BACK UP ON THE HILL - WHERE WE CAN WATCH THE PLACE BURN WITHOUT BEING SEEN.
DICK!
TESS! HAVE FAITH, DARLING! SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN. . . THIS CAN'T BE.
BOYS, THIS IS A GREAT MOMENT OF MY LIFE! HAVE A CIGAR! AND WHILE THE FLATFOOT BURNS - WE'LL SMOKE! HA! HAW! NOT A BAD CRACK, EH?
BUT SOMEWHERE - NOT FAR AWAY - A NINE YEAR OLD TYKE, HIS CLOTHES DRIPPING WET - FROM HIS IMMERSION IN THE SWIRLING RIVER PULLS HIMSELF UP ON THE BANK AND CONTEMPLATES HIS NEXT MOVE. . .
I'VE GOT TO GET UP ON THE ROAD AND TRAIL THAT CAR AND FIND MISS TESS. I HEARD THEM SAY THE PLACE THEY WERE GOING WASN'T MUCH FARTHER.
DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THERE'S SOMEONE MOVING AROUND DOWN THERE? DO YOU THINK THAT DICK AND HIS GIRL SHOOK OFF THOSE ROPES, AND ESCAPED?
SURE, I SAW 'EM!
EITHER THEY ESCAPED OR - SOMEBODY TURNED 'EM LOOSE.
SOMEBODY? WHO COULD IT BE?
OH DICK. . . BE CAREFUL! IS HE HURT?
HE CAME INTO THE HOUSE, UNTIED THE ROPES, AND FREED US. . THEN BEFORE WE COULD ALL GET OUT - A FLAMING TIMBER FELL ON HIM. HE'S BADLY BURNED
YEAH?

BUT HE'S BADLY BURNED-MAYBE DYING! DO WHAT YOU WILL WITH US, BIG BOY, BUT TAKE HIM TO A DOCTOR!
YEAH?
LAY THE KID THERE ON THE GRASS! QUICK! MAKE IT SNAPPY!
WE CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE, BOSS.
NOW YOU TWO LINE UP AGAINST THE HOUSE - HURRY UP!
TURN AROUND - FACE THE WALL!
KEEP YER FACES TO THAT WALL AND STAND STILL! GIVE ME THAT TYPEWRITER, CURLEY. I'M GOING TO DO THIS JOB MYSELF.
FOR ONE INSTANT, THE MASTER KILLER STANDS WITH THE MACHINE GUN POISED AT HIS SHOULDER.. HIS FINGER READY TO SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER, WHEN -
DROP THAT GUN - BIG BOY!
IT'S THE COPS! LET 'EM HAVE IT, BOYS!
BANG!
LOOK OUT, PAT - CHIEF - THE WALL OF THE HOUSE IS FALLING.
JUST AS BIG BOY IS READY TO SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER OF THE MACHINE GUN THAT WILL SPELL DOOM TO DICK TRACY AND TESS TRUEHEART - WHO SHOULD APPEAR ON THE SCENE BUT PAT PATTON AND THE CHIEF. A SHOT FROM THE CHIEF'S GUN HALTS THE EXECUTION MOMENTARILY, AND THEN....
LOOK OUT! THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE IS FALLING!
SPRINGING QUICKLY BACKWARD, PAT AND THE CHIEF AVOID THE FALLING WALL JUST AS BIG BOY FIRES A FINAL VOLLEY THROUGH THE MASS OF FLAME AND SMOKE.
HERE'S ANOTHER CLIP OF BULLETS, PAT!
OW! HE GOT ME IN THE LEG! LET'S SCRAM!
YOU FELLOWS KEEP AFTER THEM.. I'LL LOOK AFTER JUNIOR..
HEY KID! ARE YOU OKAY?
WILL THE BOY BE ALL RIGHT.. WILL HE PULL THROUGH?
HE WAS BADLY BURNED. HE'S STILL ON THE OPERATING TABLE. YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT.
HOW IS HE, DOC?
AND STAY HERE PLEASE, UNTIL WE'RE THROUGH.
YOU CAN'T COME INTO THE ROOM - JUST STAND THERE AT THE DOOR.. THE DOCTOR WILL SEE YOU IN A MINUTE.
SHEATHED IN GAUZE AND BANDAGES, JUNIOR'S ONLY VISIBLE MARK OF IDENTIFICATION IS HIS FRECKLED NOSE.
YES. I MAY AS WELL TELL YOU WHAT I KNOW YOU'RE ANXIOUS TO HEAR - HE'S PASSED THE CRISIS... HIS CONDITION IS IMPROVED. HE MAY REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS ANY MINUTE NOW.
THEN HE HASN'T ASKED FOR ME, DOC?
HEY, TRACY!
WHAT A THRILL FOR DICK TRACY TO HEAR THAT SHRILL VOICE! THE KID WHO ALMOST BURNED TO DEATH IN HIS EFFORT TO SAVE THE LIVES OF THE DETECTIVE AND TESS TRUEHEART CAN TALK ONCE MORE - AND HIS FIRST WORDS ARE "HEY TRACY!"

Flat Foot Floogie

When considering Chester Gould's *Dick Tracy*, always pay attention to the blackness. To, that is, the identity, the singular vitality, of the black that figures in panel after panel of Gould's strips, whether as represented in the overcoats of his gangsters, in the yawning alcoves (always as sinister in their implications as the doorways of *Little Orphan Annie*), or, in their very ribbon-like shimmer, the dreadful rivulets of blood, or the recurrent interjections of night sky, bracketed by city skyline. This blackness is not darkness, not the dimming or withdrawal of light, but the supplanting of light by a vigorous, surface-rending presence that commands the design in its perverse, roughshod energy.

As a crime-detective-procedural strip, Gould's Defoe-like zest for procedure set forth the premise of his cosmos to conjure and codify that flashy, percussive, danger-laden style in which all his competition was, according to its diverse styles, investing. (That competition included Will Gould's *Red Barry*, Norman Marsh's *Dan Dunn*, Charles Schmidt's *Sergeant Pat of the Radio Patrol*, and the illustrious entry of Dashiell Hammett and Alex Raymond, *Secret Agent X-9*.) I refer to the mosaic of street naturalism and exotic-touched rodomontade, that sense of Odets and the WPA Theater, as marinated in a rancid sort of glamor for which films like Sternberg's *Underworld*, and the various successors of Keighley, Curtiz, and Wellman, had set the patterns, with some extra sociological piety supplied by the plays of Sidney Kingsley. *Dick Tracy* crystallized this style,



over a period of some four decades, as a sheet of images that sometimes suggests the painter's eye of a Magritte or Bacon, entrapped on a studio set as art director (with Maxwell Grant/Walter Gibson, of *The Shadow*, as technical consultant) for one of those Edward G. Robinson-Barton McLane-Frank McHugh adagios.

His imagery never had the chipper sportiness of Cagney; the spoilt gallantry of the earlier (*Quick Millions; 20,000 Years in Sing Sing*) Spencer Tracy; the eroded, tragic stoicism of Bogart; but rather had the strait-jacketed near-hysteric bluster of Robinson with his borderline grotesquerie (Robinson's face did yeoman service for Gould as, among other duties, the visage of Junior Tracy's would-be corruptor, Dan Micelli, in 1932). Similar, also, was the beefy, disasterbound obduracy of McLane, and the scroungy feyness sometimes, of McHugh. Such figures, in Gould, are as shackled to the production, the solicitation, of a single emotion or emotional mixture—loathing, scorn, and dread—as the work of one of his unmistakable progenitors, Poe. Gould is non-deferential in the cranky, idiomatic manner of Winchell and Pegler (in contrast to the urbane pieties of other syndicated columnists) in the way he rebuilt, handcrafting for himself, the available cops-and-robbers myths.

Jean Penfield (1934).

For all the documentary *information* that *Dick Tracy* seems on occasion to have siphoned, one receives no sense of the strip ever being geared to the orthodoxies of journalistic style, even during the early '30s, when Gould's drawing is more tentative and illustration-locked (its decorous, light line suggesting, as a possible influence, the work of Frederic Dorr Steele—after whose Sherlock Holmes Gould is known to have modelled the crisp arabesque of the younger Tracy profile).

The earlier *Tracy* work abounds with appreciative allusions to movies and movie personalities: Big Boy, bottle-nosed and bullet-headed, incorporates George Bancroft and Bull Montana; Larceny Lu, with her picture hats, feather boas, and Sammy's-Bowery-Follies bangs, is Pert Kelton in sisterhood with a *somewhat longer-fanged Sophie Tucker: while under the 'ayrick 'ead of 'air* sported by the ill-starred society beauty Jean Penfield is the scarcely mistakable face of the youthful Claudette Colbert. Such forthright eclecticism contrasts with the engaging, boyish inventiveness of Will (no relation) Gould in his *Red Barry* fandangoes, yet one feels that these appropriations are being used—however gropingly, as such eclecticism can best be, but seldom is, used—towards the methodical, self-willed carpentry of Chester Gould's own imagery. These appropriations are constantly converted, even then, by the raw salients of Gould's design—the gawkish authority of the bodies, their ever-ready knees and elbows, the torsos, always about to challenge the prim elegance of the lines that Gould invests in background drawings of police lab, railroad depot, or movie theater

He evolved a mode of narration that paid regular dues to the sketch-series tradition of Hogarth, Rowlandson, and Gillray; especially the distillation of demonic energy through the world of *things* which throngs every study of aberrant, or profes-

By Donald Phelps

sionally intense, personality, as we follow the stages of a career flooded with circumstance. Things and the ways in which they are joined wield authority in *Dick Tracy*, a reassignment of priorities that embodies the artist's prerogatives, and his flourishing of them. Gould gave the term "mechanical," as applied to art, a value not to be found among his crime-chronicling peers. He is most Poe-like, perhaps, in this, and in demonstrating the relativity of emotion/sentiment in many art-works, by erecting his own hierarchy of "feelings" in terms of what he reassembles from the world as value observed-imagined.

There is meager sentiment only—and his tries at approximating it are fearfully stiff and ill-gauged, always marked by spasmodic tackings into burlesque: People—even those supposedly deserving of our empathy—display, in grief, symmetrical tear-courses and mouths in the familiar rictl of the freshly-walloped Katzenjammer Kids. Or they will literally collapse with laughter, the hats of plainclothesmen flopping over their eyes, outthrust hands protesting their happy abandon, all at the tepid eccentricities of a witling juvenile detective

named Brighton Spotts. The one cardinal emotion I can recall receiving from Gould that ever struck me as authentic was frenzied wilfulness, which anyone who can summon memories of childhood, I daresay, can recall and not impossibly recreate. The other emotions and sentiments were constantly shading into burlesque, which is, itself, the jovial self-ridicule of the artist's will, mock-derisive of its own powers. This, in earlier work of Gould's, we will contemplate further.

But the mode of tabloid fantasy that Gould forged—combining a scavenger's *ad hoc* predatory alertness and the design-geared, cold serenity of a Keaton—relied mainly on a universe of things and resourcefulness brought to bear upon the artifact-rich jungle by both police and the underworld. The inventiveness that both sides invoke is not the situation-creating *petite vision* of Edison or Whitney but a near-prankish energy that devises new roles and lines of action for the long-accustomed shape and function of mechanisms and utilities and common objects: alarm clocks, rolls of masking tape, garden hose.

Gould confers a glamor on the carpentering, or, with Tracy in command, the quarrying, of criminal plots which now and then approaches minor pornography. Craft itself takes on flesh: the coaxing of a lethal potential from a toy steam-engine; making a larder of venison and fish in an enforced forest hideaway; or the bewitching demonstration by Tracy, during daily episodes of August 5-8, 1937, wherein, using X-Ray photographs, chalk-talks, and pantomime, he demonstrates that a number of hit-and-run "accident" insurance claimants are so many one-armed bandits.

The '30s was marbled by American nostalgia for technology, the skills to meet it and be fulfilled in it. This Romeo-Juliet romance, flourishing since before the turn of the century, had fallen under the Depression's sanctions. The longing and sense of ambition—both craftsmanly and commercial—cruelly sidetracked into unlikely expedients—was honored by the hypnotic precision of Gould's compositions and lines and blacks, and the passion of craft for which they merge to provide wavelength. The ascetic loveliness of his lines, the frost-magic of those metallic surfaces—drug-store counters, marble columns in hotel lobbies, the metal-work of wonderfully accurate elevator mechanisms and diesel locomotive structures—belong to a tradition of fairytale illustration, fortified by the reek of 18th century rogueries and lusts, in which things are rediscovered and, as it were, reborn. The images are far from the deodorized sleekness of *Flash Gordon*, but rather near the clunkish, human-scaled recastings of science-fiction left us by H.G. Wells, Lang's *Metropolis*, or the Dick Calkins *Buck Rogers*. To contemplate Gould's cosmetics counters and switchboards and gasoline pumps, is, moreover, to see the near-union of design and nature which might have triggered, in Robert Frost, a companion-poem to his savage-chaste study in white on white, "Design."

Dick Tracy itself was a comic strip self-nurtured on the theme of perverted and possessed art, sustained not by the richly scaffolded cliches of characterization and situation, but by the images themselves. The best of his stories, like the epic pursuit of the Purple Cross Gang of mid-1936 through early 1937, amount to tapestries of vignette, action scenes, gimmicks, eccentricities. The Purple Cross romance is as barren of mystery as any of Gould's yarns (the gang's hooded leader, Number One, all but wigwags his identity to the reader on his first appearance in *mufti*). Yet the torrent of gritty and bizarre detail (the Maltese crosses tattooed on the gang's tongues, the short-wave device concealed in an office water-cooler, the curious smudges on a small-time politico's cheeks); the occasional genre-art-like ambience of the '30s—Baldy Stark, the penitent member of the Gang, is once forlornly silhouetted against the alley entrance, watching the approach of his little blonde-haired daughter and grim, Sicilian-featured sister; the intermittent views of dingy politicians and shy G-Men—all add up to an excursion into melodrama-as-style nearly equalling, despite the balsawood cliches of character and jalopy-tempoed negotiations of "mystery," the visual richness of Feuillade's *Les Vampires*.

All of it is fired by a sense of impounded, abandoned vivacity of *caricature* that writhes and flutters inside the naturalistic, illustrational casing of the *Dick Tracy* settings and its craftsmanlike data. It is remarkable—the concentration, the concreteness, with which Gould's recurrent envy of caricature's freedom, of its absolute self-command, is felt over the years. I can remember, as a 12-year-old, being peculiarly infected by this feeling; but also by my own envy of how Gould's style had (a Labor of Hercules it should have seemed to me, had I known more about Hercules) reconciled that upswelling audacity and that cool command of the visible, familiar world. It filled me, as I recall, with a feeling that the drawing process, as embodied in *Dick Tracy*, realized every definition of "magic" that professionalism can offer. And that *tethered* sense of caricature (of which the recurrent emblem is the writhing, convulsive activity of the bodies *and* faces) conveys, in itself, a firm apprehension of his own ground and an accompanying ability to set the terms for his imagination's action. This distinguishes Gould automatically from most of his contemporaries, smitten as they were—the "funny" strips included, under the double spur of *Thimble Theatre* and *Barney Google*—with the challenging darkness of semi-exotic melodrama.

During 1935, in the *New York Evening Journal*, even that most affable and frisky of comic strips, Ad Carter's *Just Kids*, saw the Stebbins family, with Mush and his various associates, transported to urban China, for a variety of Shanghaijinks with a mysterious secret society and the opposing Tongs. But *Dick Tracy* alone—possibly excepting Roy Crane's *Wash Tubbs and Captain Easy*—treated melodrama as his own imaginative estate, and caricature as his agent. Always felt in the drawing was the imminence of something not merely dramatically outrageous (that, too, in Gould's seldom-equalled erotic virtuosity with violence) but visually outrageous too: a monstrous abso-

lute intruding itself, as in the 1937-8 apparition of The Blank, to threaten the drawing's silver-wired armature of plausibility. Most readers never heard or read of the episode aborted, by fiat of publisher Joseph Patterson, in which Gould attempted to draw his own hand rescuing Tracy from a mine cave-in, but they felt the sinuous enchantment of the drawing process as they never did of Gould's chief rivals of the '30s: *Dan Dunn; Radio Patrol; Secret Agent X-9; Red Barry*.

Each of these offers its peculiar authenticity and animation, but also its peculiar enslavement to the narrative conventions and locked-in moral premises that the foreground crimebuster myths of the day often decreed, with the resulting impression that the artist's imagination, whatever his skill and energy, was held hostage by such convention.

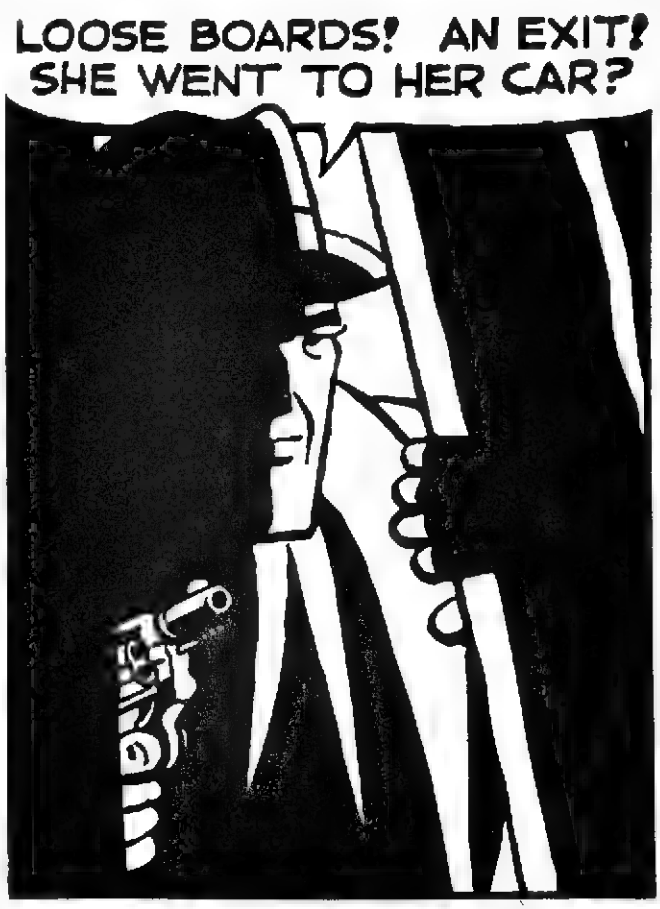
In *Secret Agent X-9*, the Dashiell Hammett prose (second-gear Hammett at best) seemed fatally upstaged by the opaque, monotonous elegance of Alex Raymond's drawing which highlighted the negative traits—cinchiness, vacuous *hauteur*—of the Hammett style; and, besides, was dedicated to showcasing a frigid clothes-horse rather than the bustling, pragmatic Continental Op.

Dan Dunn presented a chronic wintry aspect, with its arid, starved-looking drawing (reminiscent, in truth, of *Dick Tracy's* first year or so); the cavernous spaces surrounding the figures (I could imagine them giving off echoes); the huddled, stiff-jointed postures, and the general impression of crime, and crime-fighting still more, as lonely, under-financed, slightly inane businesses. Yet Norman Marsh's dry, fatalistic, deglamorized tone (even Dan Dunn's lady friend, Kay—unlike Dick's Tess Trueheart—*looked* like a fast-aging, attrition-haunted spinster) repeatedly managed to put across an image of no-fooling, Depression-bleak crook-hunting.

Despite a regrettably graceless, ashen-literal drawing style, *Sergeant Pat of the Radio Patrol* by Charlie Schmidt exerted more genuine charm, through its general air of hardy, buoyant good sense, than either of the two strips described above. It was also the only police-procedural strip of which I am aware to continually and distinctively feature the *city* in which the police moved (that they were uniformed patrolmen, unlike the plainclothes daredevils of Pat's fellows, probably played no small part) as a visual presence and autonomous source of occasions, and not a cursorily invoked movie set. And in Pat's stammering, overweight sidekick, Sam, despite his drolly intended deficiencies (inherited, no doubt, like those of Porky Pig, from Clarence Buddington Kelland's Marcus Aurelius Tidd) Schmidt brought forth one of the few such sleuthing Sanchos (as set up against Tracy's Pat Patton, and Dunn's Irwin Higgs) who was competent, reasonably stable, and apparently not calculated solely to freeze our livers at the thought of such a man safeguarding our lives and properties.

Will Gould's sporty *Red Barry* was Hearst's entry, beginning in the *New York Evening Journal*, against *Dick Tracy*; and, as usual in the Hearst-Patterson bombardments, a high-spirited, inventive counterpart, done in a style of carbonated tumescence: a dashing, slashing black stroke that suggested James Montgomery Flagg with goat-gland injections; biceps that seemed to erupt like puffed-wheat globules; and dialogue balloons that fairly seethed and bubbled on the page. *Red Barry* could be chipper and active, with none of the sustained, impacted morbidity of *Dick Tracy*; and, on more than one occasion, it veered towards farce, the farce of the theater, rather than of sheer circumstantial extremity as in *Tracy*.

Yet, stylistically, the very handsomeness and dispatch of Will Gould's drawing brought into focus the contrast between his work and Chester's—the contrast between the smart undergraduate who takes the jetliner and the Indiana dairy farmer who essays to emulate the Wright Brothers in the angular accomplishment of his home-built contraption. Will Gould's vocabulary, dramatic and visual, was there, intact; as was his drawing vocabulary, which made no bones about identification of style and overall attitude. And it abounded in appeals to the nostalgia of readers whose tastes in melodrama had been nursed by Sax Rohmer, Conan Doyle, and John Buchan; i.e., the romantic (in the contemporary sense) imagination, prepackaged, as it were, with a gleeful, coltish, and at the same time prodigally ingenious, homage to various movies. *Red Barry* overflowed with such engaging outlandishness as the on-again-off-again Inspector Scott's Haroun-al-Raschid disguises, and a repertory of villains culled from *The Great Gabbo* (a mob leader who is a side-tracked ventriloquist) and London fellow-fog razzmatazz—the epic sequence, "The Song of the Flame," featured Oriental heavies, a hard-luck Cockney lawyer, and a mysterious old bird who favored Mandarin outfits and a patch



over one eye. Such traditional echoes cohabited a little oddly with the breezy elan of Will Gould's style; yet, essentially, *Red Barry* became a boy's-book fantasy, attested by the central position held by Red's boy-satellite, Ouchy McGouchy and his kid-vigilante unit "The Terrible Three." Will Gould's estimable inventive power and capacity to charm—it seemed one of his obvious intentions—prevented the elegant aircraft of his strip, though, from reaching firm ground as often as it should have. There is a kind of frivolity about *Red Barry* which is somewhat heady, even for a '30s strip, and which steers it too often into ditherish over-complications and tangents; the possible motto of which is that flying by the seat of one's pants too often can have negative consequences for pants and plane both.

In contrast with all of these works, in varying degrees, *Dick Tracy* proposed a *new* standard of precision, a rediscovery of precision such as only those artists, major and minor, who are entitled to be taken with full seriousness, ever deal with. Like Aubrey Beardsley and Max Beerbohm, Chester Gould insists, in his work, on presenting the terms and figures of darkness in the imagery of a superhuman, murderous daylight, the language of impeccable identification. No wonder his "stories"—those doom-headed progressions—are, as Coulton Waugh perceived, weak in suspense. Did any comic-strip artist ever evince less interest in ambiguity and nuance, the reverberant chord of suggestion? He is as explicit about mystery as Japanese theater. This is what brings him into such constant, close proximity to the abstract.

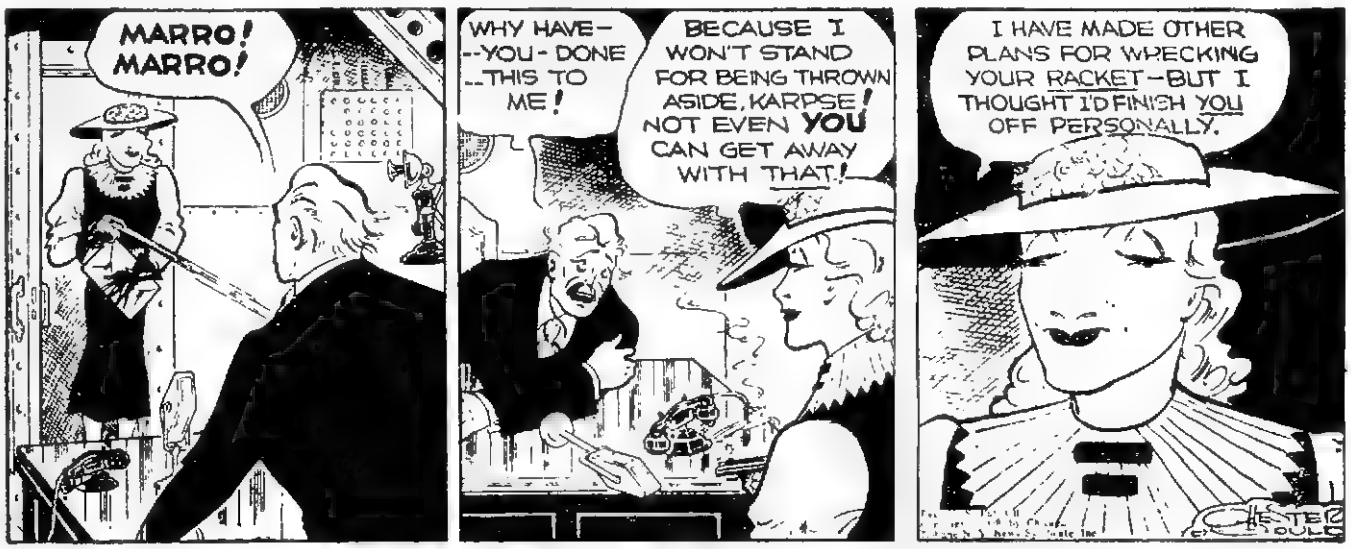
When Gould introduced the Invisible with the Blank, in 1938, the result resembled Maxwell Grant's Shadow executed by Magritte (and was, indeed, a shy at Dick Tracy's most formidable competitors of the '30s, the masked avengers of the pulps). Gould's work is rich in references to other comic strips, as well as to the theater, *a propos* of which he loads his strip, on occasion, with loving-envious derision.

Only one so affianced to the explicit could deal as he dealt with the new, minimal, cabaret style of comic strips like *Peanuts*, *B.C.*, and *Momma*, in the creations of Vera Alldid, Sparkle Plenty's cartoonist husband: *Sawdust* and *The Invisible Tribe*. And, by the same token, the most adroit jibes at *Dick Tracy* occurred in the early years of what was then the most acute parody of the strip among the multitude of such, Al Capp's *Fearless Fosdick*, when Fosdick is challenged by crooks like Anyface and the Chippendale (murderous) chair, who are inhumanly elusive. Capp's rapport with Gould—the gut-bond of the parodist and his subject—lay, I think, in their common aptitude, most manifest in their earliest work, for a desperate jugglery of melodrama and its burlesque opposite.

The image was Gould's recurrent unit of continuity in the 1933-39 *Dick Tracy* strips (following which the image began to assume a very different sort of priority). He was guided in those days by the knowledge, which he never outgrew but later became too old and/or tired to sustain, that design is actually the approximation of design, the *movement toward* its own completion. Therefore, in those early/mid-'30s *Dick Tracy* strips, the reader is regaled with a succession of marvellous masks, eloquent in both their delicacy and their suggestive intensity, which is augmented in part by Gould's lingering ungainliness and stolidity in their portrayal. On their own terms—terms which often seem all-but-immobilizing—the '30s faces are marvels of expressive execution, fortified by Gould's command, austere and lively at once, of line and space, producing weddings of decorum and brutality that are more articulately grotesque than anything he came up with in from the false-face '40s onward. The cold ferret-face of Bookie Joe; the razor-edge lips and diamond-drill eyes of Dan Micelli/Mizell (a name-change, by the way, which occurred halfway through his appearance in 1932—inferrably as the result of emphatic elbow-work by Italian American lobbies which had wedged a disclaimer into *Scarface*); the cruel carp-face of "Cut" Famon; the dissolute ex-politico's visage of "Whip" Chute, the jewel thief; the effete, camp-Byron kisser of Karpse, the *sub rosa* poison gas manufacturer. Or the taunting Marlene Dietrich mask of Marro, Karpse's ex-mistress; the implacable hatchet-face of Black Pearl; the set, feral baboon countenance of Edward Numeroh's predatory mother. The very doubtful maneuverability of such features, their hint of the mask, only throws into sharpened relief the vein of authentic expression that Gould is able to work *through* them: faces as formalized as the masks of Noh drama, and with no less devout observance of consistent distance from their audience.

All were assembled, as it were, from the scraps and detritus of many a beginners' class in Design. The most rudimentary signals of "individuality"—sacs under the eyes, crow's feet and mouth-lines, liver-lips—all the apparently over-familiar ideographs of the human face and its emotions—were turned into imprimaturs of genuine, repeatedly fascinating expression by Gould's own mordant, dexterous poetry of near-caricature. The dark overtones, which he realized by playing the aspects of naturalism to within a thin smile's breadth of self-parody, milked this propinquity, not for cowardly laughter but for the thrilling, giddying recognition of fantasy-as-potential in the very midst of fact. When you encounter a sudden, deliciously evocative image like the last panel of a daily strip—the hunchback, Arthur Maylie, with his fragile, vicious, bespectacled face, bowler hat and fishhook-curved black overcoat, standing by his glistening car on a grey, night-time street—this, following a three-panel suite of silhouetting, black-and-white architectural blocking and lithe, wary postures—you may justifiably feel that it was just such style for which Fritz Lang was aiming in *M, Spies, or Hangmen Also Die*. It is authentic conjuration.

I think that Gould recognized early on the importance of a well-bridled willfulness to his art, as well as the importance of formalism to his drawing, and the way in which, in its always-


MARRO! MARRO!
WHY HAVE--YOU-DONE--THIS TO ME!
BECAUSE I WON'T STAND FOR BEING THROWN ASIDE, KARPSE! NOT EVEN YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH THAT!
I HAVE MADE OTHER PLANS FOR WRECKING YOUR RACKET—BUT I THOUGHT I'D FINISH YOU OFF PERSONALLY.
CHESTER GOULD

A Christmas Fillum Fable—*By Chester Gould*

somewhat-mechanical aspect, this could be used—initially to control and (later on, especially during the last decades) to ratify his inclinations toward outrageousness and manipulation. You can see these qualities in their disassembled state—gradually assembling, though, like the accelerating convention of metal filings under a magnet—in the largely awful "comic" forays that he performed during the mid-'20, as comic-strip artist for Hearst's *Evening Journal* (and carried for a time, with slightly better success, since he was working within the stylized tough-professional milieu of *Dick Tracy*. In the Sunday bottom-page strip *Cigarette Sadie*). Of the Hearst strips, *The Radio Cats* flowered during the short-wave fervor that overtook numerous households during the 1925-8 period; it was a jejune gag strip which was puppy-fed an eyedropper of "suspense" by Father investing in an anti-static device.

Fillum Fables, the longer-running of his two strips for the *Evening Journal*, may, with a firm grip on one's patience and nose, be read with more interest. It had been assigned as a ringer for the long-running work of the departed Ed Wheelan, *Minute Movies*, which was a boisterous, unflaggingly amiable strip that engaged in St. Bernard-like affections of the silent films of Wheelan's doting, boyish fantasies. *Minute Movies*' authentic fun came from the miniature glamor and bubbling energy with which Wheelan always seemed to be adapting (more than parodying) the idiomatic extravagances and crisp imagery of his models. There is a decorum to his puppetry that he shares with Harry Hershfield, of *Desperate Desmond*, a trimly shaded prettiness, echoing the makeup and lighting of 1920s movies, counterparts of their romping, expostulating pep—heads aspray with perspiration-drops like fugitive dandelion-fuzz; dialogue balloons peppered with exclamation points; yet never compromising the solidity of the little figures. I imagine Wheelan as looking like his dumpling-faced chief comedian, Fuller Phunn (all roles were enacted, and specifically delegated via irised "introductory shots," to a repertory company that also featured Ralph McSneer, Archibald Clubb, and the wonderfully named portrayer of dangerous older women, Blanche Rouge).

It need not strain the imagination to believe that Wheelan, by all impressions and reports a consistently genial and effusive man, experienced the most devastating anger of his life on viewing the replacement for his strip, not simply because it had been replaced (and with a laborious mimicry of his drawing style at that) but because of what must have impressed him as the perversion, the graceless and ungracious parody, of the love that he had accorded his *Minute Movies* as conveyances for his Pickwickian muse.

Today THERE IS A SANTA CLAUSE!
'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS AND JUNE SAT IN TEARS HER WILLIAM HAD LEFT HER = HER SWEETHEART THROUGH YEARS =
JUNE = DOLLY DARLING
YOU SEE 'TWAS LIKE THIS = ON THE NIGHT JUST BEFORE HER FATHER HAD BOOTED POOR BILL THROUGH THE DOOR =
BILL = JACK STRONG
PAPA
AND NOW THE OLD FELLOW WHO KICKED WILLIAM OUT SITS NURSING A TERRIBLE CASE OF THE GOUT =
PAPA = GEO O SOAPUFF
A FINE CHRISTMAS! ME SICK AND YOU WEEPING OVER THAT BUM = WILLIAM!
OH I WISH I WAS DEAD = YOU'VE TAKEN HIM AWAY FROM ME
AND = AND BESIDES = THEY AINT NO SANTY CLAUSE
BUT LO! AS OUR HEROINE SITS GRIEVING AND BLUE THERE COMES A LOUD SCRATCH AND A THUMP IN THE FLUE! =
WHAT'S THAT?
BANG
PLUNK
MERRY XMAS = EVERYBODY MERRY XMAS!
HERE SIR IS A PRESENT FOR YOU
= AND HERE MISS IS ONE FOR YOU
XMAS LIQUOR GOING BYE BYE
GURGLE GURGLE
WOW! WHY = WHY BY GOSH THAT'S HELPED MY GOOT ALL READY! I FEEL LIKE A NEW WOMAN
SANTY CLAUSE YOU'RE WONDERFUL! CAN'T I REPAY YOU SOME WAY? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
WHY SIRE = I ONLY ASK THAT YOU ALLOW ME TO = TO WED YOUR DAUGHTER
The END
FAIR ENOUGH

Fillum Fables exhibits now, as it must have then—to all not automatically absolutely tickled by the prospect of men wearing eye-makeup—a singularly joyless, graceless, raspingly mechanical assault (its slapstick rhythm suggests the cranking of a Model T on a midnight winter road) upon, rather than parody or burlesque of, silent films and farce-melodrama in general. In a tyical hilarity, from 1924, a couple visiting some desert real estate are attacked by bandits who knock out the husband's teeth with a rock flung from their airplane. As the fun accelerates, the wife, repelled by his gummy aspect, elopes with a neighboring sheik (of the hair-oil, rather than tank-oil, species) in the latter's automobile which, for the thigh-slapping climax, promptly slaughters a prized circus elephant. The elephantine damages for this disaster financially decimate the swain, of course, and send the wife back to her no-longer-toothy, but still toothsomely moneyed, husband.

There is small point, however, in a prolonged vituperative binge on what is already self-indicted as a ponderous and scabrous harlequinade. The immediately interesting factor—the complication and small but provocative engima of it all—

is that what I have just recounted is a possible, potential, *Dick Tracy* plot, with its heavy-knuckled manipulations, its impromptu-seeming, Jove-delivered disasters, its whimsically (when at all) motivated spasms of cupidity, sentiment, fear. Over the succeeding several years of *Fillum Fables'* career, Gould accommodates himself and his strip more and more to a 60 per cent-serious melodramatic concoction that virtually discards even the previous token forays into Wheelan's perky, decorative burlesque imagery. What I sense of the implicit attitude in those earliest *Fillum* Flim Flams is an ambivalence—"scornful wonder" may suit best—on Gould's part for not only burlesque, but theater itself. This also seemed to carry on into the sometimes amusing but monumentally misaimed parody of Vitamin Flintheart (a parody of one of the most knowing, and saddest, of self-parodies: the aging Barrymore); or in the early '40s *Dick Tracy* tale of the twin brothers who are murderous stage rivals.

There is a near-Gopher Prairie mixture of incredulity, fascination, and the deepest, envious possessiveness toward the stage's most brutal extravagances and contrivances; because principally, I think (as demonstrated in his characters' haphazardly motivated, or non-motivated, sallies and frolics) Gould was a man of limited emotional range, and still more limited understanding of, or curiosity about, human feelings in general—otherwise there might have been more plausible and interesting *inventions* of emotion. I think further that Gould valued burlesque not (as did Wheelan) as the Pegasus of his boyish imaginings, but as the plausible instrument of his own wilfulness and his full-hearted identification with the comic-strip's resources of power. Alone among the creators of police-procedural strips, Gould yoked burlesque and near-fantasy ("near" at its best, that is; it was *Fillum Fables* all over again when he portrayed Junior's Moon Maid and her mooncalfish S-F retinue behind his chariot). Also grafted to the cop strip was Gould's prosey-probable, yet also erotically vivid, style that was to become a famous, if seldom openly acknowledged, convention *in its own right*, therefore a vehicle and agent of numerous other styles and conventions.

I don't know of many comic strips of which the manifest imagination is so tightly defined, so firmly *anchored*, as in *Dick Tracy*: and this sense of imagination's own terms enabled Gould, as it had Conan Doyle his preceptor, to conduct Tracy, and all of us, through the varying "locales" of other genre conventions. Gould, with an instinct for the *spectacle* aspects of the comic strip, always permits us to feel, through his deft, hard-headed, engineer's or architect's explicitness, that we are actually discovering these genres for the first time, even when what he does is not so very successful, so imaginatively bracing or persuasive: e.g., science-fiction, as in the outer-space episodes referred to above; the western, in Tracy's pursuit, with the Indian sleuth Yellow Poney, of Cutie Diamond and Boris Arson; a return to the *Fillum Fables*/Lon Chaney razzle-dazzle, done "straight" this time, in the opus of Jerome Trohs, the midget racketeer, and his towering, page-boy blond big Mamma. And there was at least one gothic send-up, that 1939 midsummer fugue when Tess Trueheart, after an eight-year bender of masochistic true-heartedness, gave the seismograph of Tracy's life a few salutary wobbles by eloping with the aging ex-ballplayer-millionaire, Edward Nuremoh (whose name, yes, is to be read backwards). In the course of her antic haymaking, Tess met Nuremoh's mama, her face set as though in constant watch for scurrying small game; his hatchet-chinned, flinty-benign aunt; and his nitwit cousin, who was approximately four feet tall and who giggled a great deal and sported an immense Ascot tie stolen from one of the Katzenjammer Kids. This tour of Bronte Heights was conducted in a splurge of the kind of flash-powder-and-glycerine handsomeness once associated with what were once called "women's magazine" illustrations.

Gould's comic strip was *about* art in the form of eccentric enterprise, the informing force and, as it were, demon of *Dick Tracy*. Whereas the readers of *Radio Patrol* and *Dan Dunn* were expected to be wowed by the authoritative competence of the police mechanism, they were attracted, in *Dick Tracy*, by the pragmatic craft, combined with loner's resourcefulness, of detective and crooks—or, in truth, crook leaders—alike. There was affinity with the *skilled* amateur, his various skills ignited by a passion not so distant from the imperious lusts and furies of Jacobean melodrama. I can remember few police strips—make that none—with less sense of the police department as a corporate unit. It was merely the machine of which Tracy, true priest of justice, availed himself; and Tracy was an avowed avenger from September 22, 1931, when he took an oath of retribution against Big Boy, who had murdered his prospective father-in-law, temporarily deranged Mrs. Trueheart, and kidnapped—and, implicitly, raped—Tess.

Tracy's world swarmed ever after with go-it aloners: individuals willing, lusting, to take into their own hands not only the law—which was the least of it—but all the available power and experience of the world. The gang bosses themselves were over-reaching, capricious spirits. They are like the rebellious sons of a family that the gang embodies, and that they wind up abolishing: Karpse, in 1938, by exterminating his clamoring, greedy associates with the poison gas in the manufacture of which they collaborated; Number One, of the Purple Cross

Purple Cross Gang (1936).

Gang, with a sub-machine gun, in an abandoned garage, February 3, 1937, in a gruesomely concise rendition of the St. Valentine's Day Massacre. They are also, on occasion, capricious farceurs, whose flaring whimsies Gould observes through the methodical—almost drawling, at times, in the manner of Mark Twain's "How to Tell a Ghost Story"—tempo that highlights their zaniest excursions: the midget assassin escaping on the back of his Great Dane, silhouetted on a totally inactive city street; Little Face Finney setting afire a dangerous, telltale monogrammed pocket handkerchief, still in the pocket of its bumbling owner; the Black Pearl playfully raking Tracy's face with an Oriental metal cat-claw. All such gestures, gratuitous and isolated—the loose, chronicle-paced rigging of Gould's plots allowed for numerous such vignettes—receive a kind of romantic swelling from Gould's close-reined focusing on wildcat personalities. Again, it is the allure of caricature, showing itself—at Gould's best—as a kind of privileged (by his characters' irra-

tionality) *limitation* of comic strip behavior.

The cliché attending such fantastical-plausible work as Gould's is, as a rule, that he "created his own world," a phrase I think particularly subject to stringent modification in the case of *Dick Tracy*, in which the world usually portrayed was spectacularly molecular, unstable, and subject to moment-to-monent upheaval. Where *is* the public that supposedly embodies the issue of priority in Tracy's vendetta with the underworld? You never feel even that the city has an autonomous existence outside of its function as a perennial sitting duck for the bankrobbers, kidnappers, narcotics dealers, and counterfeiters. Gould's evident disinclination to establish any personality not demonic, his bent for caricature and that at near-grotesquerie, and his corresponding presumed impatience with, and inaptitude for, any very shaded characterization, lends a common vapid primness to his "normal" characters' speech and bearing; except when, like Tracy, they vengefully or with pious zeal take up arms against the crooks themselves.

There is, in truth, very meager feeling indeed for the law as an agency of justice, or even much in the way or order: Tracy, as a result, seeming like a loner, even amidst the ever-more-sophisticated police apparatus; Pat Patton being little more than an avatar, a two-legged Sandy, at best. The "personalities," especially the subordinates, in *Dick Tracy* are transparent vessels waiting for the boiling wine of Gould's energy to lend them scarlet vividness. The counterpoint of this inertia, and the compelling brilliance of plotting, fingering, and exchanging of fire, again brings to mind the Japanese theater, in which such contrast is accepted, and—as with Gould—implicit in the titular nature of the drama. The recurrent heroes in *Dick Tracy* include the engineers who, in 1938, hand over their diesel locomotive in order to effect the capture of pop-eyed, unshaven, grimacing JoJo Nidle; or the intern who bops a charging Purple Cross member who was intent on delivering the *coup de grace* to the battered Jim Trailer; or, the white-haired mother of the Scotland Yard inspector, who was paralyzed by a bullet of Steve the Tramp and/or Larceny Lu, who tracks them down, her son's service revolver poised, for some Dickens-raising mayhem which costs Steve a leg and an eye.

What Chester Gould's minimally detailed, nonentity-peopled world manages to convey is an image of crime as a scourge against Nature itself, rather than any set of laws or any local principalities. There is in Gould's work through some four decades an utter minimum of dialogue between evil and good, or any personalities to make such an exchange volatile and persuasive. He is image-oriented first to last, and rehabilitation, for instance, is realized by a corresponding change in image. "Lips" Manlis shaves his moustache and sideburns, showers, and emerges as Patrolman—Tracy as sponsor—Bob Honor. On the other hand, the renegade son of a decent old cop carries a birthmark (it's extraordinary to note how vivid this seems, as against the waxwork oddities of the later decades' figures) which may be an "acquired-hereditary" trait from Cain (not James M!).

Gould's image-processions convey a moral anarchy very different indeed from that of Harold Gray—a man, whatever his abrasive eccentricities, of authentic morality and, as the progression of *Little Orphan Annie* informs me, of moral courage. But the will to retain order, to cling to something of civilization, however fast-expiring and barely discernible, all of which makes so much of *Little Orphan Annie* quietly poignant and quietly chilling, is different from the sanguinary gusto of *Dick Tracy*, with its flash-fires of need and treachery and vengeance. *Tracy's* pestilent atmosphere, acrawl with erratic undertakings and with skills turned awry, all of which Chester Gould's perverse craft midwifes, is a linear heir of Webster and Ford, as are the spasmodic, half-blundering rhythms of the actions, the sense of stumbling through a miasma which even his masterminds, cop and crook, exhibit.

The apparatus of the Plentys' unhygienic fripperies is the formula in Gould's ongoing spectacle of Nature reversed and violated, of Nature avenging herself, of Nature becoming the attacker of her attackers, whether through the retaliations of former allies and henchmen, or through more direct agencies. Gould, in fact, invoked natural settings in contrast to criminal apparatuses set up within them in numerous episodes, one of the earliest during August of 1932, when Tracy, on vacation, exposed the scheming fiancé (drug-dealer and would-be killer) of Tess's friend; the wildcat-cordoned rustic hideaway of Cutie Diamond; and the poison gas plant of Karpse, amid the mountain greenery. All such, fairly certain, are according to the recommendations of Sherlock Holmes about the likelihood of rural quiet as a cover for criminality.

Yet, generally, the violation and perversion of Nature which the crooks in *Dick Tracy* embody is to be found in the drawing: the repression of the rigid patterning, the tightly braced bodies; the compulsive passion of the contorted faces, the angular, spasmodic gestures. The design itself, in other words, represents an affront to Nature which she is demonstrated as avenging again and again, either through the retaliation of the associates (the midget's Amazon consort scalding him to death; Krome, the toy-maker, executing his doublecrossing mistress under a hairdryer) or through some of the most ferociously attenuated death-sequences, the most broodingly exact depictions of death and decay/agony depicted in any comic strip.

Gould's competitors, expert at slambang violence as they might have been, had nothing on him for the portrayal of stage-by-stage agony and a shred-by-shred relinquishing of the compact imagery that their drawing accorded them. Little Face losing his ears to frostbite, and the blackened flesh of his neck mocking its grotesque expanse; the lethal toymaker, Krome, dying in the doorway, huddled, the *risus sardonicus* which had imprinted his acts during his life, fringed with dainty icicles as it forms on his lips. Laffy, his ribald, freckled face sunken to prisoner-of-war abjectness through the results of lockjaw. A savage mockery of his own design is here in the decorative magic that Chester Gould accords the violation of his own emblematic patterns, the sacrifices, as it were, of his gift to the retributive demands of Nature. And the most terrible aspect of his studies in attrition and the graphic violence—that is, the erotic fandangoes that he would compose from such violence—was the service to which Gould put his decoration: the Hogarthian detail plus the elegance of an unfrocked fashion designer. Does the seeming absence of compassion, and the power of Gould's graphic force thrust upon on us, suggest that such emotional attributes are irrelevant, in all drawing, to the step-by-step *autonomous* creation of emotion, the erection of feeling, which Goya, as well as Gould, knew could be evoked through "ruthless" caricature?

Style seems to have carried the day during the late metamorphoses of *Dick Tracy*, the late '50s through the '60s, during which, while his contemporaries corseted their drawing with ever-more-drastic bids for illustration-like literal felicity, Chester Gould steered his drawing into ever more radically Expressionistic, more flagrantly decorative exhibitions. He reverts also, of course, to decoration in his characters, the criminal all-stars, who have in the interim receded from routinely demonic personalities to names around which a figure is fashioned. With the occasional (rare) exception of someone like Flattop's brother, Blowtop, Gould's characters became not "personalities," but emblems, the final alienation of criminals into "freaks," with which the normal can regale themselves. Yet not quite perhaps—for these figures have still some of the now near-grotesque impressiveness of the old Herod and Pilate masks in the medieval mystery plays. And Gould's viewpoint, which might be called medieval-by-the-way-of-Jacobean, is almost unique, even among his fellows, in his capacity for *assuming* so much about the nature of evil that, as with all mythologies, once the assumptions had cooled, he was fully equipped to people his space with lesser (devil) deities. Alfred Andriola, of *Kerry Drake* (Gould's most fervid, and sadistic, competitor, coldly sadistic, in contrast with Gould's stormy blowoffs of violence), lagged sadly behind Gould. Andriola seemed to be striving for a style, for Gould's secret.

Gould was the most gallant artist, well-seconded by Dick Moores of *Gasoline Alley*, for defiantly maintaining a vitality of style—if not, past a certain point, content—and compositional elegance, against the garret-like space accorded them with increasing contempt by distributors and retailers proffering themselves as "editors." Comparing other strips, other artists, and perhaps, in regard to the above, future efforts, is to confuse the genre with a brilliant, well-nigh unique, off-branch. Chester Gould "had" his style, as was remarked of Henry James, congenitally. n

Bud, Which Way To The Noble Hotel?

By Tom DeHaven

In August, 1956 I was seven years old, summering with my mother and grandmother and older sister and brothers at my family's log house at Cranberry Lake, in the northwestern corner of New Jersey. One day before breakfast I was sent across the footbridge to Bert and Mary's general store. This was a poky little place situated between the Erie-Lackawanna railroad tracks and the pale-green lake, the clubhouse beach and the Pink Elephant bar.

It had plank flooring, chicken-wire screening and a lot of dangling flypaper; a grill, a soda fountain, four pinball machines and a jukebox; and it stocked—in addition to the staples, tanning oils and sweatshirts, flashlight batteries and picture post cards, swimming goggles and tennis balls, cheap toys and gag novelties—newspapers, magazines and comic books, and that morning, while waiting to pay for my quart of milk, Drake's cake and loaf of Buttercup bread (Mary could take a full half-hour just to slice a quarter-pound of pickle-and-pimento loaf when she was gossiping with a crony), I wandered over to see if maybe there was a new *Casper* out, or a *Superboy* or a giant-size *Dennis the Menace*. I quickly scanned a couple dozen bright shiny covers, and the one that caught my eye—that seized it!—belonged to a title I didn't recognize, a comic with the Harvey stamp in the upper lefthand corner, something called *Dick Tracy*.

Harvey published *Little Max*, *Little Audrey*, *Little Dot*, *Little Lotta*, a lotta little-kid stuff, but this *Dick Tracy* book was different. Boy, was it! On the cover, instead of a sight gag (Lotta balancing nine scoops of ice cream on a single cone; Audrey drying the dishes with a tabletop fan), there was a woman with no eyeballs! Huddled against her were two small girls, obviously frightened and exhausted, and the three of them had taken shelter on the lee side of a great boulder. It was raining hard, but in the background you could see a man in a snap-brim hat and a bright yellow trenchcoat, his necktie whipping over a shoulder as he ran searching through scrub grass. That had to be Dick Tracy, I figured. But who was the blonde lady without any eyeballs? And those girls. Who were they? And what was everybody doing outside in a storm? Questions, questions.

I bought the comic, *Dick Tracy* number 104, the October issue (October? In mid-August?), and read it cover-to-cover on my dawdling walk back home, acquainting myself with the great detective Tracy and his chain-smoking partner Sam Catchem, with bulky Chief of Police Patton, with B.O. Plenty and Gravel Gertie (what a pair!), with a toupeed fur thief called Rughead and a shotgun-killer named Happy. The woman with no eyeballs? She was Rainbow Reilly, and she was blind. Of course! And the little girls? Sparkle Plenty and Wingy; Wingy, for some mysterious reason, was drawn, panel after panel—there were six big panels to a page—with short lines of radiance surrounding her head. It didn't bother me, not at all, that the story (which had originally appeared in newspapers in 1954, though naturally I didn't know that) picked up in the middle of things, then broke off suddenly, to be continued next issue, on sale September 13. There was no disappointment, only giddiness, intoxication, sheer delight.

In the space of 20 minutes, possibly less, and for the cost of a single dime, and, best of all, serendipitously (thanks, Mom, for the errand; thanks, Mary, for the good dirt you'd dished at length!), I'd discovered the world according to Chester Gould, and ever since that green and muggy morning almost 30 years ago I've been immoderately nutty for *Dick Tracy*.

I'd rather read a collection of vintage *Tracy* melodramas than any novel in any genre by anybody, or see any movie or play. You bet, and I'd rather own a drawing by Chester Gould than a portfolio of drawings by—quick! name me a famous great artist. During the 25 or so golden years of the strip—from, say, the early '40s through the mid-'60s, from the Mole case to the

Matty Square/Mr. Bribery epic—the man produced popular narrative art of the highest caliber, excuse the pun. He was a masterful cartoonist, his style evolving from awkward, scratchy realism through slick expressionism to almost abstract design. As a storyteller, he was equally fine; he once admitted in a magazine interview that every *Tracy* story followed a single rubric of Crime, Chase and Capture. But it was the variations—oh! those variations—which he played throughout the years on such a formula that earned him his reputation and his fortune, not to mention my unceasing admiration. Tracy was Gould's hero; Gould was mine.

The Crime in any *Tracy* story was always two parts Tabloid to one part Dada: Spots tries to pass off his cola-addicted spouse as the aunt of a little Hawaiian heiress; Trusty Hubbub trains black panthers to snatch loot from an armored car; Empty Williams hijacks the wrong trailer and winds up with 120,000 baby diapers. The Chase—or more accurately, the Flight, since the focus of attention was generally on the bad guy—was frantic and impromptu, beginning somewhere in the big city—a nightclub (88 Keys), or a subway station (Flattop), or a construction site (Spinner Record)—and quite often climaxing (with the Capture/the Kill) way out in the open country—at a dude ranch (Jerome Trohs and Mamma), a cabin in the pines (Oodles), or a secluded chateau (Aunt Soso and Tartar Soss), on a dairy farm (Piggy) or a frozen pond (Wormy), along a gravel roadbed (Nilon and Rod Hoze), in a cornfield (Blowtop), a river (Measles) or sloughy tidelands (Cinn Ozone). Frequently, Gould complicated the Chase and Capture with natural disasters; there were, over the decades, several blizzards, several floods, and Mumbles, remember, died in the fog. In later years, of course, the Chase could stretch from the Earth to the Moon and back again. (The strip's mid-'60s mild science-fiction, by the way, was okay by me: I liked the space coupe and the squadcar-in-a-bucket, and was tickled by all that gobbledygook about magnetism.)

The average *Dick Tracy* story ran about three months in length, and whenever it was clear that comeuppance was near for the current rogue, I'd begin go look forward, eagerly, to the first peek at a new bad guy—usually in the final panel of a Sunday page. What a thrill that inevitably was! I remember the day that Brush appeared. The guy's face, holy cow, was entirely covered with bristly hair, out of which protruded a dandy's long cigarette holder! And the twin Clipso Brothers. Looking back on them now, their resemblance to the bloated Elvis Presley in his Las Vegas decline is positively eerie. And Pantsy, with his wiry goatee and his ermine jacket—now, there was a creep. Yeah! The adjective most often used to describe a Gould villain is grotesque, and they were, they were. But with the possible exceptions of Pruneface and Nothing Yonson—whose features smacked of wriggling bacteria—none of them was truly repulsive. They were fascinating. Gould maintained that he drew them all as uglies because crime is ugly and because, too, a new reader could immediately identify the gangster. I don't buy that entirely. I think he drew his felons ugly because it was fun, and because he was a cartoonist, not an illustrator, and cartoonists, by definition, exaggerate, and because, finally, everybody loves a monster, and Gould, a commercial man as well as a creative artist, aimed to please.

But monsters like Shakey and Shoulders and Itchy and Coffyhead were popular not just because of how they looked. That was only half of it, if that much. All of Gould's crooks and killers, con-men and madmen had personal quirks and idiosyncrasies, particular mannerisms and styles of speech, passions, phobias, motivations, their dispositions, always, were as singular, and as striking, as their mugs. Shoulders was not Shakey without the heebie-jeebies, nor was Coffyhead just Itchy redrawn as a percolator. These guys were solid characters—originals.

ABOVE: Flattop (1943).
LEFT: Rainbow Reilly (1954).

Chester Gould wrote and drew *Dick Tracy* for more than 46 years. It was his work entirely, from the strip's inception in October 1931 till his retirement on Christmas Day, 1977; he never employed other writers, he never used a ghost. His assistants (Dick Moores in the '30s, Jack Ryan and Coleman Anderson in the '40s, Dick Locher in the '50s and Rick Fletcher in the '60s and '70s) prepared boards and did backgrounds and lettering, period. (Gould's brother Ray also did lettering for a long stretch.) I haven't, alas, read the entire run of *Tracy*, but I have read at least 70 per cent of it and found very little, very little indeed, that I've disliked: the policework in the early continuities was utterly bogus, and the stories, throughout much of the '30s, swiped a bit too freely from Warner Bros.; Tracy's late-in-the-run mustache made him look sleazy, like Smilin' Jack with a shovel jaw; the "Sawdust" strip-within-a-strip simply wasn't funny, and the Museum of Ruined Hats was a lame and overused gimmick; Groovy Grove was a stinker from Day One.

Except for those few complaints—quibbles really—I've enjoyed practically everything about the strip—the logo, the lettering and the art (Gould's dime-sized snowflakes and scribbly cigarette smoke were as distinctive as his florid signature), the characterizations and the plotting, the narrative pacing and the death traps, and all those labeled arrows (2-way wrist radio; 2-way wrist TV; unsweetened grape juice; the $40,000; the

Pantsy (1958).

George Ozone (1955).

$100,000). I think, though, that what I've really liked best about it were all the little touches, the bits of business, the oddball details: The three holes in B.O. Plenty's hat, and Plenty's perennial mispronunciation of Tracy's name—Mr. Macy, Mr. Bracy, Mr. Racy—Diet Smith's ulcer belches, usually lettered inside discreet balloons; health faddist George Ozone inquiring rhetorically of everyone, "Ye gods, would you believe I'm 84 years old?"; Mr. Bribery's cigar-smoking housecat, and Matty Square's perfectly square smoke rings; Headache's ever-present bottle of aspirin; likewise, Rhodent's hunk of cheese; the pinup girl on Empty Williams's extraordinarily wide necktie; Ex-Chief Brandon's cameo reappearance as owner/proprietor of a garden supply shop called Lawn Order.

Charles Dickens would've appreciated Chester Gould—for those juicy, juicy bits of business, and for so many others as good or better; for Gould's deft manipulation of dramatic coincidence and irony (a tortoise that brakes a rolling barrel, which contains an unconscious little boy, six inches from a precipice; a drug pusher who dies of lockjaw because he receives antitoxins too late; a killer who'd been condemned to the gallows strangling in ivy 40 years after his escape from the Death House); and for his brilliant images (the midget squeezed inside the "automatic" shoe-heeling machine; a 467-pound desperado stepping onto a bathroom scale while dressed in a Turkish towel and a two-gun shoulder holster; the policewoman and the juvenile delinquent thrashing it out inside a wooden vat of pickles; the barracuda in the swimming pool; a killer racing around the countryside trying—in vain! in vain! in vain!—to shake from his neck the ghost of the girl he murdered). Yes, Dickens would've appreciated Gould: the begetter of character names as wonderful as Pip, Newman Noggs, Mr. Pecksniff and the Artful Dodger would've—don't you think?—been vastly amused by names the likes of Talcum Freely, Autumn News and Christmas Early, Acres O'Reilly and Rifle Ruby, Vitamin Flintheart and Sketch Paree, the Kitten Sisters and E. Kent Hardly, Newsuit Nan and the Summer Sisters, May and June.

Sigmund Freud proposed two conditions under which a biography might be justified: "First, if the subject has had a share in important, generally interesting events; second, as a psychological study." So what do you think—was Chester Gould's long life the stuff of narrative? Did it have what it takes? Was it instructional, edifying, glamorous, archetypal, full of adventure, adversity, heroic struggle and tragedy, teeming with famous friends—existentially boffo? Apparently not. It appears to have been comfortable, routinized, family-and-work centered, fundamentally untroubled, bourgeois. The ideal life, said Flaubert, for an imaginative artist. Though far, far from ideal stuff for a biographer.

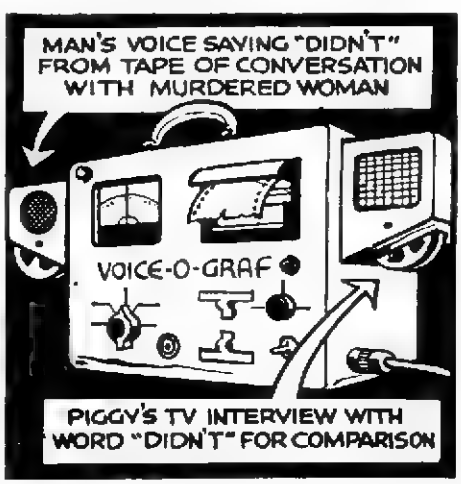
Gould traveled only locally. He lived on a farm in Woodstock, Illinois that produced some alfalfa, some corn. He belonged to a country club. He played poker and miniature golf. He once—once—met J. Edgar Hoover, and mentioned it with pride, again and again and again. He married Edna Gauger in 1926 and remained married to her for the rest of his life. He had one child, a daugher named Jean. He smoked cigars, eight a day, ran laps around his heated pool, enjoyed good digestion, and untied his shoelaces and loosened his belt before sitting down to draw. He looked like any Mr. Jones, Mr. Smith, Parson Brown, everybody's kindly neighbor. He was modest about his abilities, often self-deprecating, but meanwhile—meanwhile, his work was being read, and his vision shared, daily by 100,000,000 people. My hero.

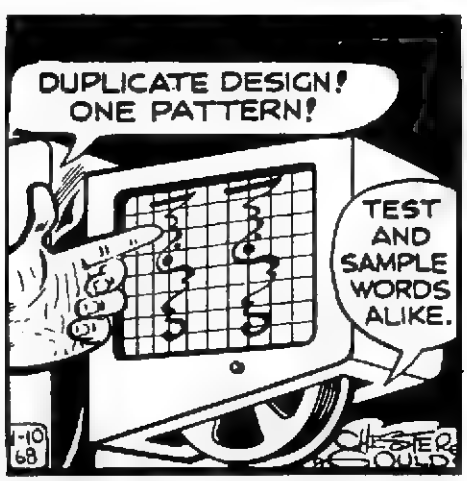
I have a collection of photocopied magazine profiles and *Who's Who* entries about Chester Gould, going back to the '40s, and they're all basically the same article. The biographical poop never varies: Born in Pawnee, Oklahoma late in 1900, happy home life, loving parents, father a printer, later the manager of a weekly newspaper; as a teenager, "Chet" enrolled in the W.L. Evans School of Cartooning—20 lessons, by mail, for 20 bucks; attended Oklahoma A&M College, dropped out after two years and went, in the fall of 1921, to Chicago, where he scuffled around for a solid decade, drawing unsuccessful humor strips for Hearst. Then, bingo! the big time.

All the articles invariably retell the famous story of Gould's first meeting with Joseph ("Let's call him Dick") Patterson, boss of the Chicago Tribune/New York Daily News Syndicate, and contain, somewhere, descriptions of Gould's typical workday. No matter if the description dates from 1944 or 1949, 1956, 1964 or 1972, it's the same description. Mondays, in his office on the 11th (or 14th or 18th, take your pick) floor of the Tribune Building in Chicago, he wrote the script for a Sunday page. Tuesdays, at the office again, he drew the page for publication in 10 weeks' time. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays he worked at home on the daily strips that would be published in six weeks. On weekends he dreamed up, or furthered, his plots. He never missed a deadline. Typical quotation: "The one and only purpose of *Dick Tracy* is entertainment, and incidentally to make me a living."

Yes, all right, fine. But, but . . .

But where, for heaven's sake, did the stuff of *Dick Tracy*, that splendid, outrageous, inimitable and violent American gothic come from? *Colliers*, *Life* and the *Saturday Evening Post* never thought to ask; after all, the man they were interviewing was just another syndicated cartoonist, chubby, affable and rich. Or if by some chance they did ask about Gould's inspiration,


MAN'S VOICE SAYING "DIDN'T" FROM TAPE OF CONVERSATION WITH MURDERED WOMAN
VOICE-O-GRAF
PIGGY'S TV INTERVIEW WITH WORD "DIDN'T" FOR COMPARISON



THIS RADIO STUFF OF DANNY'S IS DRIVING ME CRAZY - THERE'S RADIO PARTS EVERYWHERE. YOU EVEN LOOK AT THAT KITCHEN CABINET - CRAM FULL OF 'EM

The mother from *Radio Cats* (early 1920s).

they were content to accept his glib reply that Al Capone, way back when, had gotten his dander up. They would write that down, then dress it up in a couple thousand words of obsequiously slick journalese, and go to press. Yes, all right, fine. But...

But here was a man who'd written and drawn some of the least inspired—let's be blunt about it: some of the lamest, the godawfulest, the dopiest—newspaper comics ever to have seen print, *Fillum Fables* and *Radio Cats*, and then suddenly, in his late 30s, early 40s, here's the very same man writing and drawing one of the half-dozen greatest strips in the history of the art. What happened? Huh? What—besides his frankly admitted desire to become a millionaire—inspired him, influenced him? Did he read much fiction? Hammett maybe? Chandler? Or Cain? No, he didn't read mystery novels or thrillers, he said; he found them "highly repetitive and very low on imagination." (He once claimed that he liked Ellery Queen, but that was after Ellery Queen wrote a nice introduction to *The Celebrated Cases of Dick Tracy*.) How about Hemingway. Did he read much Hemingway? Or Hawthorne? I don't know. Nobody asked him, as far as I can find. What artists did he like, what illustrators, what painters? Did he listen to music—what kind of music? I don't know. Nobody asked him, as far as I can find. How about other cartoonists? His favorite strip was Frank Willard's *Moon Mullins*. And besides *Moon Mullins*? *Peanuts*. And besides *Peanuts*? I don't know, I don't know.

Gould—obviously—was not interviewed very often, or well. In the early years, he was treated in print as a cross between a country bumpkin and a newspaper boy; later, when *Tracy* was being criticized for its violence, he was treated as something of a crank, a political nut, a bad influence, a dinosaur.

Crap!

I always wanted to meet Chester Gould. When I was a boy I used to imagine myself growing up to become his apprentice, and I often thought of writing him a letter. I never did, until about three years ago. By then, Gould had been retired for quite some time, but I figured, better late than never. It was a short note. I forget what I said exactly—I said that I'd loved his work since I was seven, that I still read it in reprints, and that I was a full-time writer and had him to thank for it, which I believe is absolutely true. I didn't receive a response, but I didn't expect to.

Then a year ago this past spring, while reading through several of those old photocopied magazine articles, I started wondering if it might be possible to interview Gould, really interview him—ask him all the questions that nobody else ever did. I talked to Rick Marschall, editor of *NEMO*, about it, and he said yeah, why don't you do that. He got me Gould's phone number.

Before I called, though, I wrote him another letter, this one telling him what I had in mind to do and asking him if he'd be interested. I said I'd telephone at such and such a time—a Friday afternoon—and he could then give me his answer. I mailed it off, enclosing several issues of *NEMO*.

When the day arrived, I called a little after one o'clock. A woman answered.

"May I speak to Mr. Gould, please?"

"Why, yes, of course," she said, without asking who I was.

About a minute later, he came on the line, his voice hearty but hoarse. I identified myself, and mentioned the letter I'd sent. There was a very long pause on the wire, and then he asked, "Are you the fellow that wants to talk to me about the 2-way wrist radio?"

"No," I said, "not just that. I wanted to do an interview with you—about your career, about the strip itself. I sent you a letter and a few copies of *NEMO*. Did you get that?"

Gould said, "*NEMO*? Now, I don't know what that might be. There's lots of mail around here, but I haven't been getting to it. You see, I'm just not feeling myself these days. As a matter of fact, I've just come back from the doctor. I have to stay off

my feet. I m just not feeling myself.'

"I'm very sorry to hear that," I said.

"Maybe after the summer," he said. "If you're still interested then, why don't you give me a call back after the summer. Yes, I might like to do your interview then."

I said I'd definitely call, I thanked him for his time and hoped he'd be feeling better soon.

That was the first time I talked to Chester Gould.

The second and last time was the following September.

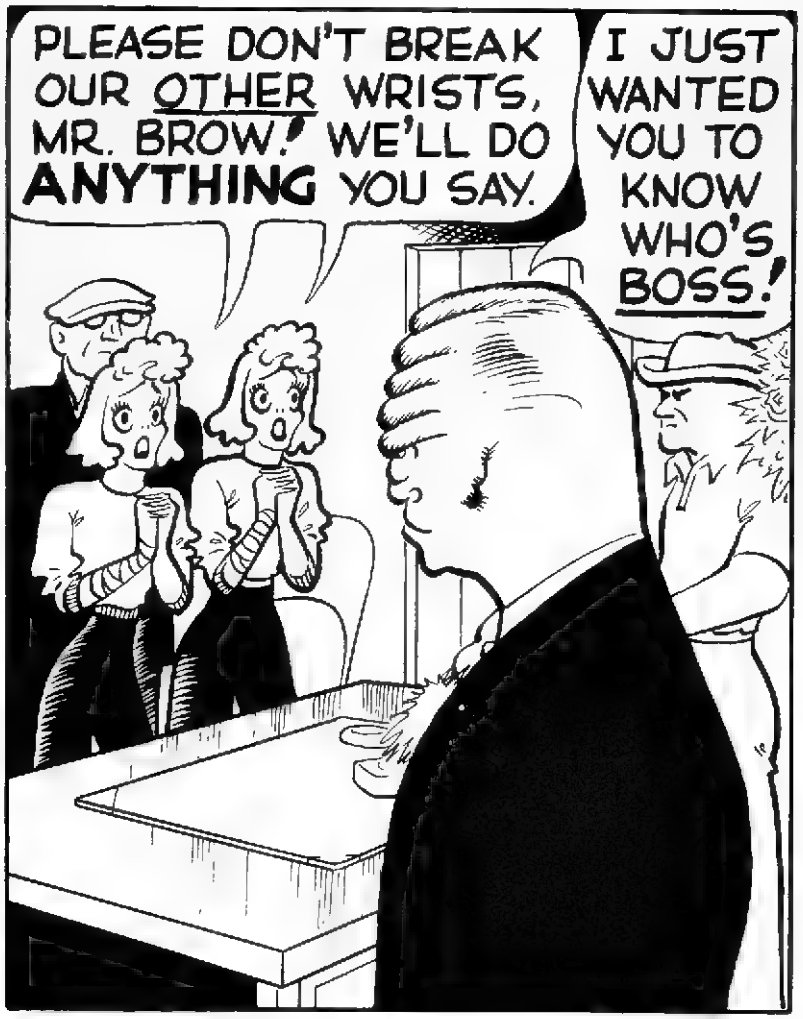
"Yes, I remember talking to you," he said, "but I'm afraid I'm going to have to turn you down. I m just not feeling myself these days. I m having heart problems, you see. Have to stay off my feet all the time. I don't think I'd be up for doing this interview. I'm very, very sorry to have to disappoint you."

And I said, it came blurting out, "Mr. Gould, before I hang up, I just want to tell you that I've loved your work all my life. It's wonderful."

"Why, thank you so much he said, sounding a little embarrassed. ' Thank you for telling me." Then he hung up the phone.

Chester Gould died of congestive heart failure on May 11, 1985. His obituaries appeared the next day, which happened to be a Sunday. I missed them because I rarely buy the Sunday papers anymore: there's too much news, too many ads, I'm not interested in sports or celebrities, and the comics are crummy. But I found out about his death that afternoon from some friends who'd come over for an impromptu turkey dinner. (Turkeys had been on sale.) As I was carving the bird, the cranberry sauce and mashed potatoes were being passed around. We were talking about this and that, and then somebody asked, "Did you see that Chester Gould passed away?" and somebody else said, "Yeah, I read that," and suddenly I felt as though I'd been elbowed under my sternum. And then I just felt terribly sad. I remembered that morning at Bert and Mary's store, remembered the lady without any eyeballs. Good-bye, Chester Gould, I thought, then raised my glass and drank a toast to his memory. Then I sat down to Thanksgiving in May. n

"My Greatest Villain"



In this issue's interview, Chester Gould names the "Brow" story as one of his best. It certainly was: surely none of his villains was more despicable—the Brow was a Nazi spy during World War II. It also featured in one story all of the elements he would apportion to different stories through the years—a chase, kidnaping, torture, Tracy getting wounded, innocent people being sucked in—all in one classic tale. It also featured a remarkably rich cast of incidental characters—including the Summer Sisters and Gravel Gertie, truly one of Gould's most memorable players.

Technically the episode is brilliant. There is in the story no real mystery, although, of course, there is a crime. But the interest stems from the Chase. It is unremitting, bowstring-tight, frantic. Tracy here is not a detective but a hunter. In the breathless pursuit, Gould brilliantly cuts back and forth between the Brow's point of view and Tracy's; we are not impartial viewers, but have a netural vantage point, seeing the action from every angle—both visually and psychologically.

—REM

CHIEF BRANDON, THIS IS CAPTAIN BOWLINE. I WANT TO INFORM YOU, DICK TRACY HAS JUST BEEN COMMISSIONED LIEUTENANT, SENIOR GRADE, IN THE NAVAL INTELLIGENCE
HE'LL OPERATE IN PLAIN CLOTHES. IT WON'T INTERFERE WITH HIS REGULAR WORK WITH YOU, AND IT WILL MEAN MUCH TO US
SO YOU'RE MEETING YOUR BROTHER AT THE SERVICE CENTER, EH? WELL, YOU GO 3 BLOCKS THAT WAY, AND TWO BLOCKS OVER-
YES, WE'RE LOST, MISTER
—THEN YOU GO 3 FURTHER AND THEN ONE BLOCK TO THE RIGHT— AND THAT BRINGS YOU RIGHT TO HEADQUARTERS. AND THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING
CHESTER GOULD
AH-AH-AH-AH—!! PUT IT BACK!
SO THAT'S YOUR GAME! THE SERVICE CENTER STUFF IS JUST A GAG, EH? OKAY NOW, WHO ARE YOU?
OH, SIR, WE REALLY ARE THE SUMMER SISTERS. I'M MAY AND SHE'S JUNE
WELL, YOU'LL PROBABLY SPEND THE REST OF MAY AND ALL OF JUNE IN THE JUG. YOU'RE PICKPOCKETS
BUT, MISTER, I WAS ONLY REACHING FOR YOUR HANDKERCHIEF. YOU SEE, WE ALL ARE STRANGERS IN TOWN
WE MUST GET BETTER ACQUAINTED
COME, LADIES WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A NICE LONG TALK
POLICE
OH, SIR, YOU'RE MAKING A TERRIBLE MISTAKE BRINGING US TO THE JAIL HOUSE THIS WAY
JUST A PAIR OF LITTLE PICKPOCKETS
OKAY, NOW, SIT DOWN THERE, YOU TWO
AND, MURPHY, CALL THE MATRON.
WELL! WHO ARE YOUR FRIENDS??
I'M TIRED
AND I'M HUNGRY
THE SUMMER SISTERS. SHE'S MAY AND SHE'S JUNE
H'M
I SEARCHED THEM, MR TRACY THEY HAVE NO WEAPONS
H'M THE SUMMER SISTERS??
WE MIGHT AS WELL TELL THE TRUTH, MISTER WE WEREN'T HEADED FOR THE SERVICE CENTER WE WERE JUST HUNGRY AND BROKE
WE'RE FROM HOMETON WE CAME TO THE CITY TO GET A JOB ON THE RADIO.
DON'T SWEETHEART ME
COME ON CUT IT!
OH, BOO HOO HOO!
SAY, THAT'S MY HANDKERCHIEF. WHY, SHE PICKED MY POCKET!
SUMMER SISTERS, YOU TOLD ME YOU HAD A BROTHER IN THE NAVY HOW ABOUT IT?
WELL, THAT'S A FIB, TOO, SIR
DO YOUR FOLKS IN HOMETON KNOW YOU CAME TO THE CITY?
OH, NO, SIR. I DON'T THINK SO.
HEY, DICK, LOOK! I OPENED THEIR BAG. IT'S EMPTY!
WELL, I'LL BE DARNED! CAME TO THE CITY WITH NO MONEY—NO BAGGAGE! DID YOU EXPECT TO GO RIGHT INTO BIG TIME RADIO?
OH, YES, SIR, OR THE STAGE. YOU SEE, WE ACT, TOO.

BESSY MAY BESSY MAY MUCHO
HEY, MURPHY!
GO DOWN TO THE RAILWAY TICKET OFFICE AND BUY TWO TICKETS TO HOMETON. THE SUMMER SISTERS ARE GOING HOME
HELLO, VITAMIN
GREETINGS, AND THE TOP OF THE MORNING TO YOU, OFFICER MURPHY IS THE GREAT DETECTIVE WITHIN?
TEARS OF SHEER JOY WILL WELL UP IN HIS MANLY EYES WHEN I TELL HIM I'VE LANDED A STARRING ROLE IN "LOVES AFIRE." YES, SIR, A STARRING ROLE!
WE'RE THE SUMMER SISTERS — I'M MAY AND SHE'S JUNE.
OH, I KNOW THAT. BUT YOU'RE ALSO A PAIR OF PICKPOCKETS, AREN'T YOU?
YOU SEE, WE REALLY WEREN'T GOING TO MEET OUR BROTHER AT THE SERVICE CENTER. WE HAVE NO BROTHER BUT WE WERE JUST BROKE AND —
WELL, YOU MADE A GREAT START TRYING TO PICK THE POCKET OF A DETECTIVE.
LISTEN, SUMMER SISTERS, LET'S CUT OUT THE BUNK. WHAT DID YOU COME TO THE BIG CITY FOR? WHAT'S YOUR GAG?
WE WANT TO BE ACTRESSES, MR. TRACY. WE CAME TO THE BIG TOWN TO GET ON THE STAGE.
THE STAGE? DID SOMEBODY SAY STAGE?
VITAMIN FLINTHEART WOULD BE GLAD TO LEND HIS TALENTS TOWARDS COACHING TWO LOVELY CREATURES IN THE ART OF THE DRAYMA.
EASY, VITAMIN.
MERE CHILDREN. BABES IN SWADDLING CLOTHES. LOVELY THINGS!
SUMMER SISTERS, I'VE BOUGHT TWO RAILROAD TICKETS! YOU TWO ARE GOING HOME.
PAT, TAKE THEM DOWN TO THE COAST FLIER! AND SEE THAT THEY GET ABOARD
BOO! HOO! HOO!
OH, BOO! HOO!
COME ON. YOU HEARD HIM. IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.
DO NOT PARK HERE
MY DEAR BOY, YOU'VE MADE A GRAVE MISTAKE. I'VE JUST LANDED A PART IN THE MUSICAL "LOVES-AFIRE." I-I COULD DO WONDERS FOR THEM
THAT I DOUBT.
30 MINUTES LATER
WELL, HERE YOU ARE! TRACY EVEN GOT YOU A COMPARTMENT.
OH, MR PATTON. YOU'RE SO NICE.
BUT YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO IS NICE. (SOB) NOBODY UNDERSTANDS US. WE HAVE TALENT, MR. PATTON, LOTS OF TALENT. (SOB)
HEY! ~!☆?!
TEAR UP THAT SHEET AND TIE HIM, MAY. WHEN THIS TRAIN PULLS OUT WE WON'T BE ON IT BUT MR. PATTON WILL!

SCENE: TRAIN COMPARTMENT TO WHICH PAT HAS ESCORTED THE SUMMER SISTERS
YOU GRABBED MY GUN, YOU—
TEAR UP THAT SHEET, MAY
THEN YOU REALLY ARE LITTLE CROOKS! TRACY WAS RIGHT.
TIE HIM GOOD!
WE CAME TO THE BIG CITY TO STAY AND NO POLICE OR DETECTIVES ARE GOING TO SEND US BACK.
WELL, THAT'S THE END OF THE SUMMER SISTERS, MAY AND JUNE! THEY'RE SAFELY ON THEIR WAY BACK TO HOMETON BY NOW.
YES, PAT PROBABLY SIGHED WITH RELIEF WHEN THE TRAIN PULLED OUT
WELL, THERE HE IS, TIED GOOD AND TIGHT
BUT WHAT WILL WE DO, JUNE? THE TRAIN'S ALREADY ON ITS WAY.
I MADE THIS TRIP ONCE BEFORE THIS TRAIN STOPS AT QUINLAN AVENUE WE'LL GET OFF THERE!
I THINK THE TRAIN'S SLOWING DOWN LET'S GO
WAIT A MINUTE, JUNE
WE'LL NEED MONEY.
MAY—YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN HIS WALLET! IT-IT'S-
LET'S GO OBOY! -ALL THE MONEY!
THE VESTIBULE DOOR ISN'T OPEN
WAIT! I'LL PUSH THIS LITTLE LEVER WE'LL GET OUT OKAY
THE STATION'S ON THE OTHER SIDE NO ONE WILL SEE US
YOU KNOW, TRACY, MY LAD—I'VE BEEN THINKING OF THOSE SUMMER SISTERS! PERHAPS AT HEART THEY WERE LITTLE ANGELS. AND BESIDES, MY SHOW NEEDS TWO GIRLS
VITAMIN, THE SUMMER SISTERS ARE A CLOSED CHAPTER! THEY'VE GONE HOME!
TICKETS! TICKETS!
HUH? WH-?
STOP THE TRAIN! WIRE HEADQUARTERS! NAB THOSE SUMMER SISTERS! WHY, I'LL —!?★!
WHAT IS THIS?
MAY, I JUST COUNTED THE MONEY IN HIS POCKETBOOK— FIFTY DOLLARS. WE'RE RICH!
LET'S EAT. I'M HUNGRY. OH-H- -AND I'M SCARED.
WE-WE'VE GOT TO BUY NEW COSTUMES, MAY WE'RE FUGITIVES, YOU KNOW. WE'LL BE RECOGNIZED TOO EASILY IN THESE THINGS
URANT
WE'LL EAT FIRST, SIS
WE'LL FEEL BETTER AFTER SOME FOOD WE CAN THINK BETTER, TOO
GREETINGS, LADIES, LEAVE US NOT BE HASTY, BUT CAN I TAKE YOUR ORDER?
EGAD! I CAN'T GET THOSE SUMMER SISTERS OFF MY MIND IT WAS MERELY A GLIMPSE OF THEM I HAD IN HEADQUARTERS THAT DAY— BUT I COULD SEE THEY HAD TALENT
WELL! WHERE HAVE—?? WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?
SUMMER SISTERS! PHOOEY!

AHA, IT'S OVER AN HOUR TILL MATINEE TIME. METHINKS I'LL WATCH THE FISHERMAN BENEATH THE BOULEVARD BRIDGE—AND DAY DREAM.
GONNA TRY YOUR LUCK, MISTER?
LUCK? AHA, MY BOY, I HAVE TRIED MY LUCK—IN LIFE'S MAD WHIRLPOOL. LO, THESE MANY YEARS
I MERELY WISH TO SIT HERE IN SWEET REPOSE AND DREAM — THAT'S ALL. JUST DREAM
AFTER WE EAT WE WANT TO BUY SOME CLOTHES WHERE IS THE NEAREST SHOP?
THE SHOPS ARE ALL ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BRIDGE, MA'M, A BLOCK DOWN. YOU JUST CROSS THE BRIDGE
CAN THAT BE THE SAME BRIDGE VITAMIN IS SITTING UNDER?

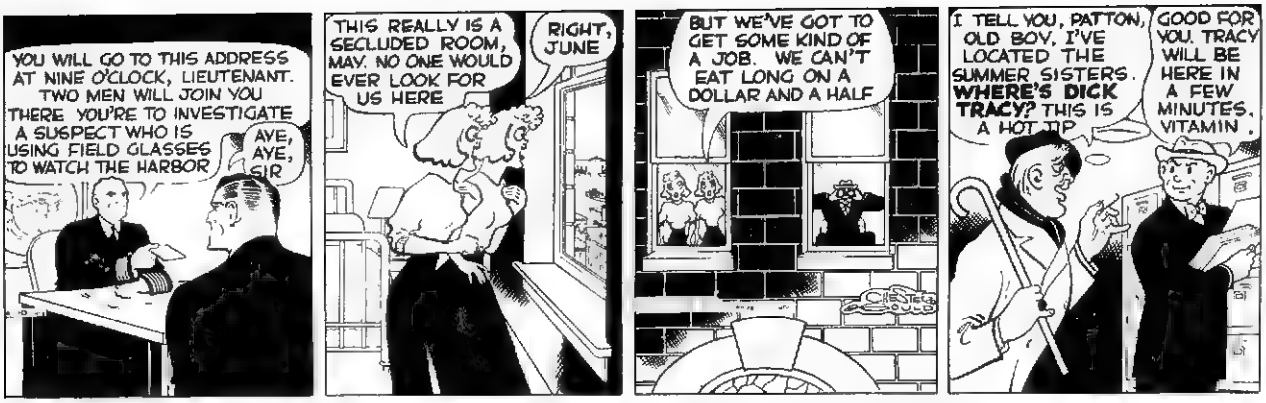
I TELL YOU, THEY'RE VICIOUS! AFTER SEIZING MY GUN, THEY TIED ME UP IN THE TRAIN COMPARTMENT AND TOOK FIFTY DOLLARS OUT OF MY POCKET.
TRACY, HOW DO YOU FIGURE THOSE SUMMER SISTERS?
I HARDLY KNOW, CHIEF. SOMETIMES I THINK THEIR SISTER ACT, AS STAGE-STRUCK KIDS, IS MERELY A FRONT FOR SOMETHING MORE SINISTER.
DO YOU MEAN THAT, TRACY?
JOE, TELL THE RADIO OPERATOR TO SEND OUT THIS FLASH ON THE SUMMER SISTERS. WE'VE GOT TO PICK THEM UP.

MEANWHILE
THERE! I FEEL BETTER THAT'S THE FIRST SQUARE MEAL WE'VE HAD IN OVER A WEEK.
LET'S GO
WE'VE GOT TO BUY NEW CLOTHES — AND CHANGE OUR APPEARANCE. THE COPS WILL BE AFTER US NOW, FOR SURE
JUNE, I DON'T LIKE THIS. LET'S GO BACK HOME AND FORGET TRYING TO BE SINGERS AND RADIO ACTRESSES AND—
BACK HOME? WELL, I SHOULD SAY NOT, MAY! WE'VE GOT MONEY NOW — WE CAN—
DRESS SHOPPE

WE'LL TAKE THEM. AND WOULD YOU WRAP UP THE OLD ONES, PLEASE?
LOOK, TRACY! I CONTACTED THE CHIEF OF POLICE IN THAT LITTLE TOWN WHERE THOSE SISTERS SAID THEY LIVED. HE NEVER HEARD OF 'EM.
JUST AS WE FIGURED, PAT. THEY LIED ALL ALONG.
AND NOW, LET US LOOK IN ON THE WANDERING VITAMIN FLINTHEART
SO YOU'RE AN ACTOR, EH? WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN HERE?
JUST DAY DREAMING, MY LAD, JUST DAY DREAMING.

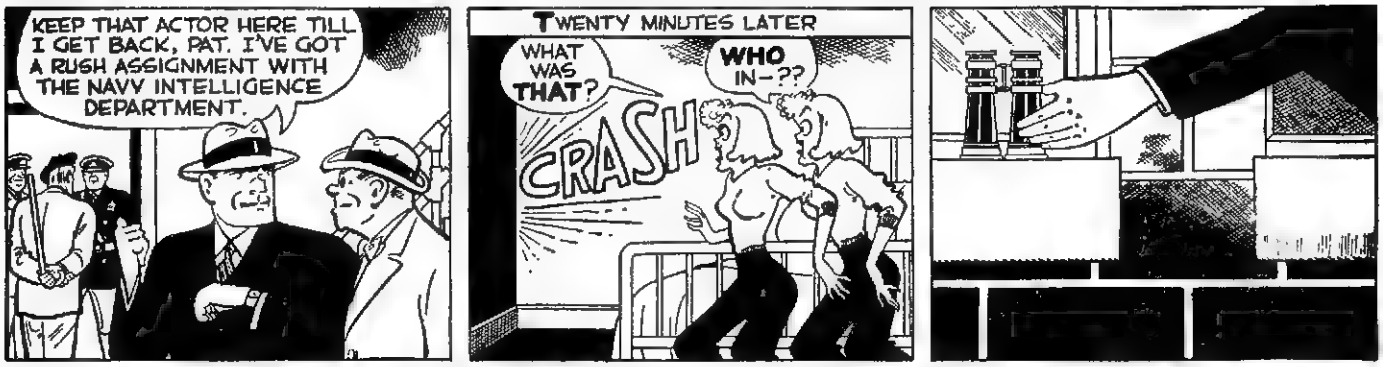
YEAH? DON'T YOU LIKE TO FISH?
DREAMING OF THE DAYS GONE BY. WOMEN BEAUTIFUL WOMEN THAT CAME AND WENT. WHY, ONLY YESTERDAY, I MET TWO SISTERS—
AND ON THE BRIDGE ABOVE.
THERE! NOW WE'RE RID OF THOSE OLD COSTUMES FOR GOOD.
EGAD! THE PETTICOAT INFLUENCE FOLLOWS ME LIKE MY SHADOW—
WHAT'S THIS?
MAN THE NET, BOYS! HERE IT COMES.

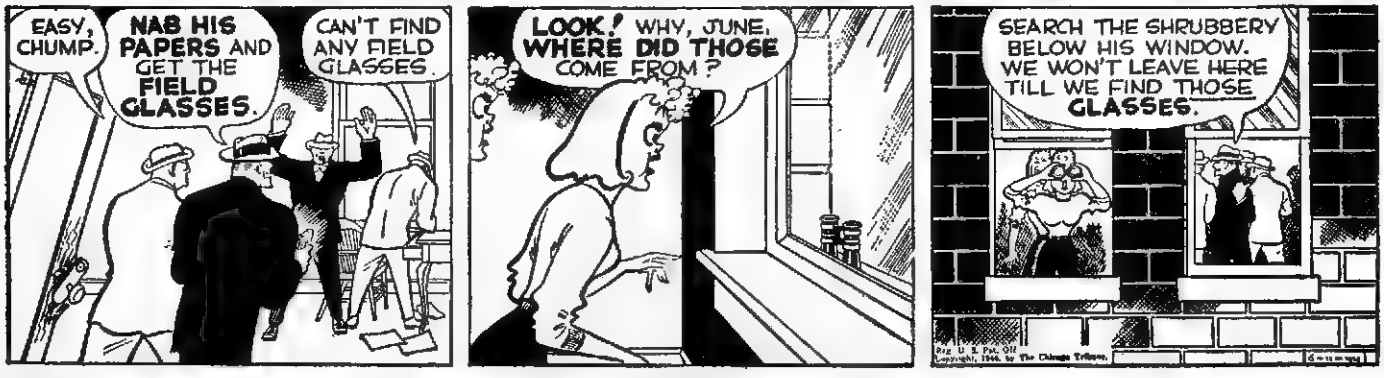
THERE THEY GO, JUNE! THAT'S THE END OF THOSE FRILLY DRESSES OF OURS.
I FEEL MUCH BETTER IN THIS SLACK OUTFIT
—WELL, I'LL BE DARNED! A DRESS —COMMITTING SUICIDE!
TWO DRESSES!
I TELL YOU, MY LAD, THE PETTICOAT INFLUENCE FOLLOWS ME LIKE A SHADOW! GIVE ME YOUR FISHING ROD!
IS THAT YOUR DRESS—ER I MEAN DO YOU KNOW WHOSE IT IS?
HOLD TIGHT, SON. THE GARMENT LOOKS STRANGELY FAMILIAR!
HEY! DON'T BREAK MY ROD!
TUT, TUT! I'VE ALMOST GOT IT!
THERE WERE TWO OF 'EM! I RECOVERED ONE! THAT MEANS JUST ONE THING—THE SUMMER SISTERS!
MY DREAM GIRLS! THE POLICE MAY THINK THEY'RE CROOKS—BUT TO ME—AH, THEY'RE TWO DELICATE FLOWERS! I MUST FIND THEM
THERE'S A NEWSSTAND! LET'S BUY A PAPER AND LOOK IN THE WANT ADS FOR A ROOM BEFORE THE POLICE SPOT US
YES, EVEN NOW I HAVE A FEELING WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED.
ATTENTION—ALL SQUADS. WATCH FOR TWO GIRLS ABOUT NINETEEN YEARS OLD— BLONDE HAIR. KNOWN AS THE SUMMER SISTERS DRESSED ALIKE—WANTED FOR LARCENY—THEY ARE ARMED
WHY, THOSE LITTLE CRIMINALS! THAT GUN THEY TOOK FROM ME WAS MY PET I CARRIED IT FOR EIGHT YEARS.
HM! TWO LITTLE DAMES! I CAN'T GET OVER IT
IT'S THEM! I'VE FOUND THEM! HEY— MY DARLINGS! WAIT— WAIT!
IT'S THAT EX-ACTOR, VITAMIN FLINTHEART WE MET HIM IN THE POLICE STATION I'LL BET HE'S A STOOL PIGEON FOR THE COPS. WHAT'LL WE DO?
STAND STILL I'LL HANDLE VITAMIN FLINTHEART.
ROOMS FOR RENT?
LADIES, LOOK. I WAS BENEATH THE BRIDGE WHEN YOU THREW YOUR OLD DRESSES OVER I WANT TO TALK TO YOU
HAIL A CAB AND HAVE THE DOOR OPEN
I HAVE A JOB FOR YOU. I'M GOING TO PUT YOU ON THE STAGE—
MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, YOU EX-HAM! WE KNOW YOU'RE WORKING FOR THE POLICE! YOU-★!!@
VICIOUS! THAT IS THE WORD! —VICIOUS!
CHESTER GOULD
AFTER THEIR ENCOUNTER WITH VITAMIN FLINTHEART, THE SUMMER SISTERS CONTINUE THEIR SEARCH FOR A ROOM
THE RENT IS TWELVE DOLLARS A WEEK. IT'S A NICE AIRY ROOM
AFTER BUYING THE SLACK SUITS, WE HAVE JUST THIRTEEN-FIFTY LEFT. WHAT'LL WE DO?
PAY HER. WE'LL HAVE A ROOM FOR A WEEK, ANYWAY.
AHA! I SHALL WRITE DOWN THE ADDRESS. LITTLE DO THEY DREAM I TOOK THE NEXT CAB AND FOLLOWED THEM THE LITTLE CRIMINALS
IT'S VITAMIN FLINTHEART. HE SAYS HE HAS SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO TELL YOU
CAN'T TALK TO HIM NOW, PAT. I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH THE NAVY INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT


YOU WILL GO TO THIS ADDRESS AT NINE O'CLOCK, LIEUTENANT. TWO MEN WILL JOIN YOU THERE. YOU'RE TO INVESTIGATE A SUSPECT WHO IS USING FIELD GLASSES TO WATCH THE HARBOR
AYE, AYE, SIR
THIS REALLY IS A SECLUDED ROOM, MAY. NO ONE WOULD EVER LOOK FOR US HERE
RIGHT, JUNE
BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET SOME KIND OF A JOB. WE CAN'T EAT LONG ON A DOLLAR AND A HALF
I TELL YOU, PATTON, OLD BOY, I'VE LOCATED THE SUMMER SISTERS. WHERE'S DICK TRACY? THIS IS A HOT TIP
GOOD FOR YOU, TRACY. WILL BE HERE IN A FEW MINUTES, VITAMIN.

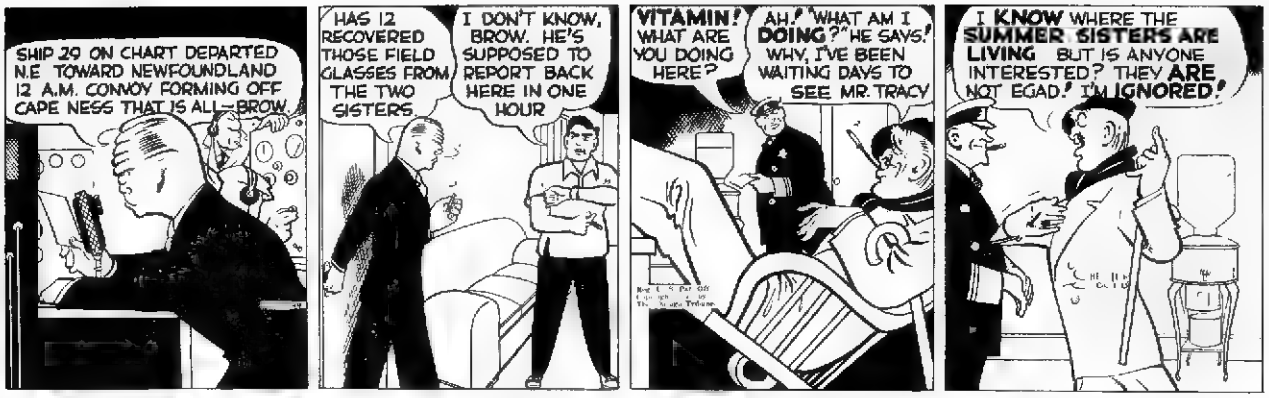
THIS IS A HONEY OF A ROOM, MAY. JUST LOOK AT THE VIEW. WE CAN SEE RIGHT DOWN TO THE DOCKS
YES, LOOK AT ALL THE SHIPS.
I'LL BET THOSE ARE TROOP SHIPS. YOU KNOW, I SAW A LOT OF SAILORS AND SOLDIERS MARCHING DOWN THAT OTHER STREET.
TROOP SHIPS?
GEE, THE SCENERY FROM HERE IS WONDERFUL! I BET IF WE HAD FIELD GLASSES—WE COULD SEE EVERY LITTLE DETAIL.

YOU KNOW, JUNE, I THINK WE'LL FORGET ABOUT OUR STAGE CAREERS TEMPORARILY AND GET JUST ANY KIND OF A JOB. WE'VE GOT TO EAT
I'LL SAY! I'M HUNGRY!
I TELL YOU, MY LAD, THE DRESS CAME FLUTTERING DOWN FROM THE BRIDGE. I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED IT AND I RAN UP THE STAIRS TO THE BRIDGE.
YEAH?
SURE ENOUGH. IT WAS THE SUMMER SISTERS. THEY DIDN'T SEE ME. I FOLLOWED THEM. I KNOW WHERE THEY'RE STAYING.
THAT'S GREAT, VITAMIN. BUT I'LL SEE YOU LATER. I'VE GOT TO BEAT IT NOW!


KEEP THAT ACTOR HERE TILL I GET BACK, PAT. I'VE GOT A RUSH ASSIGNMENT WITH THE NAVY INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT.
TWENTY MINUTES LATER
WHAT WAS THAT?
WHO IN—??
CRASH


EASY, CHUMP.
NAB HIS PAPERS AND GET THE FIELD GLASSES.
CAN'T FIND ANY FIELD GLASSES.
LOOK! WHY, JUNE, WHERE DID THOSE COME FROM?
SEARCH THE SHRUBBERY BELOW HIS WINDOW. WE WON'T LEAVE HERE TILL WE FIND THOSE GLASSES.

SO-YOU'VE BEEN WATCHING THE HARBOR WITH FIELD GLASSES, EH? WELL, WE'RE TAKING YOU IN
THE NAVY'S INTERESTED IN YOU, BUD.
THERE ARE NO FIELD GLASSES IN THE SHRUBBERY. HE DIDN'T THROW THEM DOWN HERE
YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME.
WHEN WE FIND THOSE FIELD GLASSES, WE'LL HAVE PLENTY ON YOU.
BUT, MAY, THEY JUST SUDDENLY APPEARED ON THE WINDOW SILL OUT OF NOWHERE. WHAT'LL WE DO WITH THEM?
WE'LL KEEP 'EM. THAT'S WHAT. SH-SH- LISTEN!
COME ALONG, BROTHER. THE HEAD OF THE NAVY INTELLIGENCE WANTS TO TALK TO YOU
CONTINUE SEARCHING THE ROOM FOR THOSE FIELD GLASSES. I'LL BE WAITING TO HEAR FROM YOU AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS
MAY, THOSE WERE COPS NEXT DOOR. I HEARD SOMEONE MENTION POLICE HEADQUARTERS
WHAT?
AND IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN
WELL, HANTZ, WHAT IS IT? YOU SEEM EXCITED!
BROW. I'VE GOT BAD NEWS
HERE'S YOUR SPY, CAPTAIN
GOOD! BRING HIM INTO THE NEXT ROOM WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A LONG TALK
IT'S THIS WAY, BROW SHIP SPOTTER 26, IN THE OLD ROOMING HOUSE, HAS BEEN PICKED UP BY NAVAL INTELLIGENCE
WHAT? WHY, THAT STUPID PIG!
WHAT ABOUT HIS FIELD GLASSES? THEY ARE THE MOST DAMNING EVIDENCE. DID POLICE GET THEM?
THE FIELD GLASSES HAVE FALLEN INTO THE HANDS OF TWO GIDDY GIRLS ROOMING NEXT TO HIM.
MAY, THESE ARE WONDERFUL GLASSES! WHY, I CAN SEE A GOLD TOOTH IN THE MOUTH OF THAT POLICEMAN DOWN THERE
JUNE, GET BACK FROM THAT WINDOW!
YOU SAY THOSE FIELD GLASSES ARE IN THE HANDS OF TWO GIRLS
YES, BROW
I WANT THOSE GLASSES AND WANT THEM NOW
BUT, BROW, THE PLACE IS UNDER SURVEILLANCE BY NAVY MEN.
DID I ASK YOU FOR A LITERARY DESCRIPTION OF THE PLACE? I WANT THOSE GLASSES!
NO, BROW. NOT THAT! I'LL GET THE GLASSES!
YOUR FINGERPRINT RECORD SHOWS YOUR NAME IS NOFFEL. YOU WERE CONVICTED OF ESPIONAGE DURING THE LAST WAR AND YOU ENTERED THIS COUNTRY ILLEGALLY IN 1938! NOW, DO YOU CARE TO CARRY ON FROM THERE?
MAY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THIS GUN WE TOOK FROM MR. PATTON
WE DON'T WANT THE POLICE TO FIND IT ON US! YOU STAY THERE, I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.
AH! THE BATHROOM LINEN CLOSET! I'LL PUT IT UNDER THESE WINTER BEDCLOTHES
PAT, GO TO THAT ROOMING HOUSE AND GET THE LANDLADY TO GIVE YOU A LIST OF NAMES OF ALL HER ROOMERS. ALSO KEYS TO EVERY ROOM IN HER HOUSE

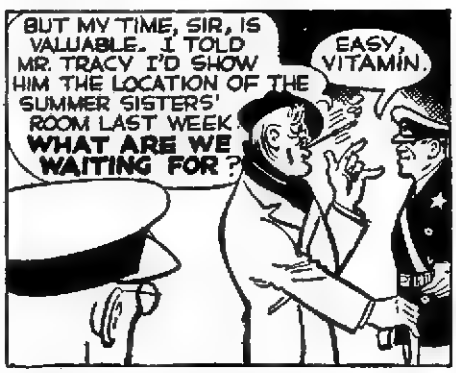

SHIP 29 ON CHART DEPARTED N.E TOWARD NEWFOUNDLAND 12 A.M. CONVOY FORMING OFF CAPE NESS THAT IS ALL—BROW
HAS 12 RECOVERED THOSE FIELD GLASSES FROM THE TWO SISTERS
I DON'T KNOW, BROW. HE'S SUPPOSED TO REPORT BACK HERE IN ONE HOUR
VITAMIN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
AH! "WHAT AM I DOING?" HE SAYS! WHY, I'VE BEEN WAITING DAYS TO SEE MR. TRACY
I KNOW WHERE THE SUMMER SISTERS ARE LIVING BUT IS ANYONE INTERESTED? THEY ARE, NOT EGAD! I'M IGNORED!

THE ENTIRE ROOMING HOUSE IS UNDER SURVEILLANCE, CAPTAIN, AND WE EXPECT TO FIND OUT MORE AND GET THE FIELD GLASSES BEFORE LONG.
H'M! SPYING ON TROOPS AND SUPPLY SHIPS, EH?

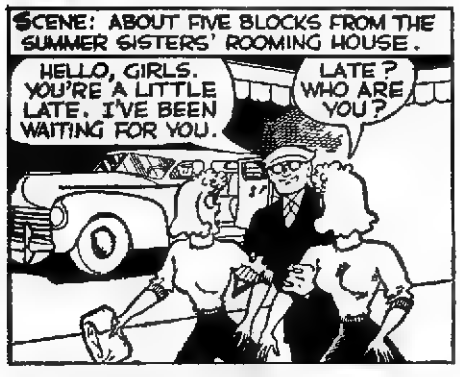
I TELL YOU, MAY, SOMETHING'S HAPPENING IN THIS BUILDING. THOSE WERE COPS NEXT DOOR. WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
BUT WE HAVEN'T ENOUGH MONEY TO RENT ANOTHER ROOM.

YOU'RE RIGHT WE'RE — SAY, WE COULD HOCK THOSE FIELD GLASSES.
BUT THEY'RE NOT OUR FIELD GLASSES. SOMEBODY PUT THEM ON THE WINDOW SILL.

WE HAVEN'T EATEN IN TWO DAYS. WE CAN'T JUST ROT UP IN THAT ROOM. COME ON. LET'S GO!
BUT IF WE HOCK THOSE GLASSES WE'LL BE MIXED UP IN WHATEVER IT IS THAT'S GOING ON HERE.


BUT MY TIME, SIR, IS VALUABLE. I TOLD MR. TRACY I'D SHOW HIM THE LOCATION OF THE SUMMER SISTERS' ROOM LAST WEEK. WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?
EASY, VITAMIN.

TRACY'S BUSY THIS MORNING WITH THE NAVAL INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT. HE'LL BE HERE LATER.
LATER, HE SAYS. BAH! TEMPUS FUGITS AND HE SAYS LATER!


SCENE: ABOUT FIVE BLOCKS FROM THE SUMMER SISTERS' ROOMING HOUSE.
HELLO, GIRLS. YOU'RE A LITTLE LATE. I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU.
LATE? WHO ARE YOU?

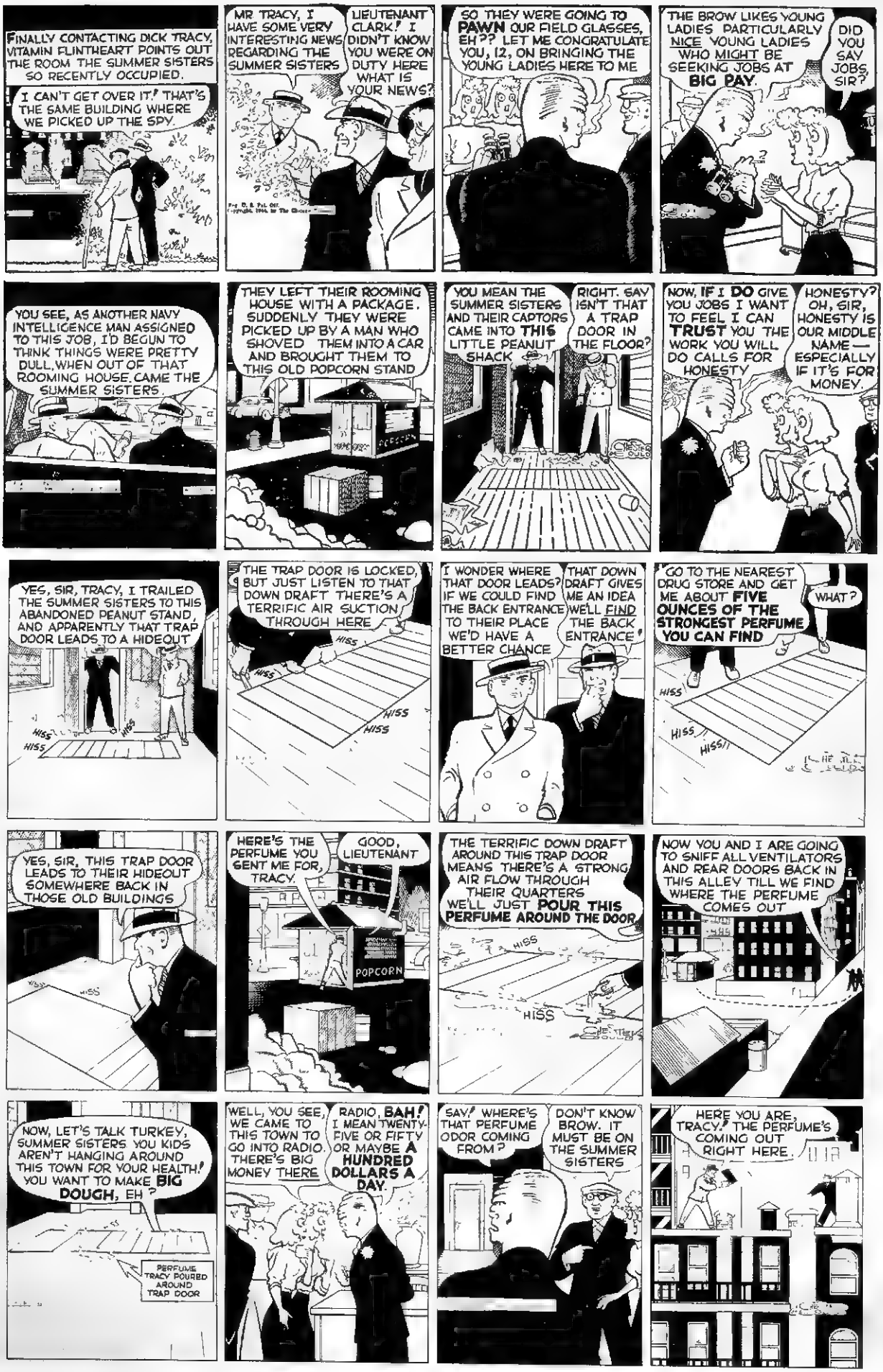
WE HAVE NO DATE WITH YOU! WHERE ARE—
KEEP YOUR TRAPS SHUT OR I'LL CHOKE THE LIFE OUT OF BOTH OF YOU— AND I'LL TAKE THAT PACKAGE.

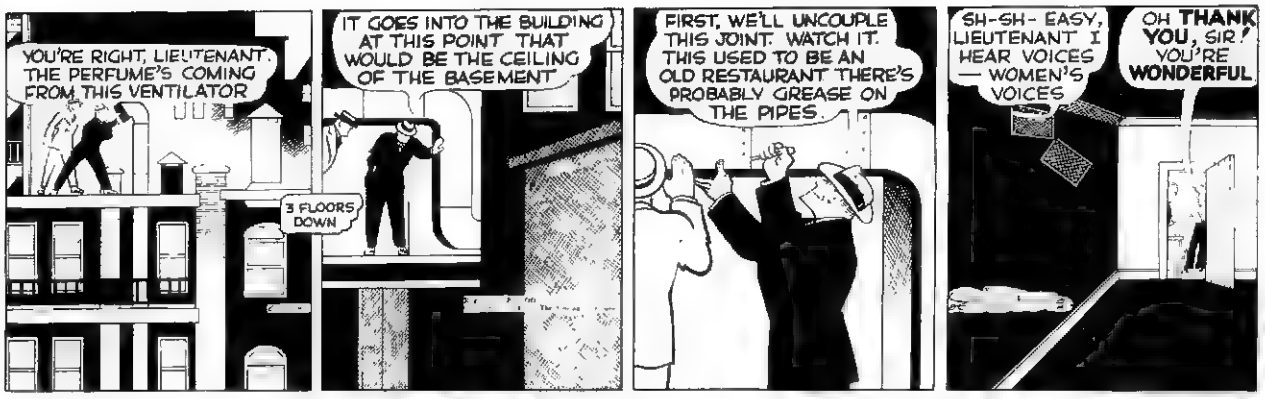
AND ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES LATER IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN
HE'S HERE, BROW.
GOOD. SEND HIM IN.

I RETRIEVED OUR FIELD GLASSES, BROW, AND I ALSO BROUGHT ALONG THE TWO CHARMING GIRLS WHO HAD THEM.
WE'RE THE SUMMER SISTERS. I'M MAY AND SHE'S JUNE.

CHARMED! CHARMED, INDEED SIT DOWN, LADIES. THE BROW WELCOMES YOU.

THAT'S THEIR ROOM, MY LAD. THE WINDOW ON THE LEFT
YE GODS! THAT'S THE BUILDING WHERE WE JUST PICKED UP THE SPY!


FINALLY CONTACTING DICK TRACY, VITAMIN FLINTHEART POINTS OUT THE ROOM THE SUMMER SISTERS SO RECENTLY OCCUPIED.
I CAN'T GET OVER IT! THAT'S THE SAME BUILDING WHERE WE PICKED UP THE SPY.
MR TRACY, I HAVE SOME VERY INTERESTING NEWS REGARDING THE SUMMER SISTERS
LIEUTENANT CLARK! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE ON DUTY HERE WHAT IS YOUR NEWS?
SO THEY WERE GOING TO PAWN OUR FIELD GLASSES, EH?? LET ME CONGRATULATE YOU, 12, ON BRINGING THE YOUNG LADIES HERE TO ME
THE BROW LIKES YOUNG LADIES PARTICULARLY NICE YOUNG LADIES WHO MIGHT BE SEEKING JOBS AT BIG PAY.
DID YOU SAY JOBS, SIR?
YOU SEE, AS ANOTHER NAVY INTELLIGENCE MAN ASSIGNED TO THIS JOB, I'D BEGUN TO THINK THINGS WERE PRETTY DULL. WHEN OUT OF THAT ROOMING HOUSE CAME THE SUMMER SISTERS
THEY LEFT THEIR ROOMING HOUSE WITH A PACKAGE. SUDDENLY THEY WERE PICKED UP BY A MAN WHO SHOVED THEM INTO A CAR AND BROUGHT THEM TO THIS OLD POPCORN STAND
YOU MEAN THE SUMMER SISTERS AND THEIR CAPTORS CAME INTO THIS LITTLE PEANUT SHACK
RIGHT. SAY ISN'T THAT A TRAP DOOR IN THE FLOOR?
NOW, IF I DO GIVE YOU JOBS I WANT TO FEEL I CAN TRUST YOU THE WORK YOU WILL DO CALLS FOR HONESTY
HONESTY? OH, SIR, HONESTY IS OUR MIDDLE NAME — ESPECIALLY IF IT'S FOR MONEY.
YES, SIR, TRACY, I TRAILED THE SUMMER SISTERS TO THIS ABANDONED PEANUT STAND, AND APPARENTLY THAT TRAP DOOR LEADS TO A HIDEOUT
HISS
THE TRAP DOOR IS LOCKED, BUT JUST LISTEN TO THAT DOWN DRAFT THERE'S A TERRIFIC AIR SUCTION THROUGH HERE
I WONDER WHERE THAT DOOR LEADS? IF WE COULD FIND THE BACK ENTRANCE TO THEIR PLACE WE'D HAVE A BETTER CHANCE
THAT DOWN DRAFT GIVES ME AN IDEA WE'LL FIND THE BACK ENTRANCE!
GO TO THE NEAREST DRUG STORE AND GET ME ABOUT FIVE OUNCES OF THE STRONGEST PERFUME YOU CAN FIND
WHAT?
YES, SIR, THIS TRAP DOOR LEADS TO THEIR HIDEOUT SOMEWHERE BACK IN THOSE OLD BUILDINGS
HERE'S THE PERFUME YOU SENT ME FOR, TRACY.
GOOD, LIEUTENANT
POPCORN
THE TERRIFIC DOWN DRAFT AROUND THIS TRAP DOOR MEANS THERE'S A STRONG AIR FLOW THROUGH THEIR QUARTERS WE'LL JUST POUR THIS PERFUME AROUND THE DOOR
NOW YOU AND I ARE GOING TO SNIFF ALL VENTILATORS AND REAR DOORS BACK IN THIS ALLEY TILL WE FIND WHERE THE PERFUME COMES OUT
NOW, LET'S TALK TURKEY, SUMMER SISTERS. YOU KIDS AREN'T HANGING AROUND THIS TOWN FOR YOUR HEALTH! YOU WANT TO MAKE BIG DOUGH, EH?
PERFUME TRACY POURED AROUND TRAP DOOR
WELL, YOU SEE, WE CAME TO THIS TOWN TO GO INTO RADIO. THERE'S BIG MONEY THERE
RADIO, BAH! I MEAN TWENTY-FIVE OR FIFTY OR MAYBE A HUNDRED DOLLARS A DAY.
SAY! WHERE'S THAT PERFUME ODOR COMING FROM?
DON'T KNOW BROW. IT MUST BE ON THE SUMMER SISTERS
HERE YOU ARE, TRACY! THE PERFUME'S COMING OUT RIGHT HERE.

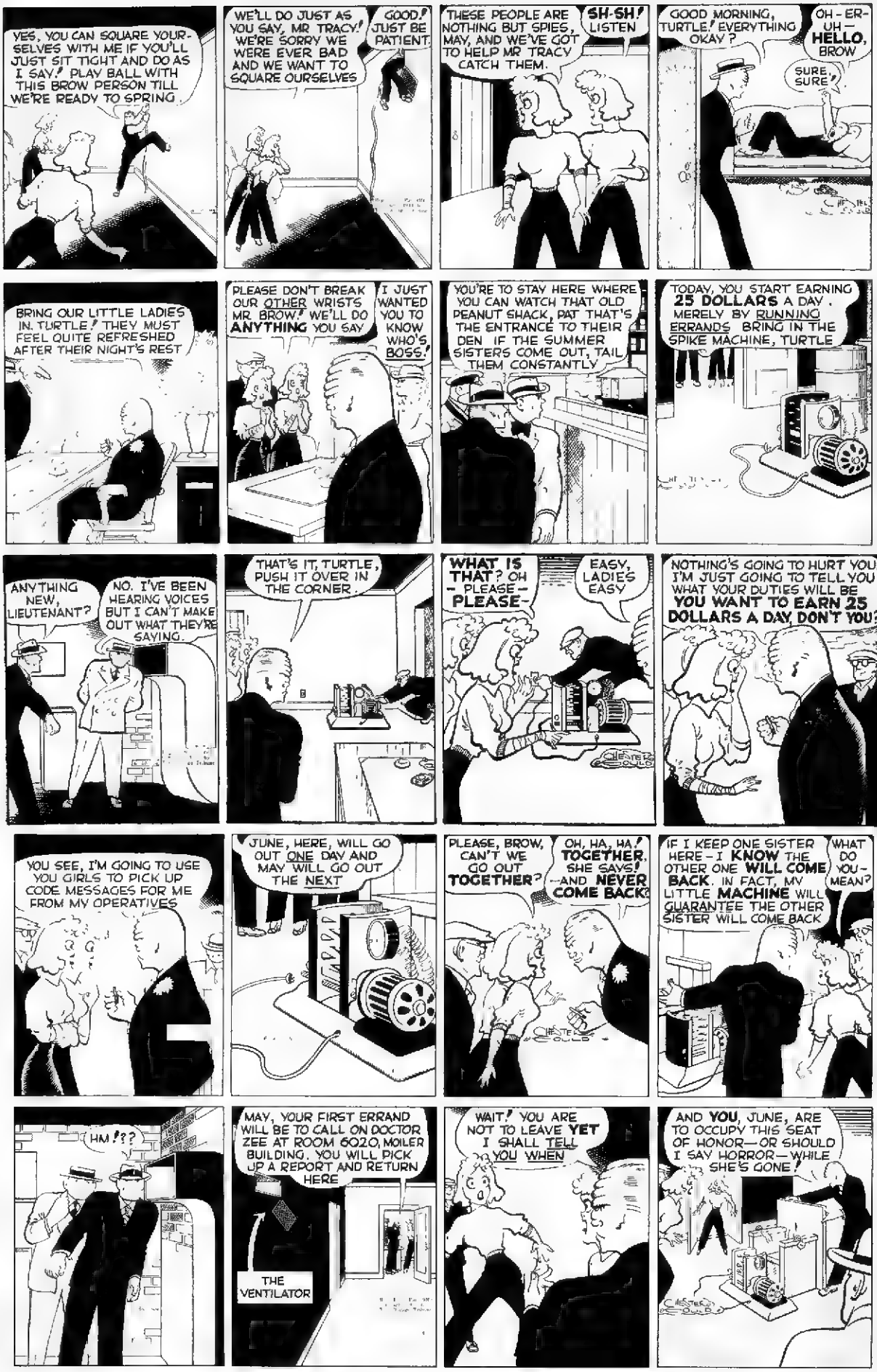

YOU'RE RIGHT, LIEUTENANT. THE PERFUME'S COMING FROM THIS VENTILATOR
3 FLOORS DOWN
IT GOES INTO THE BUILDING AT THIS POINT THAT WOULD BE THE CEILING OF THE BASEMENT
FIRST, WE'LL UNCOUPLE THIS JOINT. WATCH IT. THIS USED TO BE AN OLD RESTAURANT THERE'S PROBABLY GREASE ON THE PIPES.
SH-SH- EASY, LIEUTENANT I HEAR VOICES — WOMEN'S VOICES
OH THANK YOU, SIR! YOU'RE WONDERFUL

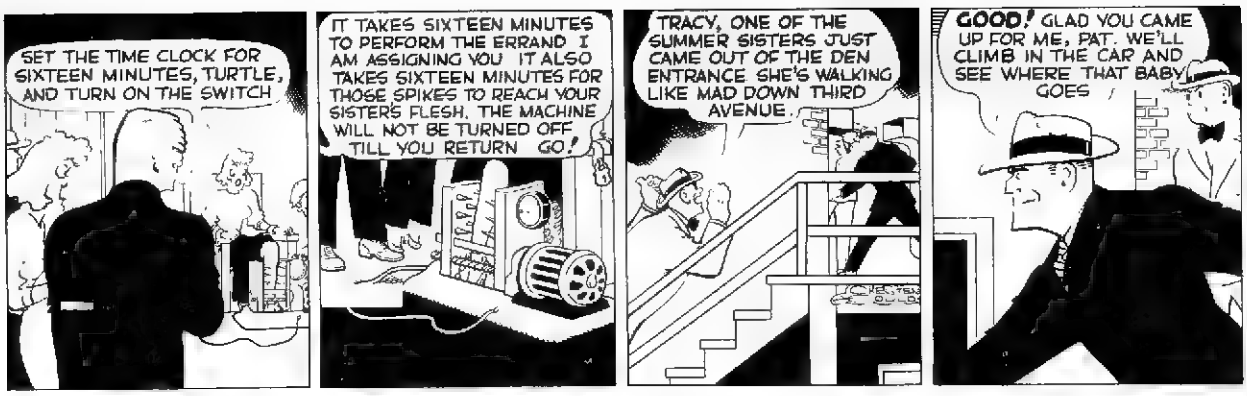
WHY- YES, WE'D LIKE A STEADY JOB.
FINE. YOUR WORK WILL CONSIST OF SHIP SPOTTING AND OTHER DUTIES. THE PAY WILL BE TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS A DAY.
TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS A DAY! WHOEE!!
ALL WORK IS CONFIDENTIAL OF COURSE. LET ME HAVE YOUR HANDS, PLEASE.
OUCH!
CRACK
CRACK

MY WRIST! YOU BROKE MY WRIST.
YOU BROKE IT. I HEARD THE BONE CRACK!
YOU BELONG TO ME, NOW, SUMMER SISTERS!
YOU HAVE NOT LIVED TILL YOU HAVE BEEN BRANDED BY THE BROW. HAVE THE DOC FIX THEM UP, TURTLE.
HALF AN HOUR LATER
YOU WILL REST IN HERE THE REMAINDER OF THE DAY. WE WILL GO INTO DETAILS OF YOUR WORK, TOMORROW
OH-H-H MY WRIST. OHOH OHOH!

I HEARD THE DOOR CLOSE. I'M GOING IN.
SH-SH! EASY, SUMMER SISTERS! YOU DIDN'T EXPECT COMPANY THROUGH THIS OLD VENTILATOR SHAFT, DID YOU?
YOU SEE, THIS USED TO BE A FAMOUS RESTAURANT
OH, MR. TRACY, WE'LL NEVER DO ANYTHING BAD AGAIN IF ONLY YOU'LL GET US OUT OF HERE
SH-SH

PLEASE HELP US, MR. TRACY. PLEASE!
HOW DID YOU KNOW WHERE WE WERE?
A NAVY MAN SAW YOU LEAVE YOUR ROOM WITH THOSE FIELD GLASSES. HE SAW YOU ENTER THE CAR. HE FOLLOWED.
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyright, 1944, by The Chicago Tribune
WE'VE BEEN BAD — BUT PLEASE HELP US. PLEASE!
GIRLS, YOU CAN SQUARE YOURSELVES WITH ME IF YOU'LL JUST SIT TIGHT AND DO AS I SAY. PLAY THEIR GAME WITH THEM. PRETEND NOTHING'S WRONG AND BE PATIENT.
SHIP 26 LOADED WITH AMMUNITION HEADED N.E. TO JOIN CONVOY OFF CAPE SABLE. SHIP 4 ON CHART STILL IN PORT — BROW.

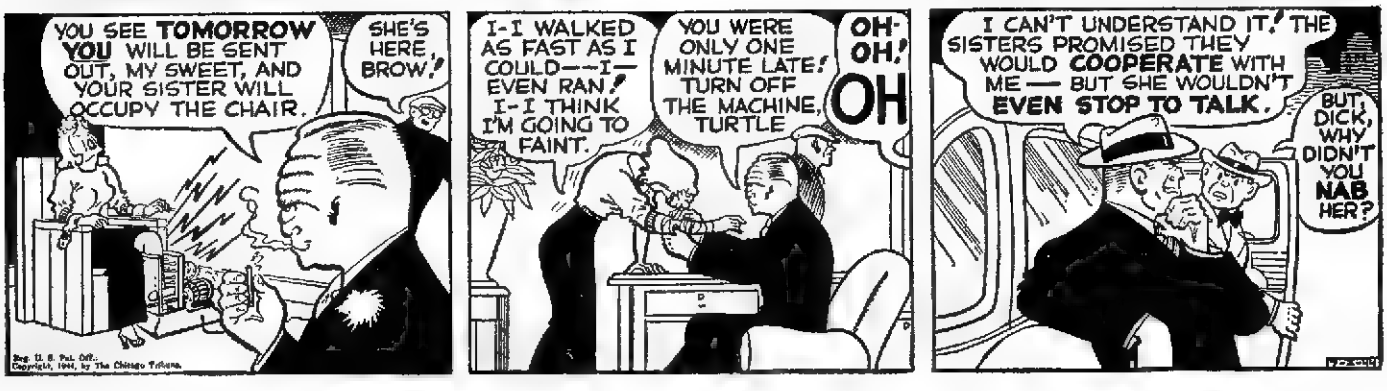

YES, YOU CAN SQUARE YOURSELVES WITH ME IF YOU'LL JUST SIT TIGHT AND DO AS I SAY! PLAY BALL WITH THIS BROW PERSON TILL WE'RE READY TO SPRING
WE'LL DO JUST AS YOU SAY, MR TRACY! WE'RE SORRY WE WERE EVER BAD AND WE WANT TO SQUARE OURSELVES
GOOD! JUST BE PATIENT.
THESE PEOPLE ARE NOTHING BUT SPIES, MAY, AND WE'VE GOT TO HELP MR TRACY CATCH THEM.
SH-SH! LISTEN
GOOD MORNING, TURTLE! EVERYTHING OKAY?
OH - ER- UH - HELLO, BROW
SURE, SURE!
BRING OUR LITTLE LADIES IN, TURTLE! THEY MUST FEEL QUITE REFRESHED AFTER THEIR NIGHT'S REST
PLEASE DON'T BREAK OUR OTHER WRISTS MR BROW! WE'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY
I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW WHO'S BOSS!
YOU'RE TO STAY HERE WHERE YOU CAN WATCH THAT OLD PEANUT SHACK, PAT THAT'S THE ENTRANCE TO THEIR DEN IF THE SUMMER SISTERS COME OUT, TAIL THEM CONSTANTLY
TODAY, YOU START EARNING 25 DOLLARS A DAY. MERELY BY RUNNING ERRANDS BRING IN THE SPIKE MACHINE, TURTLE
ANYTHING NEW, LIEUTENANT?
NO. I'VE BEEN HEARING VOICES BUT I CAN'T MAKE OUT WHAT THEY'RE SAYING.
THAT'S IT, TURTLE, PUSH IT OVER IN THE CORNER.
WHAT IS THAT? OH - PLEASE - PLEASE -
EASY, LADIES EASY
NOTHING'S GOING TO HURT YOU. I'M JUST GOING TO TELL YOU WHAT YOUR DUTIES WILL BE YOU WANT TO EARN 25 DOLLARS A DAY, DON'T YOU?
YOU SEE, I'M GOING TO USE YOU GIRLS TO PICK UP CODE MESSAGES FOR ME FROM MY OPERATIVES
JUNE, HERE, WILL GO OUT ONE DAY AND MAY WILL GO OUT THE NEXT
PLEASE, BROW, CAN'T WE GO OUT TOGETHER?
OH, HA, HA! TOGETHER, SHE SAYS! --AND NEVER COME BACK!
IF I KEEP ONE SISTER HERE - I KNOW THE OTHER ONE WILL COME BACK. IN FACT, MY LITTLE MACHINE WILL GUARANTEE THE OTHER SISTER WILL COME BACK
WHAT DO YOU - MEAN?
HM!??
MAY, YOUR FIRST ERRAND WILL BE TO CALL ON DOCTOR ZEE AT ROOM 602.O, MOILER BUILDING. YOU WILL PICK UP A REPORT AND RETURN HERE
THE VENTILATOR
WAIT! YOU ARE NOT TO LEAVE YET I SHALL TELL YOU WHEN
AND YOU, JUNE, ARE TO OCCUPY THIS SEAT OF HONOR—OR SHOULD I SAY HORROR—WHILE SHE'S GONE!


SET THE TIME CLOCK FOR SIXTEEN MINUTES, TURTLE, AND TURN ON THE SWITCH
IT TAKES SIXTEEN MINUTES TO PERFORM THE ERRAND I AM ASSIGNING YOU IT ALSO TAKES SIXTEEN MINUTES FOR THOSE SPIKES TO REACH YOUR SISTERS FLESH. THE MACHINE WILL NOT BE TURNED OFF TILL YOU RETURN GO!
TRACY, ONE OF THE SUMMER SISTERS JUST CAME OUT OF THE DEN ENTRANCE SHE'S WALKING LIKE MAD DOWN THIRD AVENUE.
GOOD! GLAD YOU CAME UP FOR ME, PAT. WE'LL CLIMB IN THE CAR AND SEE WHERE THAT BABY GOES

ARE YOU THE DOCTOR?
AHA! THE GIRL WITH THE BROKEN WRIST. COME IN, MY DEAR.
6020
THIS IS INFORMATION FOR THE BROW. IT'S IN CODE OF COURSE. YOU WILL CARRY IT UNDER YOUR BANDAGE
GOSH, HIS OFFICE OVERLOOKS THE HARBOR, TOO! HE CAN WATCH THE SHIPS' MOVEMENTS.
THERE! NOW TO PLACE A LITTLE SEALING WAX ON THE BANDAGE.

OKAY, BEAT IT. YOU HAVE 8 MINUTES TO RETURN TO THE BROW.
OH, MY POOR SISTER!
AND IN THE BROW'S LAIR —
IT ISN'T THAT I DON'T TRUST YOU GIRLS, MY DEAR, BUT, BY KEEPING ONE OF YOU HERE — I AM ASSURED THE OTHER WILL RETURN.
YOU SEE, ALL OF YOUR ERRANDS WILL BE TIMED. IF MAY IS NOT BACK HERE IN THE REQUIRED TIME YOU WILL SUFFER UNTOLD AGONIES.
TICK TOCK TICK TOCK

WE FOLLOWED HER UP TO THE OFFICE BUILDING. NOW SHE'S RETURNING.
IT'S ODD THAT SHE'S ALONE! DRIVE SLOWLY— I'LL HAIL HER.
HEY, MAY— OR JUNE— WHOEVER YOU ARE — I WANT TO TALK TO YOU.
I CAN'T STOP! I DON'T DARE WASTE A SECOND TALKING TO HIM OR MY POOR SISTER WILL BE TORTURED.


YOU SEE TOMORROW YOU WILL BE SENT OUT, MY SWEET, AND YOUR SISTER WILL OCCUPY THE CHAIR.
SHE'S HERE, BROW!
I-I WALKED AS FAST AS I COULD—I— EVEN RAN! I-I THINK I'M GOING TO FAINT.
YOU WERE ONLY ONE MINUTE LATE! TURN OFF THE MACHINE, TURTLE
OH-OH!
OH
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! THE SISTERS PROMISED THEY WOULD COOPERATE WITH ME — BUT SHE WOULDN'T EVEN STOP TO TALK.
BUT, DICK, WHY DIDN'T YOU NAB HER?
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyright, 1944, by The Chicago Tribune.

IT WAS ONE OF THE SUMMER SISTERS, ALL RIGHT BUT WHEN I SPOKE TO HER FROM THE CAR SHE ACTED AS THOUGH SHE DIDN'T HEAR ME
SHE WAS WALKING LIKE A CRAZY PERSON
SHE WENT TO THE OFFICE BUILDING THEN SHE RETURNED WHY DIDN'T YOU NAB HER, TRACY?
BECAUSE I DON'T WANT TO SPILL THE BEANS THOSE SUMMER SISTERS ARE TIED UP TO SOMETHING BIG, PAT
DID I GET BACK IN TIME? DID THE SPIKES PIERCE YOUR LEG, JUNE?
ONLY A LITTLE WAY, MAY.
YOU SEE, JUNE, TOMORROW YOU WILL RUN THE ERRAND AND MAY WILL SIT IN THE CHAIR HERE IS YOUR PAY.
YES BROW
GOOD NIGHT, GIRLS YOU'LL FIND HOT FOOD ON THE TABLE
OH, JUNE, DID THAT SPIKE MACHINE HURT YOU BADLY? I-I RAN THE ERRAND AS FAST AS I COULD
MAY, WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE THEY—THEY'RE BAD MEN. THEY MIGHT EVEN MURDER US.
MAY! WHAT ARE YOU THINKING OF??
I JUST HAPPENED TO REMEMBER THE PISTOL WE TOOK FROM MR. PATTON AND HID IN THAT ROOMING HOUSE LINEN CLOSET!
I WONDER IF IT'S STILL THERE?
IT'S OUR ONLY HOPE, JUNE— THAT GUN IN THE ROOMING HOUSE CLOSET
SH-SH! THE BROW'S CALLING US
GOOD MORNING, LADIES. ARE YOU ALL READY FOR ANOTHER BUSY DAY?
SIT DOWN, MAY, DARLING, IN THE COZY LITTLE CHAIR AND YOU, TURTLE, GIVE JUNE INSTRUCTIONS ON THE ERRAND SHE'S TO RUN
PAT, CALL NESTOR AND GOODROW AND ZOY FROM THE EXERCISE ROOM WE'RE GOING TO VISIT THAT HANGOUT THE SUMMER SISTERS ARE OCCUPYING — NOW!
YOU HAVE 23 MINUTES, JUNE, TO GO TO THIS ADDRESS A MAN IN A JANITOR'S UNIFORM WILL GIVE YOU A SEALED ENVELOPE
IF YOU FAIL TO RETURN IN THE GIVEN TIME YOU KNOW THE FATE THAT AWAITS YOUR SISTER
THE CLOCK'S ALL SET, BROW.
THAT ROOMING HOUSE! —THAT PISTOL HID IN THE LINEN CLOSET! I'VE GOT TO GET IT IN 23 MINUTES!
POPCORN
YOU GIRLS HAVEN'T HAD YOUR BREAKFAST YET, BUT YOU SHALL HAVE IT AS SOON AS YOUR SISTER RETURNS — THAT IS, IF YOU HAVE AN APPETITE
YOUR SISTER IS 2 MINUTES LATE. ARE THE SPIKES STARTING TO HURT?
SHE'S HERE, BROW!
WELL— LET'S HAVE THE ENVELOPE, MY DEAR YOUR SISTER'S SUFFERING!
I DIDN'T GET AN ENVELOPE BUT I DID GET A .38 THAT MY SISTER AND I HAD HID IN A ROOMING HOUSE LINEN CLOSET.
OH, NO YOU DON'T! WE CAME FROM THE MOUNTAINS WHERE A GIRL LEARNS TO SHOOT! TURN OFF THAT MACHINE, BROW!

CAN'T ANY OF YOU UNDERSTAND ENGLISH? I SAID TO TURN OFF THAT MACHINE.
WHY, YOU DIRTY LITTLE DAME— YOU CAN'T—
TWO DOWN! ONE TO GO!
DON'T SHOOT! DON'T SHOOT! THE MACHINE'S OFF
OKAY— EVERYBODY'S HERE, TRACY
GOOD. HERE'S THE DOPE, BOYS. —WE'RE GOING CALLING ON A COUPLE OF GIRLS

AFTER TAKING DETECTIVE PATTON'S GUN ON THE TRAIN THAT DAY, WE HID IT IN A BATHROOM CLOSET IN THE ROOMING HOUSE WHERE WE STAYED. WHEN YOU SENT ME OUT THIS MORNING I WENT THERE AND GOT IT.
NOW, RELEASE MY SISTER FROM THAT AWFUL MACHINE, BROW, BEFORE I GIVE YOU THE SAME AS THEY GOT.
YOU ARE PLAYING A DANGEROUS GAME, SUMMER SISTERS. YOU'RE SIGNING YOUR OWN DEATH WARRANT!

I THOUGHT I COULD TRUST THOSE SUMMER SISTERS BUT I'VE CHANGED MY MIND. WE'RE GOING TO DROP DOWN ON THAT GANG AND TAKE THE WHOLE OUTFIT.
THOSE GIRLS MAY BE JUST AS VICIOUS AS THE REST—SO HAVE YOUR TRIGGER FINGERS READY, MEN.
I NEVER LIKED THOSE LITTLE WITCHES FROM THE FIRST
WHAT WILL WE DO WITH HIM TO KEEP HIM PRISONER?
LEAVE HIM RIGHT WHERE HE IS! I'LL TURN THE MACHINE ON AGAIN.

THE BROW'S SHOULDER IS IN IT —— WE'LL SHOVE IT FURTHER IN!
AS THOSE TEETH CLOSE, THEY'LL KEEP HIM PRISONER TILL WE GET MR TRACY AND THE POLICE.
SO! THE RUTHLESS, FIENDISH BROW LIES UNCONSCIOUS IN THE JAWS OF HIS OWN DIABOLICAL MACHINE! ARE THE SUMMER SISTERS TO BE HIS DOWNFALL??
TICK TOCK

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
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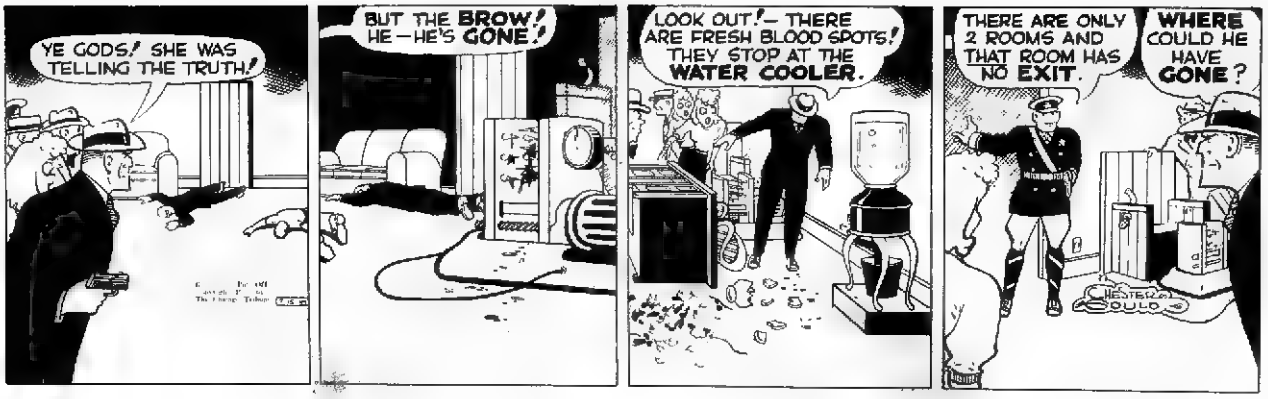
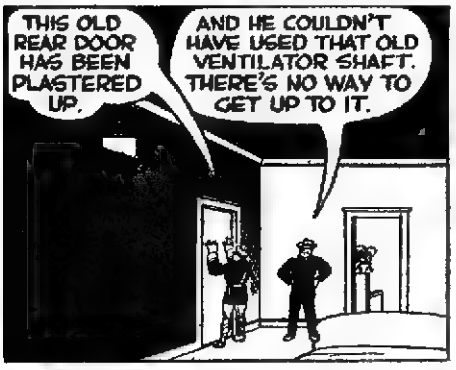
LET US LOOK IN ON THE SCENE OF HAVOC IN THE BROW'S LAIR.
TICK TOCK
WHEN HE REACHED FOR THE GUN IN THE VASE AND YOU SHOVED HIS DESK AGAINST HIM, WHO EVER THOUGHT HE WOULD FALL AND KNOCK HIMSELF UNCONSCIOUS ON THAT SPIKE MACHINE?
AND THE LONGER HE STAYS UNCONSCIOUS, THE BETTER — AT LEAST UNTIL WE GET MR. TRACY.
JUNE, WE'VE GOT TO GIVE OURSELVES UP
AND AS THE UNCONSCIOUS BROW LIES IN THE JAWS OF HIS SPIKE MACHINE, THE TEETH MOVE CLOSER TOGETHER THE COAT IS PIERCED THEN THE POINTS PRESS INTO HIS FLESH
TICK TOCK
TICK-TOCK- TICK-TOCK! THE SPIKE MACHINE BEGINS TO BITE DEEPER AND DEEPER.
TICK TOCK TICK TOCK TICK TOCK
THE UNCONSCIOUS BROW IS HELPLESS AUTOMATICALLY, THE MUSCLES OF HIS NECK AND SHOULDER QUIVER
BLOOD BUBBLES OUT AND DRIPS FROM THE SIDE OF HIS HEAD
MAY, I WANT YOU TO GO TO THE NEAREST DRUG STORE AND CALL MR. TRACY, WHILE I KEEP WATCH AT THIS TRAP DOOR
OKAY, JUNE
WITH THE INCREASING STING OF THE SHARP SPIKES, THE BROW'S SENSES SUDDENLY REVIVE
BUZZ. ZZ-Z
OW! MY HEAD! MY HEAD! STOP THE SPIKE MACHINE SOMEBODY!
TICK TOCK TICK TOCK
AS THE BROW REPEATS HIS FRENZIED BUT VAIN CALLS FOR HELP, HIS HAND TOUCHES SOMETHING. IT IS THE ELECTRIC CORD
SNAP!
THERE! I CALLED THE POLICE I ONLY HOPE THEY HURRY
HUH? WHA-??
HUH?
PULLING THE ELECTRIC CORD TO THE SPIKE MACHINE STOPS IT FROM FURTHUR CLOSING- BUT IT DOES NOT FREE THE BROW.
HE GRAPPLES WITH THE JAWS OF THE DIABOLICAL MACHINE. THEY WILL NOT BUDGE
CRUNCH CRACK
TICK TOCK TICK TOCK
EVERY MOMENT BRINGS EXCRUCIATING PAIN.
IF I TRY TO PULL MYSELF FREE I'LL TEAR THE FLESH RIGHT OFF.
SO! THERE SHE IS! COME HERE, SISTER, WE WANT YOU, TOO
BUT I TELL YOU, WE WERENT TRYING TO MAKE A GETAWAY WE WERE WAITING FOR YOU!
I'VE GOT TO DO IT. I'LL GRIT MY TEETH AND YANK!
THE SHOULDER OF HIS COAT RIPS AND TEARS AS BLOOD GUSHES FROM HIS HEAD
THE BROW STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET AND LEANS HEAVILY ON THE WATER COOLER AS THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS REACHES HIS EARS
I TELL YOU HE'S IN HERE! — AND TWO OF HIS MEN — DEAD! RIGHT DOWN THIS CORRIDOR


YE GODS! SHE WAS TELLING THE TRUTH!
BUT THE BROW! HE—HE'S GONE!
LOOK OUT!— THERE ARE FRESH BLOOD SPOTS! THEY STOP AT THE WATER COOLER.
THERE ARE ONLY 2 ROOMS AND THAT ROOM HAS NO EXIT.
WHERE COULD HE HAVE GONE?

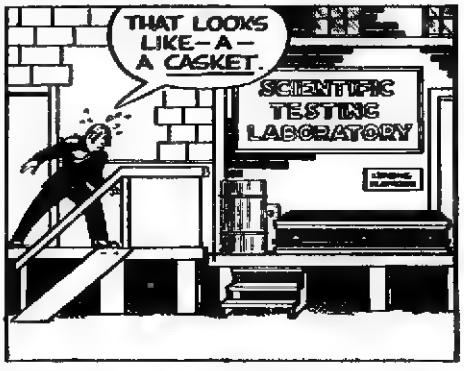
WE SHOT IN SELF DEFENSE, MR. TRACY. IT WAS OUR ONLY HOPE.
WE HAD THE BROW IN HIS OWN MACHINE. HE WAS KNOCKED OUT!

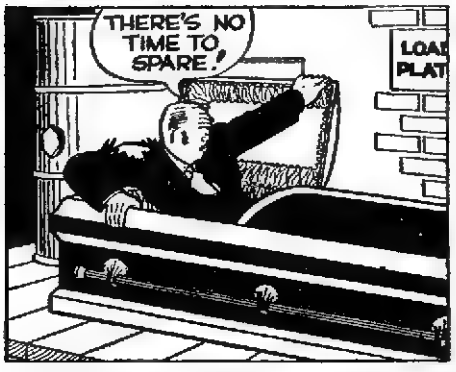
WHAT A HORRIBLE CONTRAPTION! UGH!
IT'S OBVIOUS WHAT HAPPENED. HE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS AND WAS ABLE TO PULL THE ELECTRIC PLUG BEFORE THE SPIKES HAD CLOSED ENTIRELY ON HIM.

THERE ARE FRAGMENTS OF HIS COAT STILL ON THE SPIKES.
HE DIDN'T GO OUT THE FRONT WAY WHERE DID HE GO?


THIS OLD REAR DOOR HAS BEEN PLASTERED UP.
AND HE COULDN'T HAVE USED THAT OLD VENTILATOR SHAFT. THERE'S NO WAY TO GET UP TO IT.

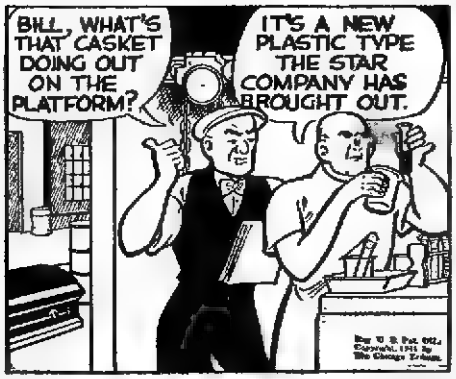
MEANWHILE, THE BROW, HAVING MADE HIS WAY THROUGH A SECRET EXIT, STANDS AT THE REAR OF HIS QUARTERS
I HEARD THEM SAY COPS WERE COMING DOWN THE ALLEY. WHAT CAN I DO?


THAT LOOKS LIKE—A— A CASKET.
SCIENTIFIC TESTING LABORATORY

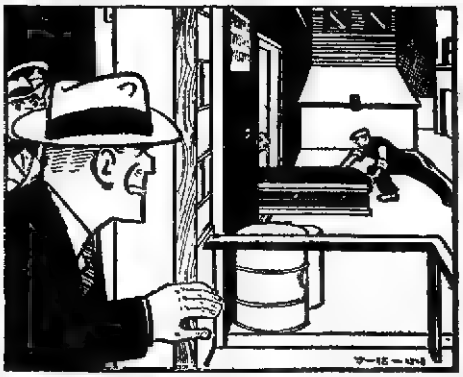

THERE'S NO TIME TO SPARE!

WAIT, BOYS! WHAT'S THIS? THAT WATER FOUNTAIN STANDS ON A RAISED PLATFORM.

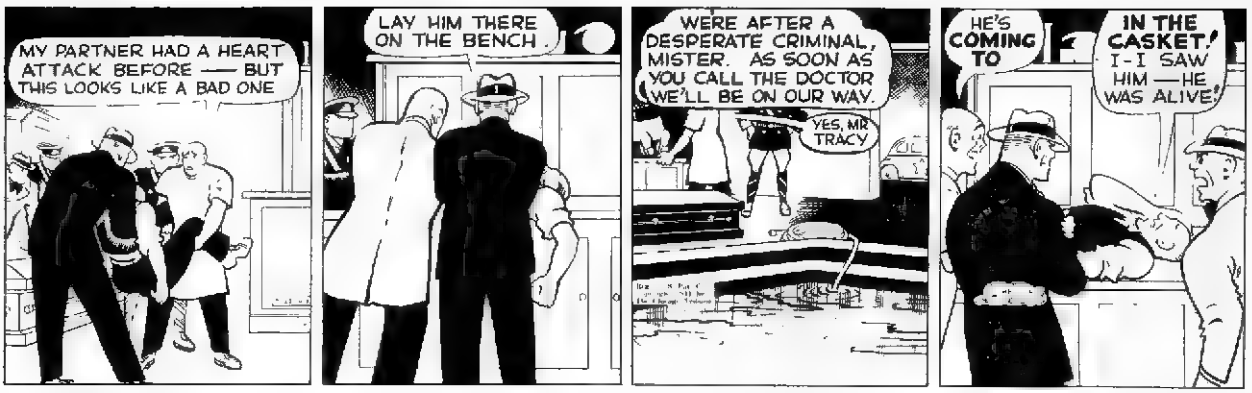
AHA! LOOK! IT MOVES!! THERE'S A DOOR!


BILL, WHAT'S THAT CASKET DOING OUT ON THE PLATFORM?
IT'S A NEW PLASTIC TYPE THE STAR COMPANY HAS BROUGHT OUT.

THEY WANT US TO SUBMERGE IT IN THIS WATER VAT FOR TEN DAYS TO SEE HOW IT STANDS MOISTURE.

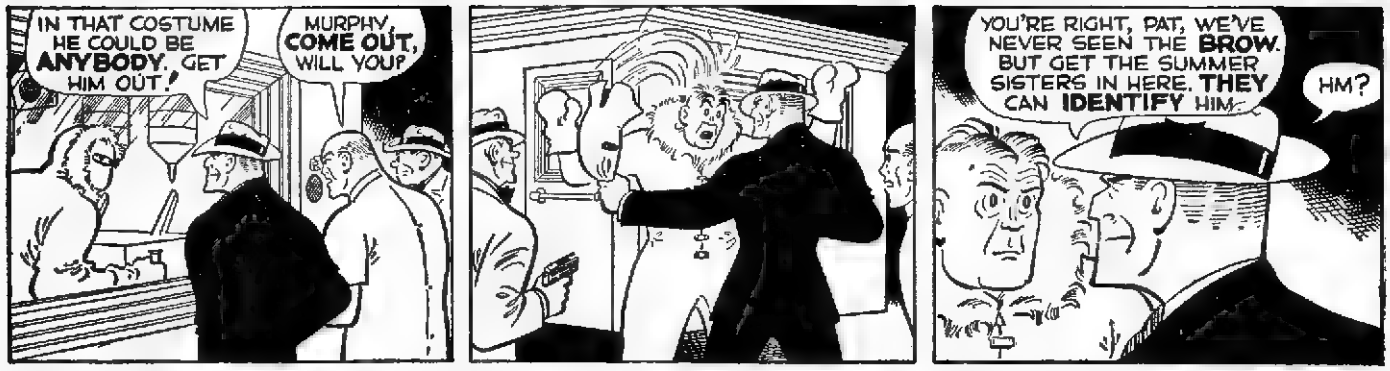


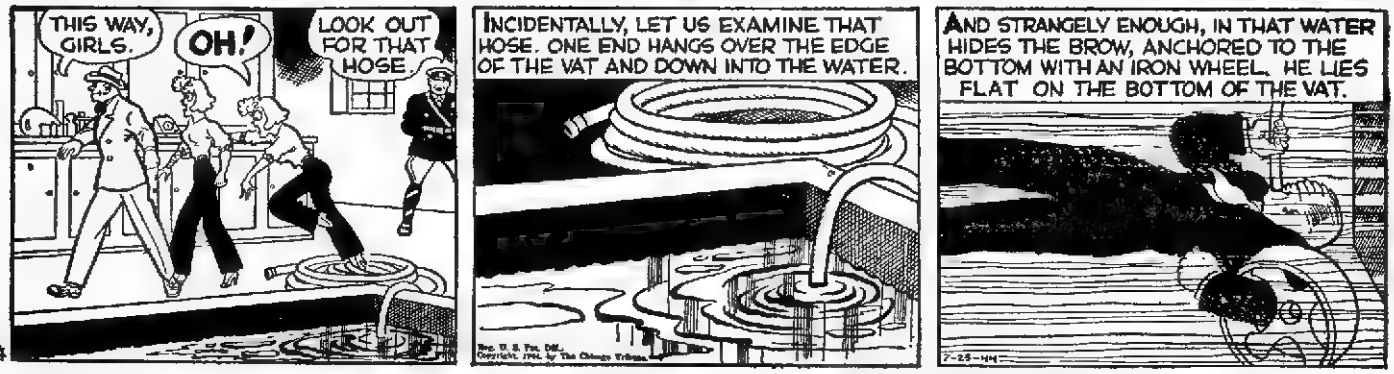
CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT! THIS WATER COOLER MOVES, REVEALING AN EXIT TO THE REAR
WELL, BOYS, WE FOUND OUT HOW THE BROW GOT OUT. BUT WHERE DID HE GO?
WELL, BILL, THIS IS THE FIRST TIME OUR LABORATORY HAS BEEN ASKED TO TEST A PLASTIC CASKET, EH?
YEAH – WE'RE SUPPOSED TO SUBMERGE IT IN WATER FOR 10 DAYS PUT THE CHAINS AROUND IT WHILE I GET THE RECORD BOOK TO MAKE OUT THE TIME SHEET
A PLASTIC COFFIN! H'M? SO THE MANUFACTURER WANTS US TO GIVE IT THE MOISTURE TEST, EH? SUPPOSED TO SUBMERGE IT IN WATER FOR 10 DAYS, EH?
DID YOU FELLOWS SEE ANYONE? THE BROW CAME OUT THAT REAR DOOR!
SCIENTIFIC TESTING LABORATORY
POLICE
I WILL SAY ONE THING THAT PLASTIC STUFF IS SURE HEAVY I CAN HARDLY LIFT ONE END OF THE THING
THINK I'LL TAKE A LOOK INSIDE— BEFORE WE SUBMERGE IT IN THE VAT OF WATER.
YEAH. I'D BETTER INSPECT THE INSIDE OF THIS COFFIN BEFORE WE SUBMERGE IT.
WH—? UH ?? YI–YI–
WH– YE GODS! ED'S HAD ANOTHER HEART ATTACK!
SLAM
PLOP
THAT LIFTING WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIM. I'D BETTER GET A DOC HELP – HEY– POLICE! HELP!
GENTLEMEN! WILL ONE OF YOU GO FOR A DOCTOR? MY PARTNER HAS HAD A HEART ATTACK!
SCIENTIFIC TESTING LABORATORY
WHEN HE OPENED THE CASKET AND SAW ME HE FAINTED. JUST PASSED OUT COLD!
SO THEY WERE GOING TO SUBMERGE THIS CASKET IN WATER FOR A 10 DAY TEST, EH? I'LL BE GETTING OUT.
WHY DON'T YOU USE YOUR TELEPHONE? THAT'S THE QUICKEST WAY TO GET A DOCTOR
LET'S TAKE A LOOK PAT
SCIENTIFIC TESTING LABORATORY
I CAN'T GO OUT THE FRONT WAY. THE BLOCK MUST BE SURROUNDED BY COPS
HURRY, GENTLEMEN, PERHAPS WE CAN DRIVE HIM TO THE HOSPITAL
I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING QUICK! AH! HERE'S A LENGTH OF HOSE
AND THIS IRON WHEEL WILL GIVE ME WEIGHT. IT'S GOT TO WORK


MY PARTNER HAD A HEART ATTACK BEFORE — BUT THIS LOOKS LIKE A BAD ONE
LAY HIM THERE ON THE BENCH.
WERE AFTER A DESPERATE CRIMINAL, MISTER. AS SOON AS YOU CALL THE DOCTOR WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY.
YES, MR TRACY
HE'S COMING TO
IN THE CASKET! I-I SAW HIM — HE WAS ALIVE!

BUT I TELL YOU I DIDN'T HAVE A HEART ATTACK. I SAW A MAN IN THAT COFFIN.
MY PARTNER WENT INTO THE NEXT ROOM TO GET A PENCIL AND A RECORD SHEET. I OPENED THE LID TO LOOK IN AND THERE HE WAS — I FAINTED.
HE'S RIGHT! THE BROW WAS BLEEDING FROM SHOULDER WOUNDS CAUSED BY HIS SPIKE MACHINE. THERE ARE BLOODSTAINS IN THE CASKET.
WHEN I CAME BACK IN THE LAB, CHARLIE WAS LYING THERE AND I CALLED YOU GUYS TO GET A DOC.

THEN HE'S IN THIS BUILDING. HE COULDN'T HAVE ESCAPED. WE HAVE MEN SURROUNDING THE WHOLE BLOCK
REMEMBER, TRACY, WE'VE NEVER SEEN THE BROW
WHAT'S THIS ROOM? WHO IS THAT MAN?
THAT'S OUR COLD-TESTING ROOM. IT'S FORTY BELOW ZERO IN THERE. THE MAN IS MURPHY.


IN THAT COSTUME HE COULD BE ANYBODY. GET HIM OUT!
MURPHY, COME OUT, WILL YOU?
YOU'RE RIGHT, PAT, WE'VE NEVER SEEN THE BROW. BUT GET THE SUMMER SISTERS IN HERE. THEY CAN IDENTIFY HIM.
HM?


THIS WAY, GIRLS.
OH!
LOOK OUT FOR THAT HOSE
INCIDENTALLY, LET US EXAMINE THAT HOSE. ONE END HANGS OVER THE EDGE OF THE VAT AND DOWN INTO THE WATER.
AND STRANGELY ENOUGH, IN THAT WATER HIDES THE BROW, ANCHORED TO THE BOTTOM WITH AN IRON WHEEL. HE LIES FLAT ON THE BOTTOM OF THE VAT.

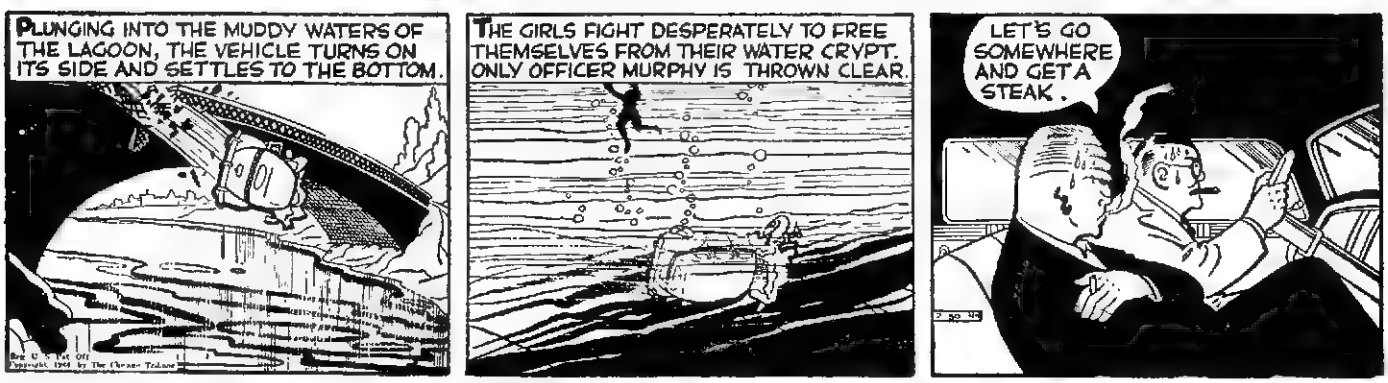
I DIDN'T HAVE A HEART ATTACK! I SAW A MAN IN THAT CASKET! I FAINTED.
BLOOD SPOTS VERIFY THAT
BUT I TELL YOU I RUN THE COLD TEST ROOM MY NAME'S O'BRIEN
NO, MR TRACY, THAT ISNT THE BROW
THAT ROOM IS FORTY BELOW ZERO, AND IT'S SOUND PROOF IN THERE I DIDN'T HEAR ANYONE OR SEE ANYONE.
CHESTER GOULD
THAT'S IT, MAY DRAW US A PICTURE OF THE BROW. YOU GIRLS ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO'VE SEEN HIM SO FAR
YOU GIRLS WILL BE HELD IN POLICE CUSTODY FOR THE TIME BEING. IT'S OBVIOUS THAT THE SHOOTING OF THE BROW'S CONFEDERATES WAS SELF DEFENSE.
WE'VE SEARCHED THIS PLACE FROM FRONT TO BACK, TRACY. THE BROW JUST ISN'T HERE.
TAKE THE SPIKE MACHINE TO HEADQUARTERS AND CONFISCATE HIS SHORT WAVE OUTFIT.
IT'S FIVE O'CLOCK, CHARLIE. SHALL I LOCK UP FOR THE NIGHT?
NO, THE POLICE ARE COMING BACK FOR A FINAL SEARCH
DON'T YOU SEE, GIRLS, YOU'RE OUR KEY WITNESSES? YOU'RE THE ONLY ONES WHO HAVE SEEN THE BROW WE'VE GOT TO SEE THAT NO HARM BEFALLS YOU
DOES THAT MEAN WE ALL ARE UNDER ARREST?
WELL, IT'S SOMETHING LIKE THAT, LADIES.
I COULDN'T STAY DOWN THERE ANY LONGER— MY HEAD'S BURSTING! MY SKIN'S LIKE ICE
WHAT? NO ONE AROUND? THE PLACE MUST BE LOCKED UP FOR THE NIGHT! HA! THIS IS MY CHANCE!—OR IS IT?
DOC! IT'S ME, — THE BROW! LET ME IN.
BROW!
DOC YOU AND I ARE THE ONLY ONES LEFT! TURTLE AND JOE ARE DEAD, AND 26 IS IN NAVAL CUSTODY.
WE WENT OVER THAT LABORATORY WITH A FINE-TOOTH COMB, TRACY FINALLY, WE LOCKED THE PLACE UP— AND BEAT IT.
WHAT IS OUR NEXT MOVE, BROW?
OUR NEXT MOVE, DOC, IS TO ERASE TWO WOMEN— TWO LYING, DOUBLE-CROSSING WOMEN.
WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT, DOC?
THE SUMMER SISTERS ARE IN POLICE CUSTODY BUT BENNY THE BONDSMAN SAID THE POLICE ARE GOING TO PLACE 'EM IN A HOTEL ROOM THIS AFTERNOON
WHAT ARE YOU GETTING DRESSED FOR, BROW?
YOU AND I, DOC, ARE GOING TO GET IN THE CAR AND DO A LITTLE TOURING
I WANT TO SURVEY THE BOULEVARDS AND PICK OUT ALL THE HIGH BRIDGES AND VIADUCTS
HIGH BRIDGES, EH?
BUT, CHIEF, I DON'T THINK WE OUGHT TO LET THEM OUT OF OUR SIGHT
MURPHY, CALL THE HOPP HOTEL AND GET A ROOM FOR THESE SUMMER SISTERS. THEY CAN'T STAY HERE

BUT I TELL YOU, CHIEF, THE SUMMER SISTERS' LIVES AREN'T WORTH A NICKEL AS LONG AS THE BROW IS AT LARGE. WHY SEND THEM TO A HOTEL?
WHY NOT KEEP THEM RIGHT HERE IN THE WOMEN'S QUARTERS BEHIND BARS?
BUT WE DON'T WANT TO STAY BEHIND BARS, MR TRACY
HM?
BUT, BROW, YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF NERVE PARKING THIS CLOSE TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS
STAY HERE, I TELL YOU
AND KEEP YOUR EYES ON THAT POLICE BUILDING ENTRANCE. IF THOSE TWO DAMES COME OUT—— THEY'LL NEVER GO BACK!

I'VE RESERVED A ROOM FOR THEM IN THE HOPP HOTEL. I'M SENDING MURPHY ALONG FOR PROTECTION.
I STILL THINK, CHIEF, YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE IN LETTING THEM OUT OF OUR SIGHT. THEY COULD HAVE STAYED RIGHT HERE AT HEADQUARTERS.
LISTEN! THOSE TWO DAMES WOULD DRIVE THE MATRON NUTS.
YOU SEE, SUMMER SISTERS, THE DEPARTMENT WILL PAY YOUR EXPENSES TILL THE BROW IS CAUGHT. AND YOU'LL BE UNDER POLICE GUARD, TOO. YOU WON'T GET HURT.

OH, SIR, I WISH YOU COULD HAVE TAKEN US IN A SQUAD CAR. I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO HEAR THOSE POLICE RADIOS
DO THEY GET MUSIC, TOO?
SQUADS WERE ALL BUSY. WE'RE LUCKY TO GET A CAB.
DOC, YOUR TAILING WAS PERFECT. THEY'RE GOING OVER TO THE BOULEVARD. KEEP CLOSE TO THEIR CAB.
YOU NEVER DID FINISH TELLING ME HOW YOU GOT OUT OF THAT VAT OF WATER, BROW.
I WAITED TILL THEY CLOSED THE DUMP. THEN I CLIMBED OUT, YOU SAP! EASY—— WE'RE NEARING THE BRIDGE.

POLICE WORK FASCINATES ME SO, MAY!
ME TOO, JUNE
YEAH? YOU DAMES MUST BE PRETTY EASILY FASCINATED.
SUDDENLY, A GUN IS THRUST THROUGH THE CAB WINDOW.
KEEP DOWN THERE, COPPER, IF YOU DON'T WANT THE SAME.
IT'S THE BROW!
HOLDING THE STEERING WHEEL FOR A MOMENT, THE BROW DIRECTS THE CAB STRAIGHT THROUGH THE BRIDGE RAILING.


PLUNGING INTO THE MUDDY WATERS OF THE LAGOON, THE VEHICLE TURNS ON ITS SIDE AND SETTLES TO THE BOTTOM.
THE GIRLS FIGHT DESPERATELY TO FREE THEMSELVES FROM THEIR WATER CRYPT. ONLY OFFICER MURPHY IS THROWN CLEAR.
LET'S GO SOMEWHERE AND GET A STEAK.
Reg U.S. Pat. Off.
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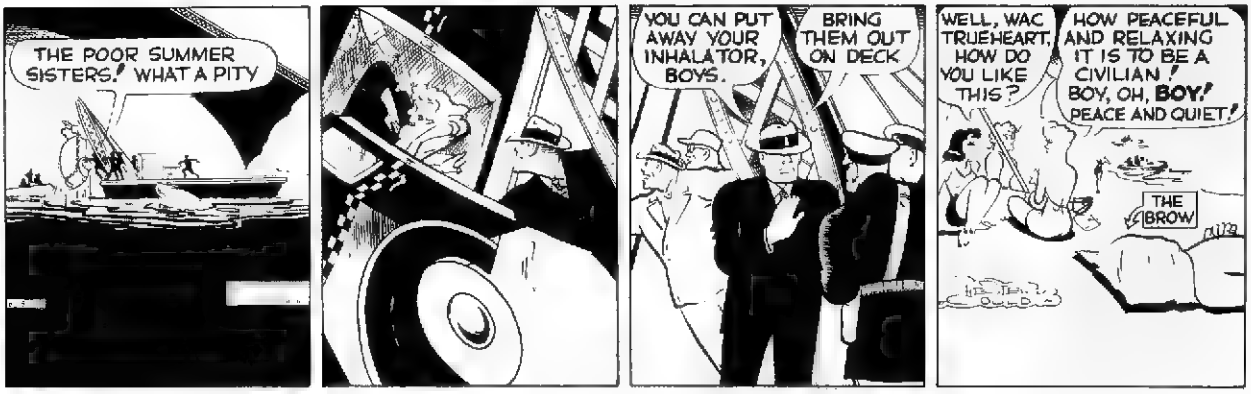
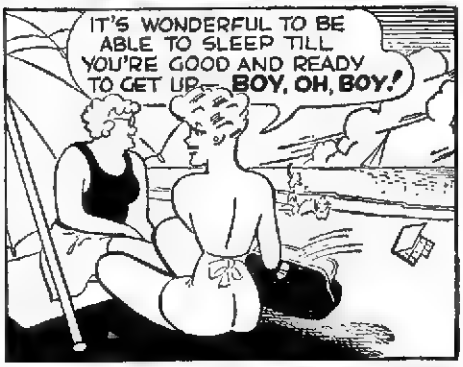
WELL, THAT'S THAT
THAT FINISHES THE SUMMER SISTERS
FORCING THE GIRLS' CAB THROUGH THE BRIDGE RAILING BROW AND THE DOC SPEED ON
OFFICER MURPHY
IT'S THE SUMMER SISTERS! I WAS ABLE TO JUMP OUT, BUT THEY'RE DOWN THERE!
(GULP) OPEN THE DOOR, MAY. (ULP)
I CAN'T (ULP)
I CAN'T
WHAT'LL WE DO?
THE DOOR WON'T OPEN!
HOLD ON TO ME, MAY— — OH — MAY!
DOOR WON'T OPEN (GLUG)
THERE ARE TWO GIRLS AND A CAB DRIVER DOWN THERE! I'LL NEVER KNOW HOW I GOT OUT
THIS LAGOON OPENS INTO THE RIVER! CALL A COASTAL PATROL BOAT WE'LL NEED A DIVER TO GET INTO THAT CAB.
I SAW THE CAR THAT FORCED THEM THROUGH THE BRIDGE RAILING I BELIEVE I COULD IDENTIFY IT
LET'S GO!
THERE'S LIABLE TO BE A SWARM OF SQUAD CARS AFTER US, DOC! CUT UP TO THE PARK BEACH!
WEARING SWIMMING TRUNKS UNDER HIS CLOTHES, THE BROW DISROBES IN THE CAR, TOSSES A TOWEL OVER HIS HEAD AND PREPARES TO STEP OUT!
BEACH
MEANWHILE, IN THE CAB BELOW THE PARK BRIDGE, ALL IS QUIET.
KEEP GOING, DOC! I'LL MEET YOU AT YOUR PLACE LATE TONIGHT
BEACH
JUST LIKE ANY OTHER CASUAL SWIMMER, THE BROW SAUNTERS ONTO THE BEACH
LET THE COPS CHASE DOC'S CAR. I'LL BE SAFE ON THE BEACH
NONCHALANTLY, HE STRETCHES OUT ON THE SAND, HIS FACE HIDDEN BY THE TOWEL
THE POOR SUMMER SISTERS! I TOLD THE CHIEF THEY SHOULD NEVER HAVE LEFT HEADQUARTERS
THIS IS THE SPOT RIGHT HERE.
WELL, TESS, YOUR WAC UNIFORM CERTAINLY IS BECOMING
THANK YOU, JEAN, BUT IT WILL BE NICE TO SHED IT FOR A SWIMMING SUIT.
IT HARDLY SEEMS POSSIBLE THAT YOU'VE BELONGED SINCE LAST APRIL
YES, THE TIME REALLY FLIES
SHALL WE SIT DOWN HERE FOR A SUN BATH?
OKAY
THE BROW
TRACY, ALL 3 OF THEM ARE DOWN THERE! — DROWNED.
BETTER SEND A CABLE DOWN — WE'LL PULL UP CAB AND ALL


THE POOR SUMMER SISTERS! WHAT A PITY
YOU CAN PUT AWAY YOUR INHALATOR, BOYS.
BRING THEM OUT ON DECK
WELL, WAC TRUEHEART, HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS?
HOW PEACEFUL AND RELAXING IT IS TO BE A CIVILIAN! BOY, OH, BOY! PEACE AND QUIET!
THE BROW

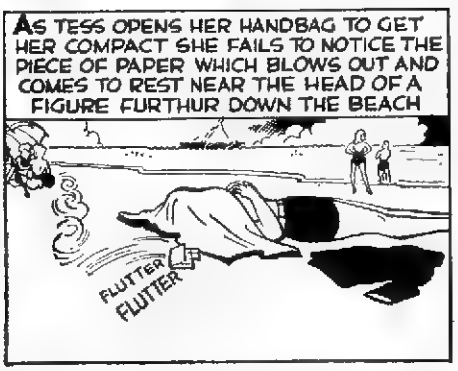
YES, THE DASTARDLY BROW THOUGHT HE WAS ELIMINATING THE ONLY TWO PEOPLE WHO COULD IDENTIFY HIM — BUT HE DIDN'T GET MURPHY
HOW I MANAGED TO GET OUT OF THAT CAB I'LL NEVER KNOW! AND I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT FACE.

A PASSING MOTORIST GOT THE BROW'S LICENSE NUMBER AND ATTEMPTED TO FOLLOW BUT LOST THE CAR IN TRAFFIC.
HIS LICENSE NUMBER WAS UNDOUBTEDLY STOLEN ANYWAY.

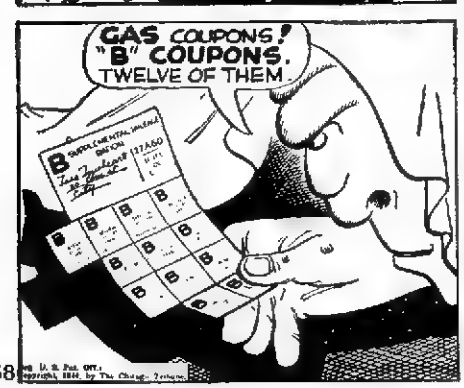
MEANWHILE—SOME DISTANCE AWAY ON THE PUBLIC BEACH.
WELL, TESS, IT MUST SEEM PRETTY NICE TO BE ON FURLOUGH AFTER HAVING BEEN A WAC FOR THREE MONTHS.
RIGHT YOU ARE, JEAN.

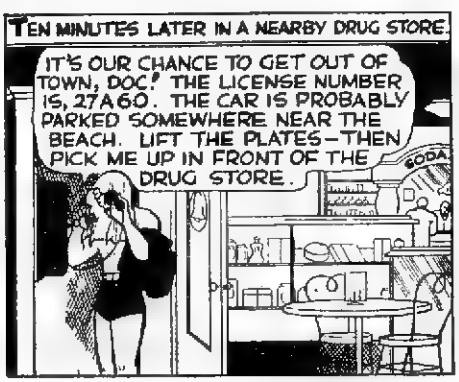


PAT, TESS IS UP AT OAK STREET BEACH WITH HER MOTHER AND A FRIEND. GO UP AND TELL HER I WON'T BE ABLE TO KEEP THAT DINNER DATE TONIGHT.


AS TESS OPENS HER HANDBAG TO GET HER COMPACT SHE FAILS TO NOTICE THE PIECE OF PAPER WHICH BLOWS OUT AND COMES TO REST NEAR THE HEAD OF A FIGURE FURTHUR DOWN THE BEACH
FLUTTER FLUTTER

SLIPPING OUT OF DOC'S CAR AND SAUNTERING DOWN TO THE BEACH WITH A TOWEL OVER MY HEAD WAS A SWELL IDEA. LET THE COPS LOOK! H'M! WHAT'S THIS?




TEN MINUTES LATER IN A NEARBY DRUG STORE.
IT'S OUR CHANCE TO GET OUT OF TOWN, DOC! THE LICENSE NUMBER IS, 27A60. THE CAR IS PROBABLY PARKED SOMEWHERE NEAR THE BEACH. LIFT THE PLATES—THEN PICK ME UP IN FRONT OF THE DRUG STORE.
SODA

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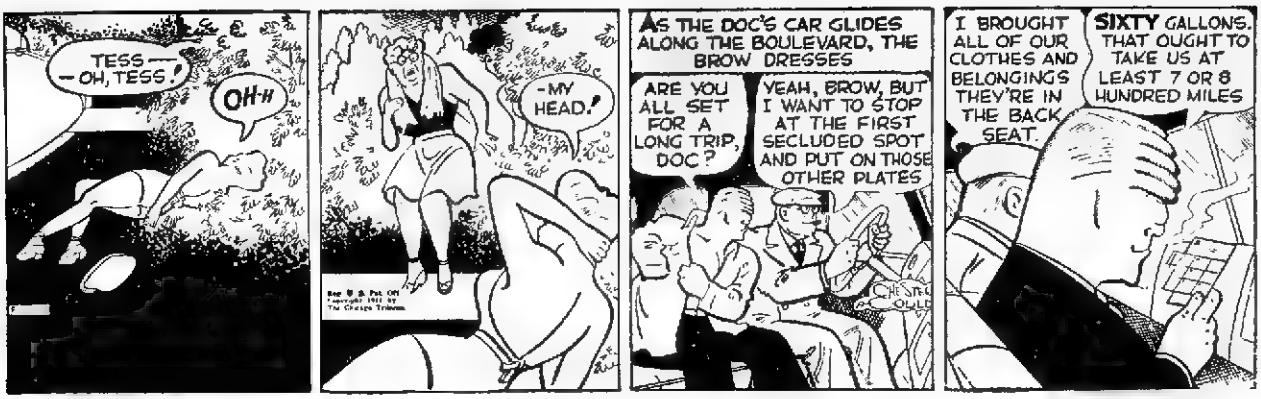
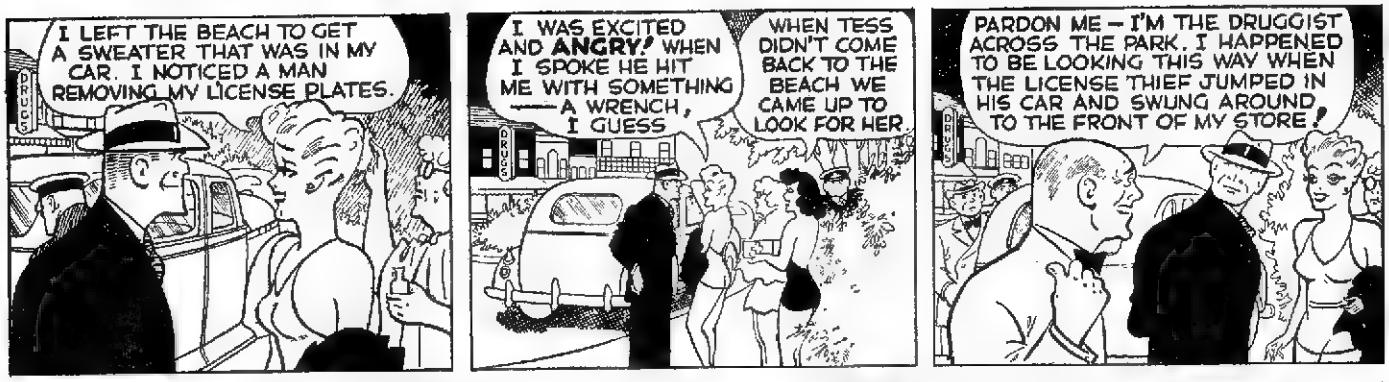
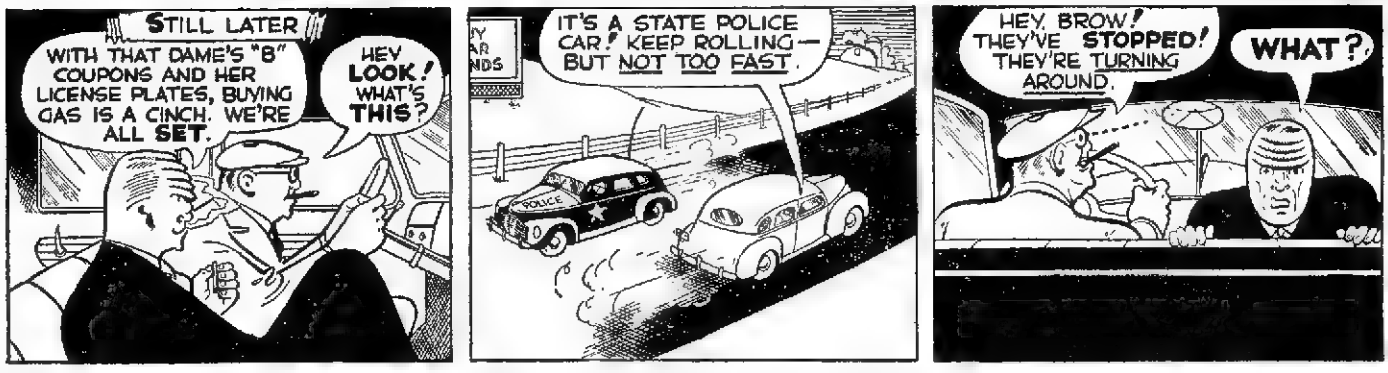
MY GAS COUPONS! THEY— I'VE LOST THEM. I HAD THEM RIGHT HERE IN MY BAG.
AND IN THE APARTMENT OF BROW'S CONFEDERATE, DOC.
IT WAS THE BROW. HE SAID HE HAD GAS COUPONS. ENOUGH FOR US TO GET OUT OF TOWN. I WONDER WHERE HE GOT 'EM
IT'S QUITE WINDY, TESS. THEY MAY HAVE BLOWN OUT OF YOUR BAG.
TWELVE OF 'EM!— THEY BLEW RIGHT INTO MY HANDS. H'M. I'LL WAIT HERE TILL DOC COMES ALONG!
TESS, DON'T WORRY SO ABOUT THE GAS COUPONS YOU PROBABLY LEFT THEM AT HOME ON THE DRESSER
BUT, GEE, MOTHER, I DON'T REMEMBER TAKING THEM OUT OF MY BAG
WE HAVE TO HAVE THE LICENSE PLATES THAT THOSE GAS COUPONS WERE ISSUED TO— H'M, LET'S SEE - THE BROW SAID 27A60.
THERE'S A COOL BREEZE BLOWING IN. I THINK I'LL WALK UP TO THE CAR AND GET MY SWEATER
BRING MY JACKET, TOO, WILL YOU, TESS?
HERE, WE ARE — 27A60. WITH THIS BOLT CUTTER, THEY'LL BE OFF TOOT SWEET
27A60
WELL, THAT'S NUMBER ONE. NOW FOR THIS FRONT PLATE.
BEACH
HEY! YOU! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO MY LICENSE PLATES?
QUIET, SISTER. BEFORE I GET RECKLESS WITH THIS BOLT CUTTER.
WHY YOU—! HELP!
DRUGS
THOSE ARE MY LICENSE PLATES, POLICE!
BEACH
NOW, TO PICK UP THE BROW.
DRUGS
IT'S DOC, AT LAST!
I HAD TO SLUG THE DAME, BUT I GOT THE PLATES.
BREEZE TAKES THE TOWEL
AS THE BROW RUNS TO THE CAR, THE TOWEL IS BLOWN FROM HIS HEAD
WHAT'S UP, ED?
YE GODS! THAT GUY WITH THE TOWEL OVER HIS HEAD! WHY, HE HAS NO EARS! LOOK!
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER
I WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING TESS, JEAN?
GOSH, MRS TRUEHEART, SHE SHOULD BE BACK BY NOW.


TESS —
— OH, TESS!
OH-H
-MY HEAD!
AS THE DOC'S CAR GLIDES ALONG THE BOULEVARD, THE BROW DRESSES
ARE YOU ALL SET FOR A LONG TRIP, DOC?
YEAH, BROW, BUT I WANT TO STOP AT THE FIRST SECLUDED SPOT AND PUT ON THOSE OTHER PLATES
I BROUGHT ALL OF OUR CLOTHES AND BELONGINGS THEY'RE IN THE BACK SEAT.
SIXTY GALLONS. THAT OUGHT TO TAKE US AT LEAST 7 OR 8 HUNDRED MILES


I LEFT THE BEACH TO GET A SWEATER THAT WAS IN MY CAR. I NOTICED A MAN REMOVING MY LICENSE PLATES.
I WAS EXCITED AND ANGRY! WHEN I SPOKE HE HIT ME WITH SOMETHING — A WRENCH, I GUESS
WHEN TESS DIDN'T COME BACK TO THE BEACH WE CAME UP TO LOOK FOR HER
PARDON ME — I'M THE DRUGGIST ACROSS THE PARK. I HAPPENED TO BE LOOKING THIS WAY WHEN THE LICENSE THIEF JUMPED IN HIS CAR AND SWUNG AROUND TO THE FRONT OF MY STORE!

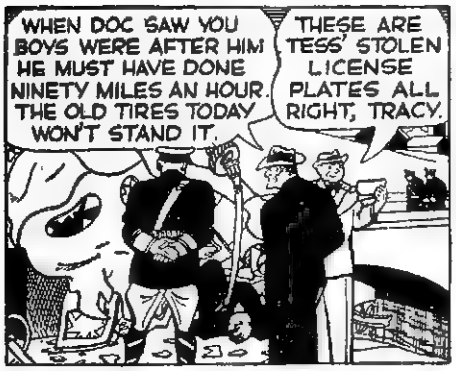
HE PICKED UP A MAN IN BATHING TRUNKS WHO HAD BEEN USING A PHONE IN MY PLACE.
AS THE FELLOW RAN TO GET INTO THE CAR, A TOWEL HE WAS WEARING OVER HIS HEAD BLEW OFF. HE WAS HIDEOUS! HE HAD NO EARS — AND BIG WRINKLES IN HIS BROW.
WHAT?
TEN MINUTES LATER — RADIO ROOM OF STATE POLICE.
IT WAS A CALL FROM DICK TRACY — HE WANTS A FLASH SENT OUT TO ALL CARS ON THIS STOLEN LICENSE.

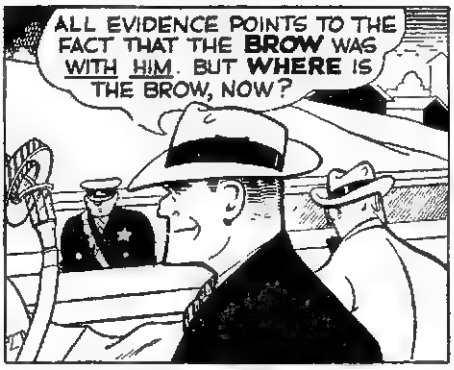

STILL LATER
WITH THAT DAME'S "8" COUPONS AND HER LICENSE PLATES, BUYING GAS IS A CINCH. WE'RE ALL SET.
HEY LOOK! WHAT'S THIS?
IT'S A STATE POLICE CAR! KEEP ROLLING — BUT NOT TOO FAST.
POLICE
HEY, BROW! THEY'VE STOPPED! THEY'RE TURNING AROUND.
WHAT?

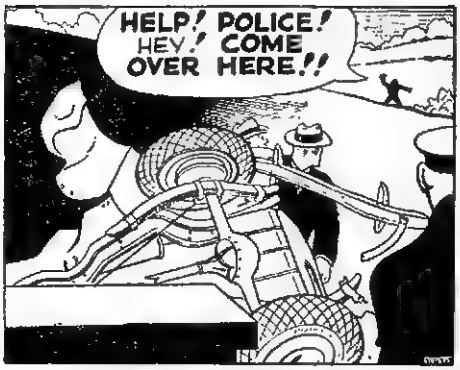
THERE'S A DIP IN THE ROAD HERE. SLOW DOWN! I'M GETTING OUT. YOU KEEP GOING! ALL THEY'LL HAVE ON YOU IS A STOLEN LICENSE PLATE CHARGE! BUT ME — I'M HOT!
LOOKS LIKE THE RAIN'S OVER, ED. BETTER GET THE TARPAULIN OFF THE SEEDER AND GET THE REST OF THOSE SOY BEANS IN THE GROUND.

AS DOC AND THE BROW SPEED DOWN THE HIGHWAY, THE STOLEN LICENSE NUMBERS ARE ALREADY BEING BROADCAST TO ALL SQUAD CARS
I'M SURE THOSE WERE THE STOLEN NUMBERS, JOE. STEP ON IT!
POLICE
I'M INCLINED TO AGREE WITH YOU, GRANT, BECAUSE AS THEY SAW US TURN, THAT DRIVER STEPPED ON IT.
YEP, HERE THEY COME! THE BROW'S SAFE UNDER THAT FARM IMPLEMENT TARPAULIN, BUT ME— I'VE GOT TO TAKE IT ON THE CHIN.
YE GODS! I DIDN'T THINK ANYBODY SAW ME HIDE HERE
THE HIGHWAY
YEP, IF THE RAIN STAYS AWAY I OUGHT TO HAVE THE REST OF THOSE SOY-BEANS PLANTED BY DARK
ULP!??
MEANWHILE, DOC IS DOING HIS BEST TO GET AWAY FROM THE HIGHWAY OFFICERS
HE'S DOING ALMOST 85. THOSE OLD CIVILIAN TIRES WON'T STAND MUCH OF THAT
AT 85 MILES AN HOUR, TRAGEDY STRIKES THE BROW'S FLEEING ACCOMPLICE, DOC!
SSS POP!
POLICE
HE'S BLOWN A TIRE!
AND BACK DOWN THE ROAD
BE ON YOUR WAY, MISTER WE DON'T ALLOW BUMS SLEEPING AROUND OUR PROPERTY
YEAH? WELL, THIS BUM IS GOING TO TAKE YOUR TRACTOR
AND TAKE YOUR HAND OFF THAT TRACTOR THROTTLE
BANG
BANG
WHAT? NOW, LOOK HERE THAT'S GOING TOO FAR! I'VE A GOOD MIND TO—
I'M TAKING THE TRACTOR
BANG
YE GODS! HE HIT THAT CULVERT WITH TERRIFIC IMPACT
LOOKS LIKE THERE'S ONLY ONE OF 'EM. THE HEADQUARTER'S FLASH SAID THERE WERE TWO!
YEAH, ROUTE 62 AT GOLF ROAD, WE'VE FOUND YOUR STOLEN LICENSE PLATES ALL RIGHT
AND ON A GRAVEL S DE ROAD
IT'S GETTING DUSK. H'M? LOOKS LIKE A BIG BARN. BUT WHY ALL THOSE LIGHTS?
THERE ARE NO LIGHTS ON THIS TRACTOR—I'VE GOT TO GO ON AFOOT
LOVE IN HASTE
the HICKORY BEAM PLAYERS
I'M IN LUCK! IT'S A BARN THEATRE! PEOPLE! CROWDS! IT'S A BREAK!
AND ACROSS THE FIELDS ON THE MAIN HIGHWAY
BUT I TELL YOU THERE'S JUST ONE OF 'EM, TRACY
YEAH? THEN THE OTHER ISN'T FAR AWAY

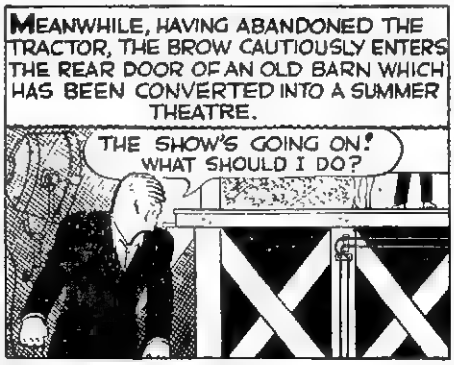
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE HICKORY BEAM PLAYERS PRESENT, "LOVE IN HASTE," A COMEDY IN 3 ACTS THANK YOU
AT LEAST, I'M THIS FAR WITHOUT THE COPS ON MY HEELS. H'M? WELL, I CAN'T STAND HERE
BACKSTAGE! THE PLAY IS ON — NOW, WHAT?

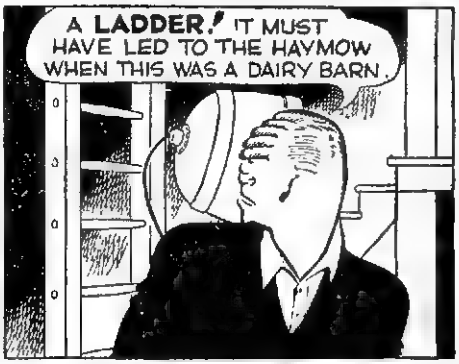

WHEN DOC SAW YOU BOYS WERE AFTER HIM HE MUST HAVE DONE NINETY MILES AN HOUR. THE OLD TIRES TODAY WON'T STAND IT.
THESE ARE TESS' STOLEN LICENSE PLATES ALL RIGHT, TRACY.

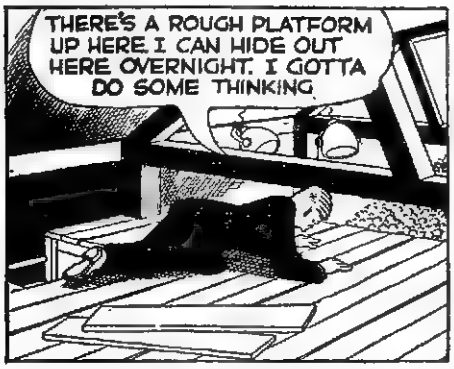

ALL EVIDENCE POINTS TO THE FACT THAT THE BROW WAS WITH HIM. BUT WHERE IS THE BROW, NOW?

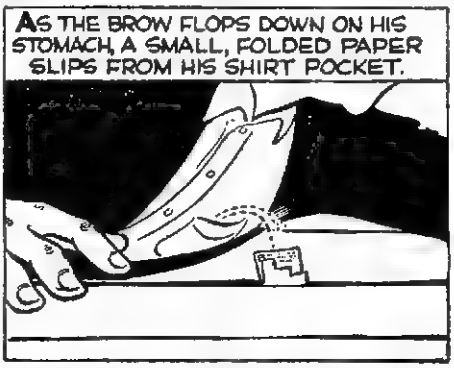

HELP! POLICE! HEY! COME OVER HERE!!

IT'S MY HIRED MAN! MUSTA BEEN LAYING THERE ALL AFTERNOON AND MY TRACTOR'S GONE!
GET SOME COLD WATER. HE'S ALIVE.


MEANWHILE, HAVING ABANDONED THE TRACTOR, THE BROW CAUTIOUSLY ENTERS THE REAR DOOR OF AN OLD BARN WHICH HAS BEEN CONVERTED INTO A SUMMER THEATRE.
THE SHOW'S GOING ON! WHAT SHOULD I DO?


A LADDER! IT MUST HAVE LED TO THE HAYMOW WHEN THIS WAS A DAIRY BARN.


THERE'S A ROUGH PLATFORM UP HERE. I CAN HIDE OUT HERE OVERNIGHT. I GOTTA DO SOME THINKING.


AS THE BROW FLOPS DOWN ON HIS STOMACH, A SMALL, FOLDED PAPER SLIPS FROM HIS SHIRT POCKET.

BUT, ALEXA, DARLING, OUR LOVE WILL NEVER DIE.
OH, JACK.

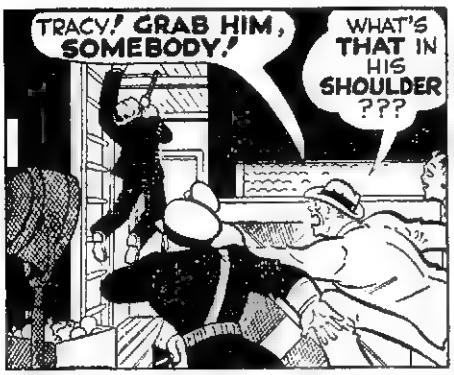
TEN MINUTES LATER, BETWEEN ACTS.
LOOK, GAS COUPONS
THEY MUST BELONG TO ONE OF THE SPONSORS. SOME LADIES WERE UP HERE BEFORE CURTAIN TIME.

WELL, WE'VE FOUND THE TRACTOR. H'M!? NOW WHERE? WHAT'S THAT OVER THERE?
THAT'S ONE OF THEM BARN THEATRES. STAGE ACTING THERE EVERY NIGHT
H'M? LET'S LOOK IN PAT.

IS MISS TESS TRUEHEART IN THE HOUSE? IF SO, KINDLY IDENTIFY YOURSELF AT THE BOX OFFICE. WE HAVE YOUR GAS COUPONS.
LOVE IN HASTE
Starring THE HICKORY BEAM PLAYERS

FINDING THE WOUNDED FARMER, THE POSSE, HEADED BY DICK TRACY, TRAILS THE TRACTOR ON WHICH THE BROW ESCAPED.
TRACY SAID TO STAY HERE BY THE TRACTOR. HE AND PATTON HAVE GONE OVER TO THE BARN THEATRE
WE JUST CAME UP IN TIME TO HEAR THE ANNOUNCEMENT THAT SOME GAS COUPONS HAD BEEN FOUND. MAY I SEE THEM?
OH, YES, MR TRACY
NOW, I'M IN FOR IT. WHAT A BONER! THEY SLIPPED OUT OF MY SHIRT POCKET AND THROUGH THAT CRACK
AT THE END OF THE SHOW
YES, MR TRACY, WE FOUND THEM LYING RIGHT THERE ON THAT TABLE, AFTER THE FIRST ACT
THEY'RE TESS' GAS COUPONS, ALL RIGHT.
MISS TRUEHEART MIGHT HAVE BEEN UP HERE ON STAGE BEFORE THE SHOW
NO I HAPPEN TO KNOW SHE'S NOT ANYWHERE NEAR HERE.
THESE COUPONS WERE DROPPED OR LEFT HERE BY SOMEONE ELSE
AS THE BROW LIES TENSE, HARDLY DARING TO BREATHE, HIS FOOT MOVES EVER SO SLIGHTLY! PARTICLES OF DRIED FIELD MUD LOOSEN FROM HIS SHOE
CLICK
WHAT DID YOU SAY TRACY?
PIECES OF DIRT AND DUST CAME DOWN FROM THAT LOFT.
IF YOU'RE UP THERE, BROW, COME DOWN NOW!
I HEARD SOMETHING TRACY.
COME DOWN, BROW, OR I'M COMING UP!
THERE'S THE LADDER THAT GOES UPSTAIRS
LET ME GET HIM, TRACY.
I'M UP AGAINST IT! GUNS OUT OF AMMUNITION. I USED MY LAST BULLET ON THAT FARMER
THIS WINDOW'S TOO HIGH TO JUMP. WHAT ARE THOSE?
HUH??
METAL RODS — — UH, LIGHTNING RODS — YEAH — OLD LIGHTNING RODS!
THEY MUST HAVE DISMANTLED THESE LIGHTNING RODS WHEN THEY REMODELED THIS OLD BARN INTO A THEATRE
THE BROW PICKS UP ONE OF THE POINTED TIPS AND WEIGHS IT NERVOUSLY IN HIS HAND.
AS TRACY'S HEAD EMERGES FROM THE LADDER SHAFT, THE BROW CROUCHES LIKE A JUNGLE HUNTSMAN IN THE SEMI-DARKNESS.

DO YOU SEE HIM, TRACY? HUH?
YEAH, I SEE HIM–

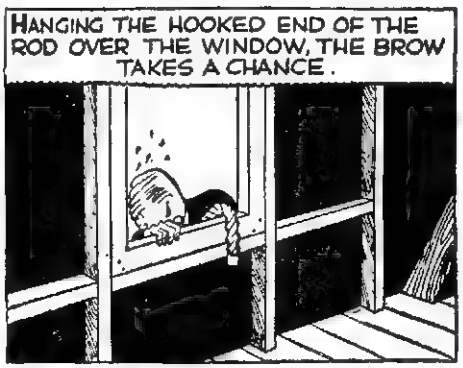

TRACY! GRAB HIM, SOMEBODY!
WHAT'S THAT IN HIS SHOULDER ???

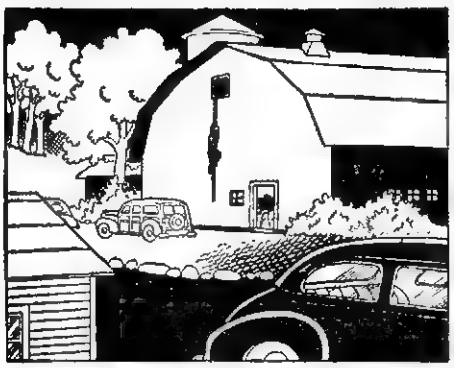
EASY! DON'T PULL IT OUT TILL WE GET A DOCTOR.

IT'S PART OF A LIGHTNING ROD. WHEN WE REMODELED THIS BARN INTO A THEATRE WE LEFT THOSE RODS LYING IN THE HAY LOFT.
HE THREW IT LIKE A JAVELIN. EASY, BOYS!

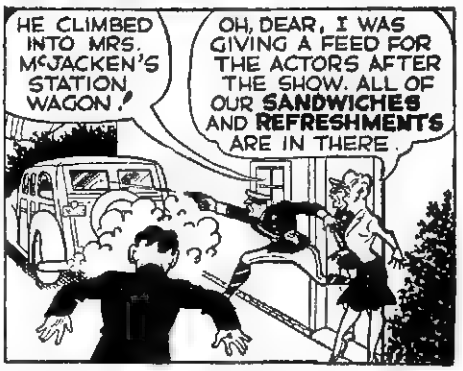
COME ON, JOE, WE'RE GOING UPSTAIRS!!
LET'S GO, PATTON.

MEANWHILE, THE BROW MAKES HIS NEXT DESPERATE MOVE.
THESE OLD LIGHTNING RODS ARE EASY TO BEND — IF ONLY THEY DON'T BREAK!


HANGING THE HOOKED END OF THE ROD OVER THE WINDOW, THE BROW TAKES A CHANCE.



HEY, MEN! HE'S OUT HERE!


HE CLIMBED INTO MRS. McJACKEN'S STATION WAGON!
OH, DEAR, I WAS GIVING A FEED FOR THE ACTORS AFTER THE SHOW. ALL OF OUR SANDWICHES AND REFRESHMENTS ARE IN THERE.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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GET THIS THING OUT OF HERE, BOYS. LET ME UP. I'VE GOT WORK TO DO.
TAKE IT EASY, TRACY. THE DOC WILL BE HERE IN TEN MINUTES.
8-27-44

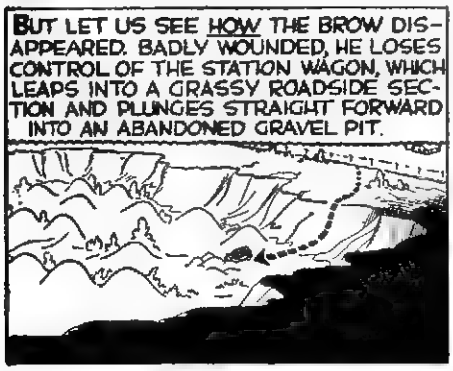
WHY, THAT DIRTY ★a!!★ HE HOOKED THIS LIGHTNING ROD SECTION OVER THE WINDOW SILL AND SLID TO THE GROUND.
THE BROW
HOW BADLY IS TRACY HURT?
H'M. CAN'T TELL FOR SURE, PAT WE'RE WAITING FOR THE DOCTOR
HE TOOK MY STATION WAGON! MY NEW STATION WAGON!
WE KNOW, LADY
I'VE BEEN HIT. BULLET CUT MY FOREHEAD. I— I CAN'T SEE.
THE BLOOD'S GETTING IN MY EYES! I CAN'T SEE —BUT I'VE GOT TO KEEP GOING
MURPHY SAID HE HEADED DOWN THE GRAVEL SHORT CUT TOWARD CRYSTAL LAKE.
IN HIS HELPLESS CONDITION, THE BROW LOSES CONTROL OF THE STATION WAGON IT LEAPS ACROSS A GRASSY STRIP BESIDE THE ROAD AND INTO A PASTURE
I CAN'T SEE —
STILL KEEPING ITS UPRIGHT POSITION, IT DROPS COMPLETELY OUT OF SIGHT INTO AN OLD ABANDONED GRAVEL PIT.
UNABLE TO SEE BECAUSE OF BLOOD, THE BROW MERELY TURNS OFF THE IGNITION AS THE STATION WAGON LEAPS INTO THE GRAVEL PIT!
TOO WEAK TO CARE WHAT HAPPENS NEXT, THE BROW LIES VERY STILL AND QUIET AS THE LAST OF THE POLICE CARS SPEEDS BY
POLICE CAR
THE BROW
BY THE WAY, LET US TAKE A LOOK AT THIS OLD GRAVEL PIT. IT'S LENGTH IS ABOUT A MILE. AND AT THE FURTHER END STANDS A SMALL SHACK
STARING FROM A WINDOW OF THIS SHACK JUST NOW IS A PAIR OF EYES, THE OWNER OF WHICH IS THE ONLY WITNESS TO THE ACCIDENT.
SCENE: HOSPITAL ROOM IN A SMALL TOWN NEAR THE BARN THEATRE.
THEY'VE WITHDRAWN THE LIGHTNING ROD FROM HIS SHOULDER AND GIVEN HIM SHOTS.
WELL, PAT, OLD BOY, WHAT ABOUT THE BROW?
THE BROW AND THE STATION WAGON JUST DISAPPEARED.
YES, SIR. TRESPASSING! THAT'S WHAT IT IS! TRESPASSING!
DRIVING INTO MY PROPERTY WITHOUT PERMISSION. EVEN THE OWNER OF A GRAVEL PIT HAS GOT RIGHTS! I'LL SHOW 'EM.
THE BROW
I SAY, IN THERE — DO YOU KNOW YOU'RE TRESPASSING?
HEY, IN THERE — HEY! THIS CAR'S ON MY PROPERTY
PLEASE — HELP ME — I—I NEED HELP!
AH! A MAN!

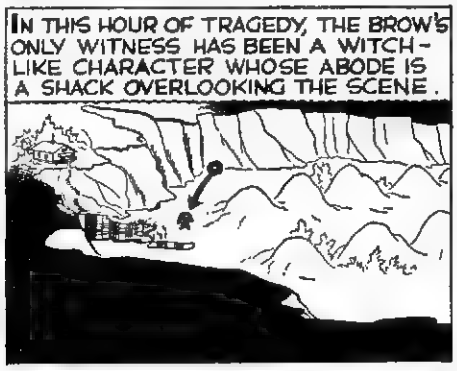
BUT TRACY, IT'S TRUE THE BROW AND THE STATION WAGON JUST DISAPPEARED!
HONESTLY, I NEVER BELIEVED IN THE SUPERNATURAL BEFORE — BUT THIS BROW—
YOU SEE, TRACY, RIGHT AFTER WE LEFT THE THEATRE BARN—
EASY! I'M GETTING YOU OUT.
COMPANIONSHIP HAS COME TO GRAVEL GERTIE.

BUT IT'S TRUE, TRACY! WE HAD PATROLS BARRICADING ALL ROADS WITHIN 5 MINUTES AFTER THE BROW LEFT THAT BARN! HE AND THE STATION WAGON JUST DISAPPEARED!

THAT'S ODD! GRANTING THE BROW MAY HAVE FRIENDS LIVING IN THIS VICINITY, YOU WOULD STILL BE ABLE TO SPOT THE STATION WAGON.
WE SEARCHED EVERY FARM YARD AND GARAGE WITHIN 15 MILES.

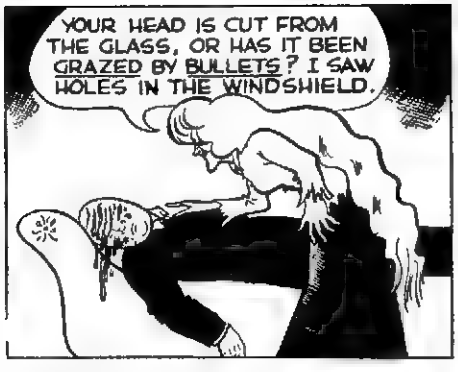
THERE ARE NO SIGNS OF AN ACCIDENT! NO VISIBLE TRACKS LEAVING THE ROAD— HE JUST DISAPPEARED!


BUT LET US SEE HOW THE BROW DISAPPEARED. BADLY WOUNDED, HE LOSES CONTROL OF THE STATION WAGON, WHICH LEAPS INTO A GRASSY ROADSIDE SECTION AND PLUNGES STRAIGHT FORWARD INTO AN ABANDONED GRAVEL PIT.


IN THIS HOUR OF TRAGEDY, THE BROW'S ONLY WITNESS HAS BEEN A WITCH-LIKE CHARACTER WHOSE ABODE IS A SHACK OVERLOOKING THE SCENE.

NOBODY SAW YOU BUT ME. IF YOU HAD STAYED THERE YOU WOULD HAVE DIED — DIED JUST AS MY HUSBAND DIED YEARS AGO!

THIS USED TO BE OUR FARM TILL HE SOLD THE GRAVEL RIGHTS. THEY DUG UP OUR FARM— THEY LEFT A HOLE. THEN ONE DAY HE BACKED HIS CAR TOO NEAR THE EDGE.


YOUR HEAD IS CUT FROM THE GLASS, OR HAS IT BEEN GRAZED BY BULLETS? I SAW HOLES IN THE WINDSHIELD.

I SHALL TREAT YOUR WOUNDS! SOOT FROM A STOVE LID — THEN TO THE BASEMENT FOR SPIDER WEBS.

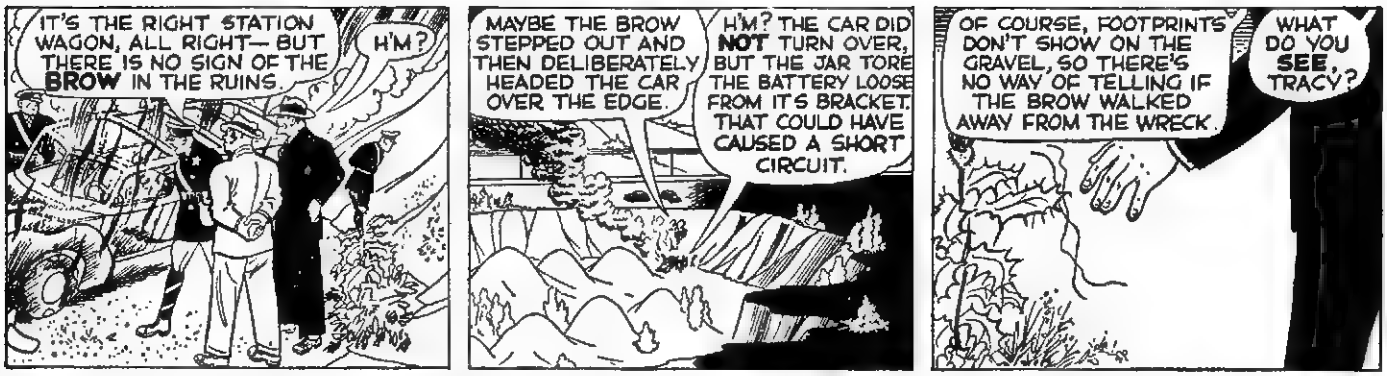
OLD FASHIONED, AM I? HA! THE CELLULOSE-LIKE SUBSTANCE IN THE SPIDER WEB CONGEALS THE BLOOD.

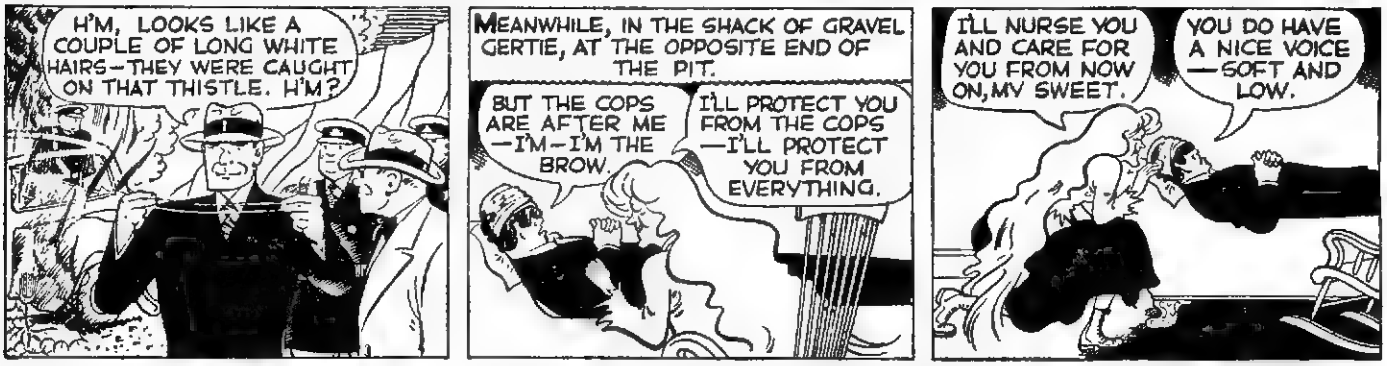
FIRST, THE WEBS — THEN THE SOOT. THE TWO BIND THE WOUND AGAINST INFECTION AND FURTHER BLEEDING.

YOUR NAME? WHO CARES?? AT LAST, GRAVEL GERTIE'S LONELY DAYS ARE OVER.
CAN THE BROW SURVIVE THE ANCIENT MEDICATION AT THE HANDS OF HIS WEIRD BENEFACTOR??—AND HOW LONG CAN HE ELUDE THE POLICE??

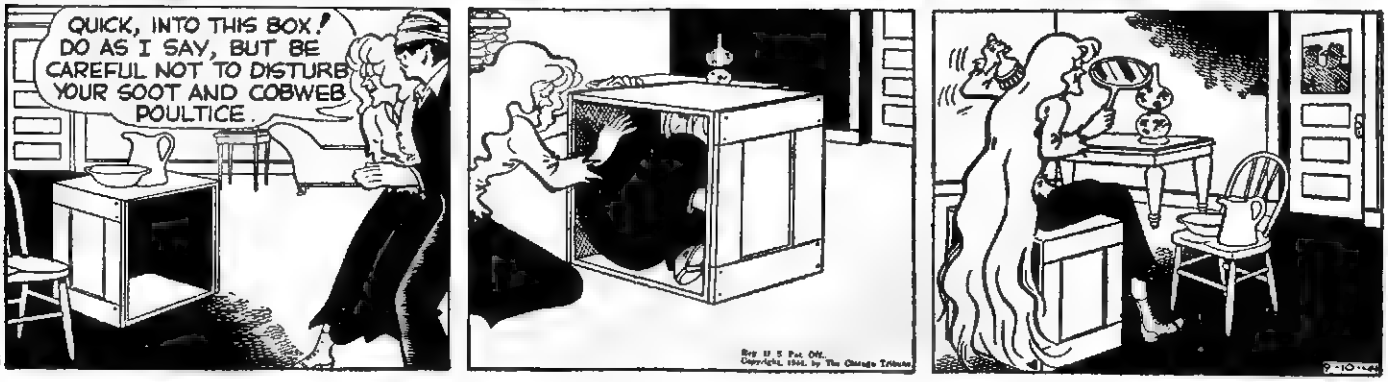
CARRYING THE BROW TO HER SHACK, THE FEMALE FIGURE ADMINISTERS FIRST AID
YES, GRAVEL GERTIE'S LONELY DAYS ARE OVER AT LAST, SHE HAS A MAN
THAT COBWEB AND SOOT POULTICE WILL STOP THE BLEEDING OF YOUR WOUNDS AND ALSO HEAL THEM
AN OLD MAMMY THAT WORKED FOR MY MOTHER YEARS AGO SHOWED ME THAT REMEDY AND IT WORKED ON MY ARM WHEN I CUT IT IN THE SAWMILL
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING, MY DARLING — THAT SOOT WILL DISCOLOR THE SCARS! THE SCARS WILL BE BLACK — VERY BLACK
WHEN MY HUSBAND SOLD THE GRAVEL RIGHTS TO OUR FARM YEARS AGO, LITTLE DID I DREAM HE WOULD BACK HIS CAR INTO THE GRAVEL PIT AND DIE.
AH, THESE 30 YEARS I HAVE WAITED — BUT NOW — ONCE AGAIN — I HAVE A MAN
I SHALL WASH THESE BLOODSTAINS FROM MY COUCH AND FLOOR. I SHALL MAKE MY ENTIRE ABODE OVER — FOR YOU AND ME, WHO ARE STARTING LIFE ANEW — TOGETHER
W-WHERE AM I?
LISTEN, I MAY BE LAID UP — BUT I GIVE YOU GUYS JUST 24 HOURS TO FIND THAT STATION WAGON AND THE BROW NOW GET BUSY.
YES, SIR, TRACY
YES, SIR
WHERE AM I? — I CAN'T SEE! WHAT HAPPENED?
PATIENCE, MY DARLING, YOU ARE IN GOOD HANDS! — VERY GOOD HANDS, MY SWEET
LET US ONCE AGAIN LOOK AT THE STATION WAGON THE BROW SO RECENTLY DROVE INTO THE GRAVEL PIT. IS THAT A TINY WISP OF SMOKE WE SEE RISING FROM IT?
YES, WHILE THE CAR DID REMAIN UPRIGHT, THE IMPACT OF THE DROP HAS DISLODGED THE BATTERY FROM ITS MOUNTING UNDER THE HOOD. IT SHORT-CIRCUITS, AND THE CABLE INSULATION CATCHES FIRE.
GOSH, TRACY'S SORE ABOUT THE BROW'S ESCAPE! I'M AFRAID WE'RE IN FOR IT, PATTON.
YEAH — WE'RE GOING BACK TO THAT THEATRE BARN AND FIGURE THIS THING OUT FROM THE BEGINNING
JUST A SONG AT TWILIGHT — WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE LOW
WHAT DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME IS?
GRAVEL GERTIE, MY SWEET, BUT — JUST CALL ME GERTIE
YOUR VOICE IS SOFT AND LOW. ARE YOU YOUNG?
WHAT DO YOU THINK, MY DARLING? HERE, HOLD MY SOFT HAIR IN YOUR HAND.
AND AT THE OTHER END OF THE GRAVEL PIT
PATTON, YOU'RE RIGHT, IT IS THE STATION WAGON
YE GODS! THE BROW'S BEING BURNED ALIVE
POLICE
BUT — I'M ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR I SEE NO REASON FOR STAYING IN BED
YOU'RE RIGHT, TRACY, YOUR WOUND IS HEALING NICELY AND EXERCISE WON'T HURT
WATCH OUT, PATTON DON'T GET BURNED
YOU'RE RIGHT, DAVE, THERE'S NOBODY IN THERE
THE BROW MUST HAVE JUMPED OUT BEFORE THE CAR WENT OVER THE EDGE, PATTON
YEAH? H'M! STAY HERE, DAVE, AND KEEP WATCH I'M GOING BACK AND REPORT TO TRACY
THAT'S IT — SLEEP, MY DARLING! SLEEP AND RELAX WHILE GRAVEL GERTIE WATCHES OVER YOU JUST DREAM AND REST.
Z Z Z Z Z

THANK GOODNESS, YOU'RE ABLE TO BE UP, TRACY I HARDLY EXPECTED THIS.
WELL, I CAN'T GET INTO ANY FIST FIGHTS, PAT, BUT MY SHOULDER IS A LOT BETTER.
SUPPOSE I TOLD YOU THE BROW DROVE THE STATION WAGON OVER THE EDGE OF A GRAVEL PIT, SET IT AFIRE AND THEN DISAPPEARED?
I SHOULD GIVE YOU A BY-LINE ON PAGE ONE FOR BEING OUR STAR REPORTER — IF I WAS RUNNING A NEWSPAPER
WELL— THERE'S THE BLOOD-SPATTERED SEAT CUSHION. TRACY MAY BE INTERESTED IN THAT
DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES
AND I WILL PLEDGE WITH MINE


IT'S THE RIGHT STATION WAGON, ALL RIGHT— BUT THERE IS NO SIGN OF THE BROW IN THE RUINS.
H'M?
MAYBE THE BROW STEPPED OUT AND THEN DELIBERATELY HEADED THE CAR OVER THE EDGE.
H'M? THE CAR DID NOT TURN OVER, BUT THE JAR TORE THE BATTERY LOOSE FROM ITS BRACKET. THAT COULD HAVE CAUSED A SHORT CIRCUIT.
OF COURSE, FOOTPRINTS DON'T SHOW ON THE GRAVEL, SO THERE'S NO WAY OF TELLING IF THE BROW WALKED AWAY FROM THE WRECK.
WHAT DO YOU SEE, TRACY?


H'M, LOOKS LIKE A COUPLE OF LONG WHITE HAIRS— THEY WERE CAUGHT ON THAT THISTLE. H'M?
MEANWHILE, IN THE SHACK OF GRAVEL GERTIE, AT THE OPPOSITE END OF THE PIT.
BUT THE COPS ARE AFTER ME —I'M— I'M THE BROW.
I'LL PROTECT YOU FROM THE COPS —I'LL PROTECT YOU FROM EVERYTHING.
I'LL NURSE YOU AND CARE FOR YOU FROM NOW ON, MY SWEET.
YOU DO HAVE A NICE VOICE — SOFT AND LOW.

AND YOUR HAIR! IT FEELS LIKE SILK.
THEN YOU DO LIKE ME, MY DEAREST? H'M? SMOKE! I SMELL SMOKE.
WHAT ABOUT THAT SHACK UP THERE? WHOSE IS IT?
HA! THAT'S THE HOME OF GRAVEL GERTIE. BUT THE BROW COULDN'T GO THERE, TRACY. THAT OLD DAME WON'T ALLOW ANY BODY WITHIN 500 YARDS OF HER PLACE.


QUICK, INTO THIS BOX! DO AS I SAY, BUT BE CAREFUL NOT TO DISTURB YOUR SOOT AND COBWEB POULTICE.
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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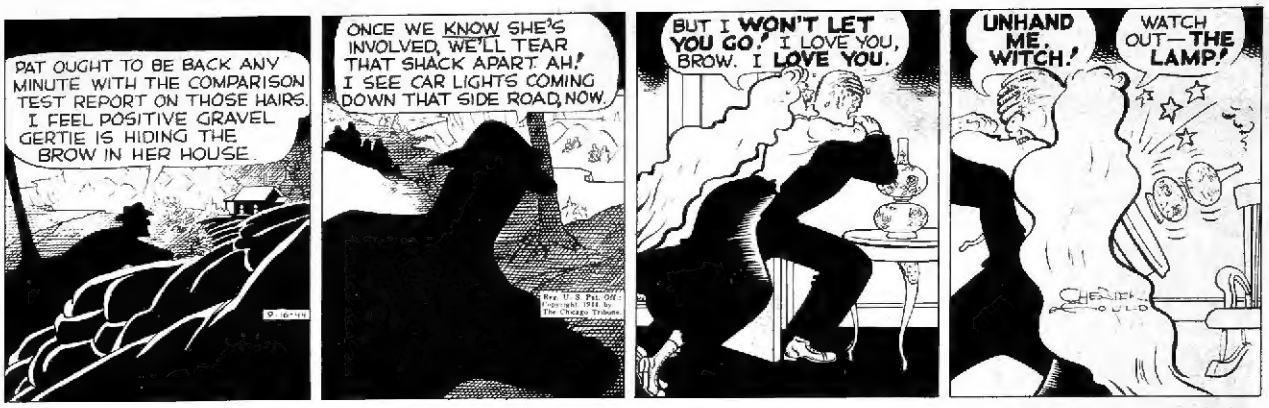
BUT I TELL YOU, TRACY, THIS OLD GIRL, GRAVEL GERTIE, IS A RECLUSE. SHE WOULDN'T HARBOR THE BROW.
NEVERTHELESS, THESE TWO GRAY HAIRS THAT WERE HANGING ON A THISTLE NEAR THE BURNING STATION WAGON BELONGED TO SOMEBODY.
SHALL I KICK THE DOOR IN?
NO. WAIT A MINUTE.
I HAVE MY SKELETON KEY.
EXCUSE US FOR INTRUDING, BUT—
—BUT WHAT?
OH! MY NECK
BEG YOUR PARDON, LADY, BUT WE'RE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE — A MAN.
BROW IN BOX
WELL, YOU'VE COME TO THE WRONG PLACE. I DON'T ALLOW STRANGERS ON MY PROPERTY — AND THAT GOES FOR YOU, TOO.
SEARCH THE ENTIRE HOUSE, MEN — BOTTOM TO TOP.
THAT'S A NICE HEAD OF HAIR YOU HAVE THERE, GERTIE — NICE LOOKING BRUSH, TOO.
9-12-44
I'LL THANK YOU TO GET OUT OF HERE AND LEAVE MY PROPERTY ALONE! NOW, GIT OUT!
WHILE GERTIE TALKS, TRACY PULLS SEVERAL OF THE LONG GRAY HAIRS FROM HER HAIRBRUSH.
THERE'S NOBODY IN THE BASEMENT, TRACY, AND WE LOOKED UP IN THE ATTIC, TOO.
HM?
EXCUSE US, GERTIE, I'M SORRY WE BUTTED IN. WE'LL BE GOING NOW.
YOU SEE, PAT, I SNEAKED A COUPLE OF HAIRS FROM HER HAIRBRUSH. I WANT YOU TO HURRY INTO THE LABORATORY AND COMPARE THEM WITH THESE I TOOK OFF THAT THISTLE WEED NEAR THE STATION WAGON. IF THEY MATCH, WE'LL TAKE GERTIE'S PLACE APART.
COME OUT, MY DARLING, — THEY'VE GONE.
OH-H- MY NECK!
DON'T YOU SEE, MY DARLING, I PROTECTED YOU? I SAT ON THE BOX AND LET MY HAIR HANG DOWN TO HIDE YOU FROM THE COPS.
OH-H- MY NECK!
IF ONLY I COULD SEE YOU! YOUR VOICE IS SOFT AND LOW, AND YOUR HAIR IS LONG AND SILKY — I KNOW YOU MUST BE BEAUTIFUL.
DON'T MY DEEDS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES? DON'T YOU SEE I LOVE YOU??
YES — MY DEAREST! AND I'VE GOT TO SEE YOU. OFF WITH THIS CURSED BANDAGE!
RIPPING THE BANDAGE FROM HIS FACE IN A WAVE OF AFFECTION AND EMOTION FOR HIS BENEFACTOR, THE BROW GETS HIS FIRST GLIMPSE OF GRAVEL GERTIE.
NO - NO — IT CAN'T BE!
MY SWEET! MY DARLING!
THE SILKY HAIR! THE SOFT VOICE! THEY BELONG TO YOU??
LET ME OUT OF HERE! THE PLACE IS HAUNTED! YIE-EE-EEE-!!


PAT OUGHT TO BE BACK ANY MINUTE WITH THE COMPARISON TEST REPORT ON THOSE HAIRS. I FEEL POSITIVE GRAVEL GERTIE IS HIDING THE BROW IN HER HOUSE.
ONCE WE KNOW SHE'S INVOLVED, WE'LL TEAR THAT SHACK APART. AH! I SEE CAR LIGHTS COMING DOWN THAT SIDE ROAD, NOW.
BUT I WON'T LET YOU GO! I LOVE YOU, BROW. I LOVE YOU.
UNHAND ME, WITCH!
WATCH OUT—THE LAMP!

GRAVEL GERTIE ORDERED US OUT OF HER SHACK, BUT NOT BEFORE I HAD PALMED SOME HAIR FROM HER HAIR BRUSH.
IF THOSE HAIRS MATCH THE TWO HAIRS I FOUND ON A THISTLE NEAR THE BURNED STATION WAGON—OH, OH! HERE'S PAT NOW.
YOU WERE RIGHT, TRACY. THE LABORATORY FOUND THE HAIRS WERE FROM THE SAME HEAD! GRAVEL GERTIE HAD BEEN DOWN TO THAT STATION WAGON.
GOOD! NOW, WE CAN GET TOUGH! THE BROW IS IN THERE.

WHAT'S THAT?
PUFF
THE SHACK'S AFIRE! GERTIE'S PLACE IS IN FLAMES!
AN EERIE FORM, FIRE STREAMING FROM ITS HEAD, DASHES TOWARD THE GRAVEL PIT.

DOWN THE RICKETY STEPS AND INTO THE SPRING BELOW, IT FLIES-
HE WIPED THE POULTICE FROM HIS EYES AND SAW ME—HE STARTED TO LEAVE—WE ARGUED! —THE LAMP WAS KNOCKED OVER
AH! THEN THE BROW IS IN THERE?
OH, TRACY! HEY, TRACY!

HAS HE GONE INSIDE THE BURNING SHACK TO LOOK FOR THE BROW?
TRACY! DON'T SACRIFICE YOURSELF FOR THAT CROOK! WHERE ARE YOU, TRACY? WHERE ARE YOU??
CRASH
AND ACROSS THE VALLEY, STARTLED HIGHWAY POLICE, AWAITING FURTHUR ORDERS, SPY A SILHOUETTE IN THE FLARE OF THE BURNING SHACK!
THAT RUNNING FIGURE—WHO IS IT?
YEAH. WHO IS IT?

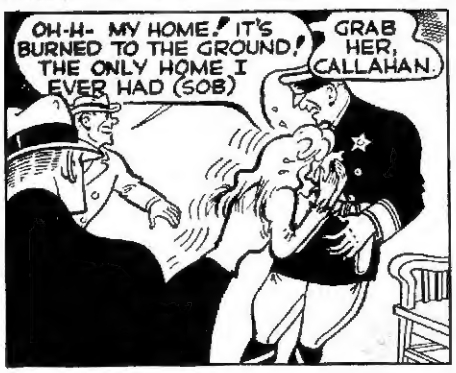
WHAT HAPPENED? THE OLD DAME'S SHACK'S AFIRE.
— AND I SEE SOMEONE RUNNING. IT MUST BE THE BROW.
POLICE
POLICE
MY HAIR! MY BEAUTIFUL HAIR! IT'S ALL BURNED OFF!
TRACY! WHERE ARE YOU, TRACY?
WHAT PAT DOESN'T KNOW IS THAT IN THE EXCITEMENT, TRACY SPOTTED THE BROW ESCAPING THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH AND TOOK AFTER HIM.
IF ONLY I HADN'T KNOCKED THAT LAMP OVER!! I COULD HAVE STEPPED OUT OF THERE WITHOUT THE COPS SEEING ME — OW-OW.
I WENT INTO BOTH ROOMS — TRACY ISN'T IN THERE! THANK HEAVEN!
BUT WHERE IS HE? — SO YOU WERE HIDING THE BROW, EH?
HE-HE WAS SO HANDSOME
GRANNY, YOU'RE GOING TO STICK WITH ME. WE'LL BE WANTING YOU
WHO, ME?
I'M SURE HE CAME OUT IN THIS CLEARING — BUT WHERE IS HE? H'M? WHAT'S THIS?
CLICK CLICK
AH- I SEE WHAT THIS IS — IT'S AN ELECTRIC CATTLE FENCE! THAT'S THE CONTROL BOX
CLICK CLICK
THAT MECHANISM BREAKS THE CIRCUIT EVERY SECOND OR SO TO SAVE THE BATTERY
CLICK CLICK
HOT SHOT
BUT — I'M FORGETTING THE BROW — HUH?? WHAT'S THIS?
CLICK CLICK
THAT WIRE MOVED! AND I THOUGHT I HEARD A GRUNT! CAN IT BE OUR FRIEND THE BROW ISN'T ACQUAINTED WITH ELECTRIC FENCES?
CLICK CLICK
SO YOU GOT A TASTE OF THAT ELECTRIC FENCE, EH, BROW? COME OUT OF THERE!
BANG BANG
DON'T SHOOT ME — DON'T KILL ME — — PLEASE — DON'T KILL ME!
I WAS ONLY DOING THAT TO FLUSH YOU OUT OF THERE NOW YOU AND I ARE GOING TO HAVE A PRIVATE CHAT.
BUT-BUT
I-I THOUGHT I RAN A LIGHTNING ROD THROUGH YOUR SHOULDER HOW CAN YOU FIGHT?
I'LL SHOW YOU, BROW
BROTHER, YOU'D BETTER START WORRYING 'CAUSE I'M GOING TO PUT ANOTHER WRINKLE IN THAT BROW!
STAND UP! I'M NOT THROUGH WITH YOU, YET —
WHEN THAT ELECTRIC FENCE GETS TOO HOT- GET UP — I'VE GOT ANOTHER ONE HERE-

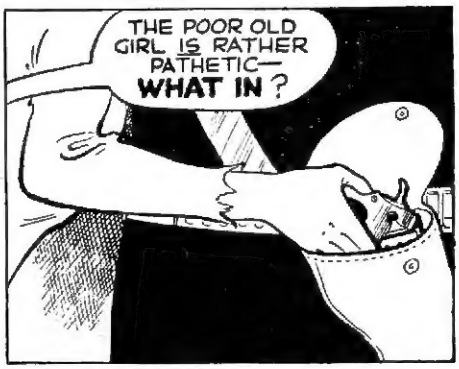
THEY'RE COMING IN! THEY'VE GOT THE BROW! THE RADIO ROOM JUST HANDED ME A FLASH FROM PATTON
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, THEY'RE COMING? THEY'RE HERE NOW.
GO EASY WITH HIM, BOYS, HE DOESN'T FEEL MUCH LIKE TALKING.
WHAT AN ASSIGNMENT, TRACY! WHO IS THE – ER –GIRL FRIEND?
WHAT? YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU DON'T KNOW GRAVEL GERTIE?

SCENE: THE EMERGENCY ROOM ON THE TOP FLOOR OF THE JAIL —
YOU SEE, WHEN GRAVEL GERTIE'S SHACK STARTED TO BURN, I SAW THE BROW DASH OUT THE REAR DOOR.

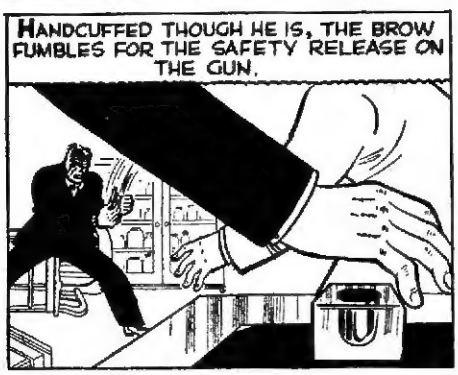
WHEN I CAUGHT UP WITH HIM IT TOOK A LITTLE KNUCKLE TREATMENT TO CONVINCE HIM.
I'LL SAY! YOU REALLY IRONED HIM OUT!

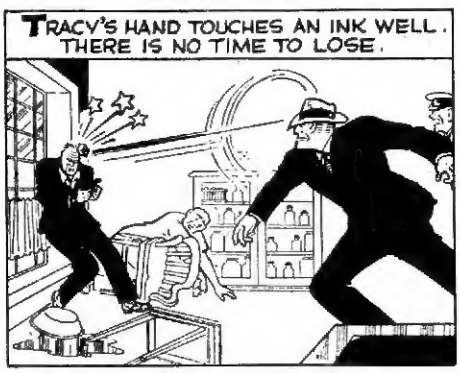
WHAT ABOUT GRAVEL GERTIE? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH HER, TRACY?


OH-H- MY HOME! IT'S BURNED TO THE GROUND! THE ONLY HOME I EVER HAD (SOB)
GRAB HER, CALLAHAN.

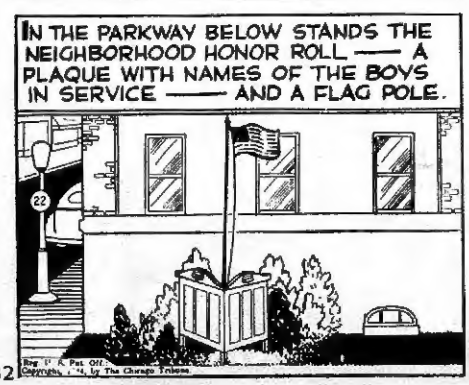

THE POOR OLD GIRL IS RATHER PATHETIC— WHAT IN?

USING THE FAINTING SPELL AS A RUSE, GRAVEL GERTIE GRABS THE OFFICER'S REVOLVER.
HERE, MY SWEET! KILL THEM! KILL THEM ALL!


HANDCUFFED THOUGH HE IS, THE BROW FUMBLES FOR THE SAFETY RELEASE ON THE GUN.


TRACY'S HAND TOUCHES AN INK WELL. THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE.

THE IMPACT SENDS THE BROW BACKWARD! A CRASH! BROKEN GLASS! —AS THE BODY HURTLES DOWN.
CRASH


IN THE PARKWAY BELOW STANDS THE NEIGHBORHOOD HONOR ROLL — A PLAQUE WITH NAMES OF THE BOYS IN SERVICE — AND A FLAG POLE.
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LIKE A MIGHTY SABER, THE FLAG POLE REACHES UP TO MEET THE EVIL FORM.

A THUD! AND ALL IS QUIET— VERY QUIET ON THIS BRIGHT SEPTEMBER DAY.
THUS, THE BROW, FOREIGN AGENT AND ESPIONAGE LEADER, LIES IMPALED BY A POLE BEARING THE FLAG OF THE COUNTRY HE TRIED TO HARM.